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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF

JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE GRACIOUS PATRONAGE
OF
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PREPARED FOR THE PRESS BY THE AUTHOR.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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CONTENTS OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

THE WORLD IN A VILLAGE.

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

THE MAGIC BANNER.

THE FARMER.

THE MAN MILLINER.

THE PRISONER AT LARGE.

LOVE IN A CAMP.

THE DOLDRUM.

THE
WORLD IN A VILLAGE.

IN
FIVE ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1793.

THE
WORLD IN A VILLAGE



THE
GOVERNMENT OF CANADA

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. HOLMAN.

IN these dread times, when War's unfated rage
Crowds with disasters life's eventful stage,
When the full trumpet and embattled ire
Drown the soft warblings of the flighted Lyre,
The Muses' lonely haunts no more display,
Among their with'ring blooms, the Poet's bay;
The partial soil, The Laurel only rears,
For martial wreaths, that vegetate in tears.
At such a time, superfluous seems the art,
To melt with fabled woes the sadden'd heart;
The sorrowing Muses need themselves relief,
And Fancy droops in sympathetic grief.
The Tragic Maid, indeed, may sooth her care,
And future scenes from passing ills prepare;
But for the Laughing Nymph, alas! can she
At ease presume with her untimely glee!
Is there a place, amidst the world's alarms,
In safety still to heed her frolic charms?
Yes—in the shades of Britain's happy Isle,
Still may the Comic Muse securely smile;
Still with her tuneful Sisters shelter here,
Nor savage Anarchy's vain menace fear!
Here no dire ruffians, dead to gen'rous joy,
All that endears and brightens life destroy;
Or, drench'd in blood, with impious rage combine,
Trampling o'er Thrones, to crush the Hallow'd Shrine!
No Despot here exacts a slavish awe,
The casual impulse of his passions law.
Here on a rock, secure amid the storm,
Dwells Liberty, in fair monarchic form.

Around

PROLOGUE.

Around her fane, with venerable grace,
Three matchless columns, fortify the place,
Enthron'd within, pre-eminently great,
Sits awful Justice, in majestic state,
Of equal laws the animated soul,
And station'd highest, to survey the whole ;
Her Sword by Mercy check'd, as urg'd by Might,
Her Crown the sanction of a people's right.

DRAMATIS

7-2 1071 2851 2264

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Henry Check,	Mr. PCWELL.
Captain Mullinaback,	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
William,	Mr. MIDDLETON.
Charles,	Mr. HOLMAN.
Captain Vanstuisen,	Mr. CUBITT.
Willows,	Mr. HULL.
Hedgeworth,	Mr. EVATT.
Briers,	Mr. M'CREADY.
Allbut,	Mr. QUICK.
Master Jack,	Mr. FAWCETT.
Grigby,	Mr. LEWIS.
Jollyboy,	Mr. MUNDEN.
Edward,	Miss SYMONDS.
Louisa,	Mrs. ESTEN.
Mrs. Bellevue,	Mrs. POPE.
Mrs. Allbut,	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Maria,	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Margery,	Mrs. PLATT.

SCENE, *a Village in Surrey.*

THE
WORLD IN A VILLAGE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room in JOLLYBOY's House.

MARGERY *discovered adjusting the furniture and singing.*

Enter JOLLYBOY.

AH, dame! so that Miss Louisa's room is dizen'd out, all the rest of the house may go at fixes and sevens.

Marg. Husband! How crusty you've got with our lodger Miss Louisa, only because she's a lady, and you think she has a deal of money.

Joll. Why, to be sure her money did not do much mischief when it bought warm cloathing for half the poor of our village, and the setting up a little school and paying you for teaching the children, as our rascally rich folks here refused to establish one; our gentry expect forsooth, 'cause I'm a miller, I must cringe and sneak; but I'll never bow to the golden

golden calf! People to get money stick at no villany or meanness, and then they're as saucy—Dame, I've been round among my customers to gather in rent for my landlord Master Allbut. Here. (*Takes out a bank note*)

Marg. Ten pounds! I suppose it's having so much money that has made you so saucy this morning.

Joll. Eh, I believe so. As I came up street cou'dn't tell what was the matter with me; met honest Dick the cobbler—came out with his "good "morrow, Master Jollyboy." I felt a sort of a—thought he might as well have said nothing. Tom the farrier gave me a friendly smack o' th' shoulder; I had a mind to knock him down for his joke: then, now, coming into my own house, forgot to stoop, and bump'd my forehead against the top o' the door-case. Oh, ho! then it is the cash has done all this! I wish 'twas gone, for while I have it I feel I shall be as impudent as the devil.

Marg. (*looking out*) Madam Louisa.

Joll. Doctor Grigsby with her! Tho' he's now our apothecary, and sets up also to be a wine-merchant, the lady wou'dn't be so proud of his company, did she know he was once a barber.

Marg. Be quiet, husband. Doctor Grigsby is a fine man!

Joll. What, because when you was sick his bottles came in packets, till I tasted, and found all the while the doctor had been supplying you with cherry-brandy.

Enter LOUISA.

Louisa. Well, my kind good friend, (*looking round*). Why how very handsome you've made my room! how much I'm obliged to you.

Joll.

Foll. Dr. Grigby! I wou'dn't let him cure my cat of a tooth-ache. The fellow has made money out of people's folly, and now don't know how to behave himself.

Marg. I wish you'd learn how to behave yourself; strutting about with your hat on, and a lady in the room.

Foll. I know nothing about ladies or gentlemen. That fellow was a good barber till money spoiled him—my hat! (*takes it off*) my hat's here—and now it's there, (*puts it on.*) What signifies where a man's hat is? Hats and heads—ladies—gentlemen—good as another—hem! (*Exit muttering*)

Marg. Plague take you for a fool!—as good natur'd a man as ever broke bread, but when he gets these fancies in his noddle.

Louisa. Where there is real worth these little oddities of humour rather excite pleasantry than resentment.

Marg. Od, I'll give it him!

Louisa. Never mind, my kind Margery—but now for a surprise—I'm sorry I must leave you, my good woman.

Marg. Leave us! Well, if I didn't expect my silly husband's behaviour wou'd bring it to this.

Louisa. Hush! your husband has nothing to do in it:—I'm certain I can confide in you;—you know little of me; I'm a stranger;—but I'll not trouble you with more of my affairs than is necessary. You doubtless concluded from the trifling sums I expended on my first coming here into your village, that I must of course be some very rich person or other.

Marg. La, Ma'am, I didn't respect you for that!

Louisa. I believe it. From certain family circumstances, immaterial to any but myself, I have been obliged—however, you know I came from Ireland—have been in France, and am unfortunately not on the best terms with my friends till a make-up can be brought about to my wish—Not being over strong in purse, I plann'd a frugal retirement; the variety of calls upon the feelings of my heart have at length exhausted my little finance; therefore—but mind, I'm not cast down—no, I'm as happy——

Marg. Dear, I'm so sorry——

Louisa. Come, if you go to pity me I shall be very much affronted.

Marg. I affront you!

Louisa. Lord! I never was more gay or cheerful in my whole life: but I'll tell you—You know, you and your husband are very honest people, and get nothing but what you hardly earn; now, why should I from my extravagance become a burden to you?

Marg. Extravagance! 'twas your charity—burden! your stay will be a blessing to us—pay us when you can, or never (*weeping*)—Oh! my sweet lady!

Louisa. Come, perhaps I mayn't leave your village yet. Margery, I've conceiv'd a thought to stay among you without inconvenience to any one; I think I cou'd be useful to your Mrs. Allbut, here. From her character of a passion for literary amusements, she might, perhaps, afford me a situation to read, or translate French; transcribe her poetry, for I am told she has wrote a number of pretty things; or I cou'd, upon occasion, dress up a cap for her—eh, Margery, cou'd you recommend

mend me? You know you told me she sometimes reads her poems to you.

Marg. Well, I'll call on her, my lady.

Louisa. Come, none of you lady's to me—I must soon unlady myself. Upon my honour I shall be exceedingly angry if you are not even merry. There now, that's a dear good woman (*shakes hands cordially, and goes to a chest of drawers*)

Re-enter JOLLYBOY.

Joll. Wife, if Squire Allbut's corn comes, tell them it must wait; for I've got a bushel to grind for old Budget the tinker first.

Marg. Don't talk to me.

Joll. Eh!—What have you found a pot of gold under an old wall?

Marg. Ah, husband! this dear young lady our lodger—

Joll. Ay, well.

Marg. Her distress!

Joll. Well, if she's distress'd about any one's poverty, her hand knows the way to her pocket a road it has so often gone upon like occasions.

Marg. Ay, but I may as well put my hand into my pocket.

Joll. Deuce o' your riddles—What's the matter with you and she?

Marg. I tell you, at last she herself is really distress'd, and won't stay because she can't pay us.

[*Exit melancholy*]

Joll. Distress'd!—one that was so ready to relieve every body else, now to want it herself! (*Louisa advances, Jollyboy takes off his hat with respect*) Madam, I'm sure I'm vastly concerned that any past conduct

conduct of mine shou'd have given you the least uneasiness. You've done us too much honour in coming under our roof: and if any improper freedoms of ours have given you offence, you have only to blame your own condescension. Madam, we are but ignorant people, and if we have fail'd in our respect, I humbly crave your pardon.

Louisa. Then Margery has told him. This is an attempt at irony—Become the subject of ridicule! I thought I could endure poverty, but I was wrong—*(aside)* Sir, it's not immediately in my power to discharge what I owe you, but I hope it will be soon; for I can assure you it wou'd give me infinite pleasure.

Joll. Wou'd it? then tho' I go to jail for my own rent—*(aside)* True, I forgot—Ma'am, this was left for you just now; 'twas inclos'd in a paper—thought at first 'twas for myself, so broke it open—I beg pardon—tho' there was nothing written in it. *(gives the note)*

Louisa. Ten pounds!—Who left it?

Joll. I did ask, but can't find who.

Louisa. Then my circumstances are known! Is there such benevolence? However, how to appropriate this doesn't want a consideration. Pray let me know what I'm indebted to you.

Joll. Oh, Madam.

Louisa. I request—

Joll. Well, Madam, now have I given her what I had to pay my own rent; 'twill grind my heart to apologise to Landlord Allbut—but I've set her heart at ease, and that's good amends.

Grig. (without) No: I want my chay; so put that hamper of wine, and the medecines in the little cart.

Joll.

Joll. Madam, now you should look above this Master Grigsby—you don't know him—a fellow taken from sitting with numb'd fingers, wig-weaving, into a doctor's service, to brush his coat and frizzle his pate, picking up hard words from the apothecary's boys, marrying the housekeeper,—throwing her pertoinings into a brandy vault and drug-shop (she poison'd herself in one of them) and now, by jargon, smiles, lies, and cringes, has glided into the good graces of every family in the village—Oh, he's not dressed in his physical pomp! When he wants to shew his consequence, pops himself into one of the famous fine velvet and gold suits left him by his old master the physician.

Marg. (*without*) Indeed, Doctor——

Grig. (*without*) But I will visit my patient.

Joll. Now, for Dr. Grigsby's chattering! 'Till he's gone, we may put our tongues in our pockets, I wish I cou'd shut my ears in my tobacco-box.

Marg. (*without*) I tell you, Doctor, Miss Louisa is not in the humour for jaunting.

Enter GRIGSBY and MARGERY wrangling, and Boy.

Grig. Teach me humours, defluxions, catarrhs, and cataplasms!

Boy. But, Sir, hadn't you best come back to shop?

Grig. Shop! Get home, you dog, and mix up that stuff.

Boy. Sir, I forgot what I was to put in it.

Grig. A table spoonful of any four bottles behind the counter.

Boy. There's Humphrey the wheelwright stops for you to bleed him.

Grig.

Grig. Wheelwright, firrah! My compliments, and I'll wait on his Lordship. [*Exit Boy*] Hem! Duke Humphrey!—But the ladies must always have the preference. (*bows to Louisa*)

Louisa. Sir (*curtseying*) Teazing man! I wish he'd go away (*apart to Margery*)

Marg. Doctor, the lady wishes you'd—

Louisa. Hush!

Grig. My dear Madam, never deceive your doctor—but that is impossible.

Louisa. For me to think of attempting a deception!—Upon my word, Doctor, you have the happiest mode of compliment—

Grig. Yes, Ma'am, the compliment I put in that mixture was two grains, or, as we of the faculty write in our Latin proscriptions, dux graniorum, six scruples, or cater-scrupolibus; and, Madam, I'll venture to affirm, that the whole material medicar does not furnish a cure of more efficacious efficacy, that is, when we talk of a case, razor-case—hem! I mean the soul-case; the body being the case of the soul, as a bottle is of a bottle of old port; the wine being the spirit; and so we doctors wax the cork to prevent evaporation or fomentation; just as if a gentleman, to shave his chin, would lather his occiput; that is, what we of the faculty call the whole healing art—scammony, wild poppy, the sublimate of styptic water, anthelmintic wine, hiera picra, and the nervous system.

Louisa. Sir, you've certainly a prodigious deal of skill; but nature prevents me from opportunities of putting it in practice.

Grig. True, Miss, I have an immense deal of practice—So much so, that upon my soul and honor I require now a doctor for myself, the fatigue is intolerable.

Louisa.

Louisa. Sir, pray excuse me, now I'm a little indisposed, and company is not over agreeable.

Grig. If indisposed, Madam, what's better company than your doctor? For in your case, as we of the faculty say, no aliment so mucilaginous as sheep's head broth: some prefer buttermilk, and it is indeed as a lacteal lachrymoligon; for, Madam, when the disease proceeds from viscid pituitous substance obstructing the vessels of the lungs, we of the faculty call it a spurious peripneumony; therefore ripe fruits roasted, bak'd, or boil'd, such as green-goose, young parsneps, extract of saturn—then we throw in the bark, and that is, my dear Madam, the—the—nervous system.

Marg. But, Doctor, Miss Louisa wants a little rest.

Grig. Ha, ha, ha! that's very well—then I know nothing of what a lady wants. I see she likes me by her wishes to turn me out. (*aside*)—But, Madam, to promote an emulsive dormitory, or, as Celsus says, a bit of sleep or rest, nothing equal to a simple goss lettuce.

Louisa. I thank you, Doctor; but I don't need soporifics.

Grig. Soap! Dem this barber! how all my patients will be slapping suds in my teeth---but she must be some great heiress here incog. from her having dispersed so much money through the village. (*aside*)

Louisa. Sir, I wish you a good morning.

Grig. Rest! the nurse of disease! You see, as a doctor, I speak against my own interest. Nothing but exercise and open air can brace and strengthen the animal functions when the caninus rabies, or dog-madness, which we of the faculty call vertigo

of the foot, comes—the—the—and that is, Madam, the nervous system. Do me the honor of taking an airing in my chaise; you may trust to my whip-hand—steady as if touching a vein—I'll drive you——

Foll. No: but I'll drive you out of my house, —Do'nt you see that you've already bother'd the lady with your nonsense?

Grig. I've what? Oh, this is pretty! What's that you said I did to her?

Foll. Poh! Go along.

Grig. Go along! Very well that! Do you know, man, when you talk to a physician—Madam, my chaise is at the door—permit me the honor of whipping you round the circuitous circle in the grand tour of Esher, Weston Green, Molesey, Hampton Court, Bushy Park, Teddington Common, and Ditton Marsh—the sight of so fine a dress'd lady as you sitting by my side—no other barber—hem! wine-merchant—physician——

Louisa. Doctor your politeness comes particularly acceptable, for I should like a little excursion, and I assure you my purse now cannot afford the expence of post-chaises—Well, Margery, you'll speak to Mrs. Allbut for me—Come, Doctor, now for your whip-hand.

Grig. Afford! Expence! Any thing broke? (*apart to Margery*)

Marg. Ah, we are all broke! our hearts are broke!

Grig. Eh! All her flash end in smoke! Oh, ho! (*aside*)

Louisa. Doctor, you shall set me down at Mr. Allbut's.

Grig. Eh! Mem! Your bill did you say? We never commit such trifles to book—carry it in my head

head—For best frontignac—hem! raisin wine (*aside*) lavender water, low de lacy, and magnesiast holbar—You are indebted to me the sum of three pounds three shillings and three pence three farthings.

Louisa. But, Sir, the jaunt.

Grig. It rains, Mem—no head to my chaise.—Margary, hav'n't you, as we of the faculty say—A miller should always have a parvisol to keep off the rain, (*puts on his hat, whistles, and walks about cracking his whip*)

Foll. (*staring*) Eh!

Grig. All good for the nervous system! Mem, I'm making up some money, and if you can oblige me by discharging that trifle---

Louisa. Then better remain in my landlord's debt than---This wretch!--(*aside*)---there, Sir, take your bill out of that—(*gives the bank-note to Grisby*)

Grig. Yes, Mem: I'll bring you the change in the frizzling of a toopee! but I'll advise you, Madam, to exercise. Miller, put up a swing in your garden between two cherry-trees—swing, Mem—nothing but exercise and open air can brace and strengthen the animal functions—swing! Rest is the nurse of disease—you see, as a doctor, I speak against my own interest. In your case, Madam, nothing so mucilaginous as sheep's head broth—then we throw in the bark, and—from ten pounds deduct three pounds three shillings and three pence three farthings, and that is what we call the—nervous system— [Exit.

Foll. Carried off my bank-note!—Hollo, nervous system! [Runs off.

Louisa. Come now with me to Mrs Allbut's.

Marg. Ah, I'm sure you'll not like her, Ma'am. A deuced temper.

Louisa. I understand that she is haughty and overbearing—that Mr. Allbut, puffed up with the pride of riches, is the great despot of the village; that all their wealth really belongs to a poor widow, Mrs. Bellevue, that lives in the cottage by the warren yonder; but if Mrs. Allbut is so proud, I must only temporize into humility: Doctor Grigby's behaviour has convinced me that I shou'd use every exertion to keep myself above pecuniary obligations. A pity it is not so! but, when destitute of particular defence and protection, the world shou'd be the guardian to a lone and helpless woman. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Chamber in ALLBUT'S House.

Enter WILLOWS and MARIA.

Willo. There, the instruments open. (*points to a piano forte.*)

Maria. But Mr. and Mrs. Allbut may return, and if she finds me at it—

Willo. My dear child, if you don't practise you'll lose your music; and that will be a pity, Maria, considering the proficiency you made in it.

Maria. Ah, father! my attempt now to retain any elegant accomplishment is but vanity. What might have been receiv'd with indulgence when we were in easy circumstances, in our present humble situation at best will be overlooked, or, most likely, treated with contempt.

Willo.

Willo. Why, indeed, my love, this reverse of fortune comes with a double severity, when it subjects us to the insults of this purse-proud, mean, and illiberal Mr. and Mrs. Allbut. Come, my dear,—there, if your Lady should hear you, I don't think she can be offended.—I must to my business in the compting-house. [Exit.

Maria. I have little heart : but, as my father thinks it an object, I will practise. (*Maria sits and plays*)

Enter Master JACK.

Mastr. J. Molly.

Maria. Oh, Master Jack !

Mastr. J. Play on, I love it, fal, lal, lal. (*sings out of tune*)

Maria. If your mama shou'd come in and hear me ?

Mastr. J. Never mind : she'll think it's I. (*Maria plays*) Molly, do you know, I wish mamma wou'dn't be writing her poetries---she troubles the house with them so. Come, do play to oblige me. (*Maria plays*). Molly ! ha ! ha ! ha ! Don't you think mamma very filly, to go and set Papa too at making poesies, and now he begins to trouble the house too.

Maria. And all his idea of poetry is making a jingle of rhyme, no matter for measure, time, place, or reason, but if you will hear me play, listen (*plays*)

Enter Mrs. ALLBUT, reading.

Mrs. A. My servant maid at my instrument !

Mastr. J. What a pretty hornpipe !

Maria.

Maria. You've an excellent ear !

Mast. J. Yes ; I've a fine ear for hearing.

Mrs. A. And feeling ! (*pulls him, Maria rises*)

Mast. J. Now mamma, what's that for ?

Mrs. A. Oh ! enchanting powers of poetry,

" Sigh to the silent streams that softly seek the seas,

" Mar the meek murmuring melodies that mark the marine breeze."

You vile jade !

Mast. J. Molly play on---mamma, Poll plays better nor you,—she tickles it so lightly with her little finger ; but you thump it down with your fists as if you were breaking biscuits—then she sits so quiet—sit Molly—and here, mamma, you go wagging your head about like an artichoke, (*sits down and mimicks extravagantly*)

Mrs. A. (*curtseys to Maria*) Oh, do pray, Miss ; oblige us with a sonata (*ironically*)

Mast. J. Molly made this song herself ; I know she did,

Mrs. A. Writes poetry ! Here's a saucy minx ! (*aside*)—What my Ariosto ! Heavens ! if she hasn't been pulling my books out of my study—Perhaps we've a Sappho in the house and don't know it ! I dare say you have the assurance to be full of tender sentiment and sensibility.

Maria. No, Ma'am ;—you can't think I've any feeling.

Mrs. A. Upon my honor she fancies herself a young lady !

Mast. J. Well, mamma, all the village calls her Miss Maria.

Mrs. A. Miss ! Ha ! ha, ha !—Oh ! I shall faint—the Maria !—Hadn't you better at once call yourself Laura Maria ? there's my son that will have

have a tolerable fortune, he's call'd by every body plain Jack.

Maft. J. By'r leave, mamma, even Dr. Grigby calls me Master Jack.

Maria. Ma'am, it's a matter of indifference to me, what I am called.

Mrs. A. Very true! "That we call a rose, by any other name wou'd smell as sweet."

Maft. J. Now, mamma, will you ha' done? you've made papa too as bad as yourself, and there's no speaking a word before him but he comes out with a rhyme to't.

Allb. (without) I'm juft in time to't. [*Enters.*

Mrs. A. Mr. Allbut, is this a time for your folly.

Allb. I'll leave it to Polly.

Mrs. A. Oh, very well, Sir; but I assure you you sha'n't go to London again in hafte without me—A pack of your wits and geniusses cou'dn't take you to one of their clubs——

Allb. The Namby-pamby club.

Mrs. A. And only one night—but you bring home fuch a parcel of ftuff, and wherret every body with your rhymes and your rubbish!

Allb. Yes! but when my head is ftuck up in poet's corner, there will be rubbish!

Mrs. A. Mr. Allbut, you're a brewer; mind your malt and your hops.

Allb. Oh! you unreasonable woman! when it was you that fet me on, and made me even lay out fix fhillings at the ftall at the corner of Chancery-lane, for Byfhe's Art of Poetry, only to get myfelf ready at verfifications.

Mrs. A. Yes! but, Mr. Allbut, I having travell'd all over Italy in the firft circles of fashion, had hopes

hopes you might turn out a poet of nature—to run extempore with a string of beautiful verses on every occasion, as it may offer, like the charming Italian Improvisatore.

Allb. Well, I'm the great English Improvisitory.

Mrs. A. I have heard the harmonious Metastasio, the Pastor Fido, the Goldoni—

Allb. On his poney.

Mrs. A. I protest to heaven, if you dont—

Allb. My love, your passion spoils your pretty visage, it's my good humour that keeps the skin of my face tight and smooth, free from crows feet and parenthesis.

Mrs. A. A pretty thing! I can't go take an airing in my chariot to inhale the balmy odours of the roseate spring, but my maid steps stately into my drawing-room, and with her delicate paws, rattles my instrument out of tune. This huffey accounts for your negligence—letting me go to the play t'other night without a pocket handkerchief, and when all the boxes were in tears for the sorrows of Monimia, I was obliged to wipe my sympathizing moistened cheek.

Allb. Cheek! Ay! that was so rosy-colour'd that night—huffey, your lady was fain to twitch the tears from off it with her white kid-gloves, so that the finger and thumb look'd as if she had been taking brazil snuff—that cou'dn't save some drops falling on your neck hankerchief; what with that and your grievous face, my love, the titter went round. One Lord with a blue ribbon whispered, "'Pon my soul! that lady sitting next to the pretty well-behaved little Gentleman, is Maudlin Muzzy." (*Jack laughs*)

Mrs.

Mrs. A. (enraged) Retire! (*Maria curtsies and exit*)

Mastr. J. Mamma, Molly makes a better curtsy than you—you do it with a bob and a duck and shake yourself about so. (*mimicks*)

Mrs. A. 'Pon my word, Master Jack, this is most unpretty behaviour, Molly! Hey! (*calls off*)

Allb. Rare times when the hen crows, and the little cock is head of the flock! Willows! eh, eh!

Re-Enter MARIA and WILLOWS.

Mrs. A. Did you rub the chairs in my chamber?
(*to Maria*)

Willo. My poor child! (*aside*)

Allb. Rub chairs! my dear, that's business for the house-maid—you should recollect that Polly was well brought up—Did you carry that corn to the mill? (*to Willows*)

Mrs. A. Carry corn! nay, Mr. Allbut, are there not men enough about the house?—You should not forget that Mr. Willows has seen better days; tho' now he totally depends upon our humanity.

Willo. Why, Sir, as Madam observes, one of the men in the brewery might as well do this; I have sufficient use for my time over your books,

[*Exit.*

Maria. Besides, Sir, consider my father's years—indeed he has'nt strength!

Mastr. J. Molly, rattle up the piano---'twill make us all merry.

Mrs. A. No, Miss; you sha'n't show off your graces to entrap the affections of my child.

Maria. I can bear all this: but to witness the injurious treatment my father receives, wounds me to the soul. [Exit.

Mastr. J. I'll go after, and kiss Molly's tears away. (*aside, and going*)

Mrs. A. Now, where are you going, Master Jack?

Mastr. J. Going to read a fine soft sympathy book, Mamma—he! he! he! Yes, I'll kiss Molly. (*aside*) [Exit.

Mrs. A. Isn't that—Mrs. Bellevue under my roof! (*looking out*)

Allb. 'Tis widow Bellevue—but, love, our roof would still be her's, but for my prudent dexterity in tricking her out of it. While her husband, my old master, lived, he was sharp over me: but, no sooner the hatchment clapt upon the wall, than all her ancient noble blood flushed in her face at the sight of the blue dragons, and the three white azure rampant fishing-hooks.

Mrs. A. That Maria! tho' we pay handsomely for poor's rates to bring the paupers out of the roads and hovels upon us.

Allb. Ay! Mrs. Bellevue's a poor pauper in the hovel now, yet she was once too grand to have her great name posted in ledgers—no, she must have the business carried on under my firm, so rather than hurt her dignity, my little bit of an insignificant name sneak'd into the lease, glided into the consols, stole into the East India stock, and my little bit of a self popp'd into her house and land—like the New Church in the Strand.

Mrs.

Mrs. A. Yes, it's certainly Maria encourages her to come here; I dare say I'm cut up finely. *(listens)* Come into the parlour! impudence! *(going)*

Allb. Now for a neat rhyme! *(aside and holding her)* Gone into the parlour, impudence—just like a—a—*(seems puzzled for a rhyme, and not hitting on one, holds down his head, puts his hands in his coat-pockets and runs off—Mrs. Allbut enraged follows.)*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Another Room in ALLBUT's House.

Enter MARIA and Mrs. BELLEVUE, with a Book.

MARIA.

INDEED I'm glad to see you.

Mrs. Bell. Once I cou'd be happy to bid you welcome here.

Maria. Aye! Mrs. Bellevue, this house when your's, was the seat of politeness and hospitality—hasn't Sir Henry since sent to you?

Mrs. Bell. No, my Love, he's no more a brother. His late acquisition of a baronet's title, has rais'd him so much above me, that I'm now neglected by him—every spark of fraternal affection; even compassion for my sufferings has been long extinguished!

Maria. Oh, Madam, I'm out of all patience with him—his family pride, so provokingly unreasonable---to take such a vast alarm at your marrying a tradesman, when he himself, tho' a baronet, is still in business---your husband was a brewer---your proud brother is a banker---and where the end is money, I can't see any great difference in the means used to acquire it.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bell. Candour shou'd in some measure incline me to excuse my brother, when I reflect that my present destitute situation is partly the consequence of that very family pride; which in his conduct to me wears the appearance of cruelty ---of inhumanity!

Maria. Aye, Madam, on the sudden death of your worthy husband, what a pity that you cou'dn't have suppress'd your own ideas of rank and birth; but tho' you were above all concern for the business, how unlucky your trusting it into the hands of this designing fool---this knavish Mr. Allbut!

Mrs. Bell. He abus'd my confidence---I plac'd him in a trust---and then instead of clearing, to puzzle and perplex my affairs!

Maria. His purpose was to get all into his own power!

Mrs. Bell. He has done it---possess'd himself of my fortune, here---even of my house---and drove me from it.

Maria. To see the vulgar Mrs. Allbut---the great lady of the village---rattling by your cottage-door in her chariot.---(*Mrs. Bellevue weeps*) But I'm wrong to revive in your mind past distresses.

Mrs. Bell. My kind Maria! had I then such an early friend! but those whom misfortune has doom'd to participate in friendship, only by receiving, may seem interest'd for a grateful mention of its sacred blessing. I am poor---you have been good to me---if I thank you, you will do justice to my intention---

Maria. Don't grieve, Madam.

Mrs. Bell. I didn't know the worth of your mind when my son set the just value upon your person

person and accomplishments---He could discern genuine merit, I was dazzled with the blaze of transitory riches; and when I should have blest'd him with a real treasure, I wrong'd both him and you!--Forbad your union; and to prevent it for ever, sent my child over seas far---far from me! Perhaps now a wand'ring fugitive. Oh! I have been wicked, cruel, unnatural! I'm punish'd, but not enough!--I should be resign'd---I am.

Maria. Dear Madam, all will be better---No news yet of your William?

Mrs. Bell. No, my dear; and since the unhappy change of affairs, I scarce wish for my son's return—I have now no home to receive him---no smile of welcome—my blessing and my tears are all I've left to give him.

Maria. As my brother Charles was led to go abroad merely with the hopes of finding your William, they may have met; the two boys were here exemplary in their friendship—they may, they will afford mutual assistance should either want it.

Mrs. Bell. There too, from my unworthy conduct, you and your father are now deprived of comfort and protection from a brother and a son. Were Charles here, the Allbuts dare not treat you as they do. But I've heard nothing of William since his quitting the captain that I sent him with, and proceeding to the East-Indies.

Maria. My father and I remain in the same uncertainty as to Charles—You'll stay and take some refreshment.

Mrs. Bell. Excuse me, my dear—I'll not be the cause of drawing Mrs. Allbut's displeasure upon you.

Maria. She never wants a cause for that. Step into

into my room—I've received a trifling present from some friends in town—I must beg your acceptance of a part of it.

Mrs. Bell. You've too much concern for me—I gave you evil, and you return every good.

Maria. My dear Ma'am be cheerful. (*Takes her hand*) [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Green. Scattered Cottages round it.

Enter CHARLES in a Sailor's Dress.

Charles. How every well-known object delights.—Captain Vansluisen!

Enter CAPT. VANSLUISEN.

Capt. Van. Eh! Yaw it is, my owner, Mynheer Willows!

Cha. I find you receiv'd my letter.

Capt. Van. Yaw, Mynheer; and I'm com'd at de very day it bid me meet you here. My ship have brought your riches from Batavia, safe to Amsterdam, and now safe to London.

Cha. Pleasure indeed! I acquired them by labour, difficulty, and danger---had a hard struggle for my life too, since, Captain---you know impatience to re-visit England, would not suffer me to wait for your sailing---

Capt. Van. I did hear de littal ship you embark in was cast away.

Cha. Wreck'd here on the coast---dead of night---had just time to throw on any jacket that came
to

to hand---I got on shore with only life---no cash---knew nobody---dispatch'd that letter to you, took a short stick in my hand, push'd off on foot, and with a hale constitution and jovial heart, here am I returned to my dear native village, worth two hundred thousand pounds, which ten years ago I quitted, not master of a guinea.

Capt. Van. I did lost all your riches at sea, but I did found dem again---Ve did not know of de war between France, Holland, and England, so we left de Indies vid out a convoy, and we were taken by a French privateer.

Cha. Indeed, Sir, well!

Capt. Van. Dey did board---clapp'd us all under hatches---but van of my crew, a brave young Englishman, in de mid vatch, crept out of a port up the sides of the ship, snatch up a hanger, overpower de French centinal, releas'd us, and ve did retook our vessel.

Cha. What, one man-----

Capt. Van. De capitain of de enemy was an Irishman---fought like de dyvil---in despair to see his prize gone, darted on the English boy---clasp'd him in his arm, and jump'd overboard down in de vater---a heavy sea---cou'dn't flack sail-- saw dem no more!

Cha. My fortune preserved by the loss of a brave fellow lessens the enjoyment! My heart throbs once more to behold my father; (*looking out*) isn't this Grisby the barber, dress'd very odd for a fri-seur! A worthy fellow he is---How glad am I to come home. Ah, no place like old England, not a house that won't fling open its doors to me; not a table without a plate, or a parlour without a nail for my hat! Bells will ring! bonfires blaze, I warrant! (*they retire*)

Enter

Enter GRIGSBY and VILLAGERS.

Grig. Don't interrupt me—I'm considering a case.

1st Vill. Now the Doctor's head is splitting with judgment. (*aside*)

Grig. I must ingratiate myself with Mrs. Allbut—without her countenance I may shut up shop, and cork up my wine-vaults. I take fifty pounds a year of her money for only talking at her tea-table on Italians, Della Cruscas, and the nervous system.

2d Vill. But, Doctor, my brother Tom be main bad——

Grig. Oh! what you've a bad brother.

2d Vill. Sick.

Grig. You're all impertinent. A fine thing if I'm to have studied the material medicar, South-ampton-port, alder-sloe-juice, and marrow-pomatum of Pharmacopolia, British coniac, turnip-cyder of Tooty-street, malaga surgery, tawny bottle-crafts, essence of Burganny, curling-iron and apothecaryships, to throw away my time and skill upon all the ragga-muffins o' the place; but this is the curse of a man's getting into reputation.

2d Vill. Ay, Doctor, 'cause you roots out a disease.

Grig. So I do. I'm for none of your worthless radical cures.

Cha. What, has Grigsby the barber turn'd doctor and apothecary? (*aside*)

1st Vill. Cousin Ralph be got sick again, Doctor.

Grig. Oh, his malady was—I perfectly remember his case; he was ill of a—a—Camera Obscura. How did you treat him?

1st Vill. Bless you! I can't afford to treat people. When I be's in company, every man pays his own shot.

3d Vill. Doctor, my son George that listet for a foger—I got un off, but he's now at huome sick on my hands.

Grig. As we of the faculty say, much depends on diet. What's his regimen?

3d Vill. The old Buffs.

Grig. The devil! I mean what does he eat!

3d Vill. He's fond of eggs for supper——

Grig. Stop. What does he do with the shells?

3d Vill. The shells—let's see, (*pausing*) I think he throws 'em behind the fire.

Grig. There 'tis! How the devil can a man expect health that throws his egg shells behind the fire? Here, (*writes with his pencil on a slip of paper*) he's a little deafish, is he not?

3d Vill. Yes, with all the drumming—

Grig. Then we must twidle up his optic nerve; (*writes*) scrupolorum Glaubers, vermifuge, squills, ay—As he's your son, you must give him sal. prunell, sal. polychrest, sal. almonic, and sal. volatile.

3 Vil. Yes: but the dog will be always running after Sal. Johnson.

Grig. My boy will mix that up for you. (*giving the paper*) You'll pay him half a crown. Confuse it in a bason of water—in that let him throw his egg-shells, and after shaking the bottle, fling bowl and all out at—mind—the street window—that may get me another patient, (*aside*) first consulting the thermometer. Begone! I'll give no more advice this morning.

1st Vill. Ay, Doctor, times are turn'd—You don't

don't mind poor folks now you've got a broken-knee'd mare, and a new old whiskey. [Exit.

Grig. Broken-knee'd mare—old whiskey—ah, no chance of being look'd on till I step into my chariot.

Enter a SERVANT in Livery.

Serv. Sir, my master—

Grig. (*Smiling and cringing*) What is your master taken ill? Dear Gentleman! I'll run to him.— (*aside*) He pays me thirty pounds a year, and won't venture out in a morning till I come and tell him which way the wind lies. (*going hastily*)

Serv. No, Sir; but he desires you'll send him in a dozen of your best old port.

Grig. Ha!—What my black strap?

Cha. A wine-merchant too!

Grig. Very well. (*Exit servant*) When he drinks from my cellar he'll soon want something out of my shop. My red seal bottles, always bring one with a long cravat round his neck.

Cha. Now, Captain, you'll see how glad he'll be to find I'm return'd. My father was a good friend to him; and now for a specimen of gratitude and early faithful attachment. Ah, honest Grisby—your hand, my old lad.

Grig. Rather free. (*drawing back*)

Cha. Stop!

Grig. Stop!—any business with me, master? (*looks strange*)

Cha. Ha, ha, ha!—Don't you remember Charley Willows?

Grig. What, is it you? Come home in rags—this is the fuss made about him by his family! I said how 'twou'd be, (*aside—surveying Charles*

with contempt) hem--- (*going*) Whose chariot?
(looking out) Oh! Sir? your most profound hum-
 ble servant, (*bows off obsequiously*) Smart gig that?
 How d'ye do, Ma'am, (*bows off familiarly*) A
 good stout gelding!---hows goes it Mr. ---
(nods off slightly)

Cha. Well, Grigsby! You've done this devilish
 well. I was going to your shop for you to throw a
 little powder into my hair.

Grig. Scrubs come to my house for powder,
 have you taken out the licence, my lad?

Cha. How! (*with surprise and indignation*)

Grig. (*aside, not regarding him*) This fellow's
 sister Maria tho', is pretty—but then, that Miss
 Louisa--a report that she's daughter, or somewhat
 to a lord---wasn't it?---an odd mystery that---
 hiding at Jollyboy's---poor tho', and tisn't what
 were you, but what are you.

Cha. Hark'ee, Grigsby!--

Grig. (*smiling placid and contemptuous, takes
 snuff*) Madam Allbut is my first object and attention
 ---eh, isn't that Squire Hedgeworth and young
 Briers going out shooting? A present of some game
 for Mrs. Allbut might do me no harm---one shou'd
 never make presents but to them that can afford to
 buy---How fashionable they're equip'd for the sport!
 I must kick up a rummage in my old master's ward-
 robe--see if it can't afford me a smart shooting
 jacket; every gentleman in the country should
 shoot--hey, my glove, (*searches*) A physician to
 feel pulses shou'd have his hand warm, soft, and
 white---my hand (*displays it*) 'till I can sport the
 chariot, I shou'd get a muff---a ring---my sweet old
 patient found dead with a brace of guineas clench'd
 in his fist---ready fee for the doctor--the punctual
 honest

honest soul!--the old nurse and I divided I shou'd-
n't have given her half---the two wou'd have com-
pafs'd a smart ring, ha! [Exit.]

Capt. Van. He's gone to set de "plate for you,
and knock up de peg for your hat."

Cha. This a sample of my welcome!

Capt. Van. I tink I hear "de bells ringing"---
I long for "de bonfire."

Cha. I wish the village was on fire---but hold,
there may be only one Grigsby in it. Yes, 'twas
certainly my forlorn appearance! the rascal thinks
I'm come home poor.

Capt. Van. If you had, Mynheer Villows, you
see your welcome!

Cha. Aye; but unjust to draw a conclusion from
the behaviour of this low-born murdering moun-
tebank. (*a shot heard at some distance*)

Bri. (without) You've certainly wing'd her.

Cha. (looking out) Oh, now you'll see a different
affair. Here are a couple of gentlemen, my for-
mer school-fellows, except Willy Bellevue, whom
to follow abroad I first left my home, they were
my most particular and intimate companions.

*Enter BRIERS and HEDGEWORTH, with fowling
pieces.*

Hedg. I think it fell in the marsh.

Bri. No getting it without wetting one's self,
and I've no great wish for Dr. Grisby's stuff---hey,
Nero! (*whistles*) if I don't shoot that dog! badly
made, good for nothing, (*perceiving Charles*) Oh,
here, you sir, leap the hedge and bring me the
bird---it fell yonder---Damn the fellow, how he
stares! Oh, he must be paid beforehand---there
--- (*flings halfpence on the ground*) Now, hey over!

Cha.

Cha. (with joy and cordiality) My dear Bob Hedgeworth, Dick Briars! here I am come home to you again (they look at each other, then at Charles with strangeness).

Capt. Van. De gentlemen seem to have forgotten you.

Cha. Aye, I am sunburn'd and weatherbeaten ---but, my boys, don't you remember Charley Willows?

Hedg. (to Briars---charging his gun) Do you recollect---I shall be out of powder.

Bri. Oh, yes, very well---It's the---the---Willows---aye, brother to the pretty girl there below, at---Allbut, the brewers---My lad, if you don't take care you'll be prefs'd.

Hedg. Dick, you shou'd give the poor devil something---I remember his sister was always your partner at the assembly at Guildford.

Bri. Nonsense!

Cha. Well, but lads---what news---I hav'n't seen my father yet.

Bri. Free and easy---any thing of a former acquaintance got down out of one's line---a cursed boar---no shaking off.

Enter GRIGSBY in a shooting dress (accoutred.)

Grig. Gentlemen, your most obedient---

Bri. Oh, here's the doctor too.

Grig. (charging.) I've forgot wadding---my head! 'pon my soul, gentlemen, I was going to charge with a bank note---Doctor Boerhaave's prescription---cou'dn't read it---but no matter---the mixture is gone home, and the patient will soon follow it (*aside*)

Enter

Enter MARGERY and LOUISA, behind.

Marg. Ma'am, this is the shortest way to our mill.

Louisa. Aye, my good Margery, your character of Mrs. Allbut has so frighten'd me, that I believe I must sojourn with you a little longer; how shall we get by these gentlemen? I wish they wou'd-n't shoot till we are past.

Grig. (to Louisa) Oh, Ma'am, want your change---hav'n't so much in the till---send you in a choice chest of florence. *(To Briers and Hedgeworth, smiling)* Gentlemen will you permit me to make one in your very salubrious amusement?---I promis'd some game to a lady---I'm an excellent shot---mark. *(presents)*

Marg. Stop, Ma'am! Deuce o'that doctor?

Bri. Zounds, doctor---that's a cow!---

Grig. That a cow! I know it, my dear Sir; but don't you see the little bird perched on the top of her horn.

Marg. I request, gentlemen, you will let us pass before you shoot.

Bri. Eh, who's this; oh! the woman at the mill there.

Hedg. Who is that with her?

Grig. My game has hopp'd the twig---it's wise---for, gentlemen, rest is the nurse of disease, You see as a doctor, I speak against my own interest; nothing but exercise and open air can brace and strengthen the animal functions, and when the caninus rabies, which we of the faculty, call vertigo in the foot, comes; rest brings a polyphus in the lungs, symptomatic of the epigastic region; and then nothing better than sudorific antimony, parsimony, and ready money, dismem-

dismembering the whole animal œconomy with the syrrup of wild pop——(*Briers fires close at his ear---he runs off*)

Louisa. Ah! (*shrieking.*)

Cha. Frighten a lady! (*snatches the piece from Briers, and throws it over the hedge*) "Hey over!"

Briers. Dem me, what do you mean by that?

Cha. Oh, I'll tell you, Sir. (*Briers takes Hedgeworth under the arm, they both sing and walk off*)

Louisa. Those are our young men of fashion, devoid of politeness or humanity!---and this spirited young man---You're a gallant fellow! Those brutal wretches! Oh, what mistakes Fortune does make in the distribution of her gifts. (*aside*)

[*Exeunt Louisa and Margery.*]

Cha. A lovely creature! But why did I not speak to her? Those puppies rascally conduct has stupified me!---a Charming girl!---The scoundrels! (*pauses and looks confused*)

Capt. Van. And these scoundrels were your intimate companions? Why, Mynheer Villows you did keep good company!

Cha. This my reception---the joys I promised myself! They certainly imagine I'm come home pennyless; it is plain, if I had, how it wou'd be.

Capt. Van. Ah, Mynheer Villows, dis is your home!---Ah, ha! a man may love his own country vidout crowing over dat of another.

Cha. Why true, Captain. It is not this or that spot that stamps the character; Nature will not change for climate, customs, or complexion: the villain, black or white, is of one nation, and the benevolent are fellow countrymen, though born at the extremities of the globe---Yes, Briers and Hedgeworth's scorn, was all to my seeming poverty!

Capt.

Capt. Van. Suppose den you seem to be poor, only to prove which of your friends deserve to be better'd by your riches.

Cha. Thank ye, I will. A most excellent thought!--my dress too so lucky---Oh, but Captain, my property is consigned to the banking-house of Sir Henry Check.

Capt. Van. Yaw.

Cha. Then, master of a princely fortune, I'll sally through the village in my old trowsers---Is that a good shipwreck'd, rueful face? (*looks dejected*) Come Captain. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Before ALLBUT'S House.

Enter GRIGSBY.

Grig. Can't kill a bird. Just as I cover mark, and touch trigger, I always shut the wrong eye---How to pay court to Mrs. Allbut---

Enter a Soldier, with a Musquet and Wallet.

Sol. What a fool was I to come this way; just under Mr. Allbut's house, and he's a justice of peace! (*Sees Grigsby, endeavours to hide the wallet, and sneak by*)

Grig. That fellow's been poaching: since I cannot bring down game with lead, I'll try silver. Ho, you infernal dog! I know you're a poacher, destroying the noblemen's game, you vile thief! Give up what you've got!

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Sol.

Sol. Yes, I shall go to quod for my marauding!—Master, don't hurt a poor man with a family.

Grig. This is a lucky stroke—our great Madam Allbut will esteem this such a prodigious compliment—besides the credit of shooting so capitally—Well, say nothing of this bus'ness—there, I buy your game (*gives him money, and takes the wallet*) [*Exit Sol.*] Here's Allbut, and I hav'n't time to put the birds in my net.

Enter ALLBUT from the House.

Allb. So, Doctor, in visiting your patients, you shoot by the way?—'gad that's killing two birds with one stone.

Grig. (smiling) Yes, Sir, I've had tolerable sport—I've shav'd a good many birds.

Allb. You've been shaving the birds?

Grig. Hem!—I mean killing—powder-puff and wash-ball—that is, powder and ball—shot—I've brought here the produce of my success humbly to present to Mrs. Allbut.

Allb. Ha! You're right to make presents; she's in a high passion—but this politeness of your's will soften her.

Enter MRS. ALLBUT from the House.

Mrs. A. This audacious Mrs. Bellevue to dare to come into a house of mine!

Allb. My love, here's our worthy friend Doctor Grigby has been shooting, and he begs you'll accept a few birds.

Mrs. A. Shooting is a cruel sport! the pretty innocent feather'd tenants of the air—the tuneful minstrels that wake the rosy morn with carols sweet

sweet—it shocks me! my feelings are perhaps too exquisite.

Allb. Feeling! Yes, my love, and your taste is not bad—over a roast pheasant! Doctor, you'll come and eat a morsel of your own good cheer?

Mrs. A. Do pray, Doctor.

Grig. Madam, I shall do myself that honour.

Allb. A few partridges here, eh? and some woodcocks? (*taking up the wallet*) Oh, you fear'd they'd break your net.

Grig. I trust, Ma'am these dainties will suit the delicacy of your ladyship's palate. (*Bows*)

Allb. (*opens the wallet*) What the devil, a goose!

Grig. Ha! (*surprised and confused*) Ay! a wild goose!

Allb. "Here's the pretty innocent feather'd tenant of the air"—By the Lord, here's a wild pig too---Here's the little bird that wakes the rosy morn with carols sweet!" (*produces them*)

Grig. By the heavens, this must have been done by the magic lantern!

Allb. Thank ye, Doctor—but rather too light food for supper. However, as you're our apothecary, it's very well intended.

Mrs. A. Sir, be assur'd you shall not affront your betters.

Grig. Affront! let me tell you, Madam, we of the faculty think that my present is wholesome and good eating—so says Doctors Boerhaave, Crook Shanks, Cheney, and Sir John Pringle.

Allb. Yes,—but, Doctor, if here isn't a wild old woman's petticoat—Why, instead of giving, you're come here to make game! (*Grigsby steals off*) Holla, Doctor, does Johnny Pringle recommend this for good eating?

Mrs. A. An audacious villain ! Peter ! (*calling*).

Enter PETER.

But I must compose my mind with divine poesy :
(*takes out a paper, and reads*) " Seraphic souls
sublime, celestial food, soft circumambient air"—
I desire, Mr. Allbut, you'll have him turn'd out
of the parish, next Vestry. Take those into the
house. (*Peter takes up the wallet, and exit.*)—I've
something else to think on than Doctor Grisby's
nonsense—and you to join in it !

Allb. Love, instead of snubbing, you shou'd
take care of me ; give me nice cordials, to make
me live long ; for, once you're a widow, as I did
with Mrs. Bellevue, some smart rogue will come
and jockey you out of all. Aye, now I'm brisk,
—but when I'm flat—dead—you'll be for marrying
some flashy young Gentleman.

Mrs. A. I desire, Mr. Allbut, you'll not flatter
me with such hopes.

Allb. Of two such popes.

Mrs. A. Hush ! Maria and Mrs. Bellevue have
broke up their consultation. (*they retire*)

Enter MARIA and Mrs. BELLEVUE from the House.

*Mr. and Mrs. ALLBUTT steal in, and shut the
door.*

Mrs. B. Bless you, my love ; my kind, good
angel !

Maria. Farewell, Madam.

Mrs. B. What must have become of me but for
you ?

Maria. Nay, now, indeed you distress me.

Mrs. B. If heaven has a store for the benevo-
lent, your comforts will be many. You nor yours
were

were never obliged to me—you owe nothing, but give all. Your conduct, contrasted with the ungrateful possessors of this house! they have shared my bounty—they rose high upon my ruins, tho' now they will not know me. When we'd win the heart by increase of favours, each added obligation but renders the claim of benevolence more insupportable; and, though a kind wish is the only return expected, pride often quits the debt by an ungenerous endeavour to disown it.

Maria. Dear Madam, be cheerful—the Allbuts are unworthy your resentment: their repeated cruelties to my father and me cancel what they compliment by the name of charity—we must bear. If my father receives any news from abroad, you shall hear—and you'll do the same by us.

Mrs. B. The letters you have received from Charles, tho' long back, never once mention William.

Maria. Be assur'd, Madam, William still is here; (*points to her heart*) but why should I flatter myself that he has yet a heart for me!

Mrs. B. If he lives, dear Maria, could his faith and generosity make a reparation for past injuries, Perhaps in my boys honest affection you might forget the unkindness of his mother. In that sweet hope, his return will give me the first delight.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Bellevue and Maria.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

Before ALLBUT'S House.

Enter MARIA, goes to a side door and pushes at it.

MARIA.

I LEFT the door open—some of Master Jack's tricks, I suppose, (*knocks, Mrs. Allbut appears at the window.*)

Mrs. A. Who's there?

Maria. Oh! (*looking up*) the door shut ma'am, whilst I walk'd out a little.

Mrs. A. The Maria! I protest I didn't know you—to pay me a visit? this is an honor I didn't expect, but I don't imagine you've any very material business here, Miss.

Maria. Madam!

Mrs. A. There was indeed a servant girl I had—one Molly Willows—but she got so pert and idle—I am determined never to let her into my house again.

Maria. But, Ma'am, sure you won't discard me?

Mrs. A. Can't avoid it, Miss. (*Maria weeps*)

Enter

Enter JOLLYBOY.

Joll. They said our smart Doctor Grigsby came this way—walk off with the money I had to pay my rent! (*looking about*) No! holla! Madam Allbut! do your folks intend to bring that sack of corn up to-day? mayhap you don't bake your own bread any more; because if you want the flour, send the grist up to mill. Miss Willows, what's the matter? Crying! poor girl! If it's a man has made you cry—tell me who—I'll see if I can't dust his jacket, and if it's a woman, I'll tell her——

Mrs. A. You're a busy fool.

Allb. (*appears at another window*) Because the air's so cool. (*Mrs. Allbut sits and reads*)

Joll. Turn'd, poor soul, into the street! Madam seems very easy after doing an action a Grand Turk wou'd be asham'd of.

Mrs. A. “In tranquil hours it gave the smile serene.”

Allb. (*at the other window*) You I have not seen, (*to Jollyboy*)

Mrs. A. I desire, girl, you'll not bring a mob about my house.

Joll. Am I a mob?

Allb. For you I've a job.

Mrs. A. No doing any thing for this man. (*retires*)

Allb. To grind my corn—but beware of the horn. (*Mrs. Allbut appears at the same window with Allbut*)

Mrs. A. Come in I desire.

Allb. I beg leave to retire, (*he draws in—she takes his place at the window, and is going to speak—he puts his head over her shoulder*) I'll go sit at the fire.

Mrs.

Mrs. A. (to Maria) Contrary to my commands, you brought Widow Bellevue to my house, and be assur'd you shall find my door for ever shut to you. (*shuts the window*)

Joll. Turn'd out for relieving the distressed, poor soul ! she's too good to be shelter'd by a house, and now her roof is the canopy of heaven ! Miss Maria, Madam Louisa, our lodger, is leaving us, I might again let the little box—but was it to bring me a guinea a day—I'd rather you'd occupy it for nothing.

Maria. I'm obliged to you, but cannot think of being a burthen to any one.

Joll. I'd be no loser by the bargain ; for prosperity hangs over the house that contains a humane and charitable heart.

Maria. Whither turn seperated from my father ! leave him with those cruel people !

Enter Master JACK.

Maft. J. Molly ! hark'ee——

Maria. (joyfully) Has your Mamma relented ? Has she sent for me ?

Maft. J. Oh, no, my dear ; but I'm softened into a power of compassion for you.

Joll. Why now that's well—I always said Master Jack was the flower of the flock—you think Miss has been badly treated, and pity her, eh ?

Maft. J. Yes, I pity her. My dear, since Mamma has discharged you—sooner than you shou'd come to want—if you'll bide at Mrs. Bellevue's cottage ; I'll pay her a shilling a week, and give you half-a-crown and now then, if you'll only let me come and kiss you at all times when I'm in a humour !

Maria. How ! (*with indignation*)

Joll.

Joll. Why you ungenerous hound ! is that your pity ? Do you come and affront her with your rascally proposals at the very time that her sorrowful situation renders her an object of respect and protection ?

Mast. J. Hark'ee, Dick Jollyboy ; I'll protect you with a douse o'th' cheek.

Joll. You whelp !

Mast. J. Oh, that's pretty usage to your landlord's son—see if I don't make Mamma turn you out of your mill—fine doings ! a young gentleman to be call'd whelp only for asking to keep a Miss ! [Exit.

Joll. My dear you'll be safer in my little cottage than in this great house.

Maria. I believe you—I accept your kindness, and thank you.

Joll. Why now that's hearty !

Enter GRIGSBY, full dressed, in large wig, with muff, and cane.

Grig. Tho' I was deceived, by that foraging son of a scarlet fever, yet my present was as sweetly astringent as rough Alicant—I'll shew these good people that a Physician is somebody. I see respect is all paid to appearance ; and by heavens I'll have a chariot tho' it draws me to St. George's Fields, hem. Young woman,—this girl loves me (*aside*) home ?—Is your master or mistress at home ?

Joll. She has no master or mistress.

Grig. How old are you ? (*to Jollyboy*)

Joll. Why ? suppose I'm three and forty—what then ?

Grig. You're not a physician?

Joll. No, thank heaven.

Grig. Then you're a fool—Every man at forty is either a fool or a physician.

Maria. (to *Jollyboy*) I think I shall put you to inconvenience—suppose I go to the Doctor's, till I see what my father determines to do.

Grig. Come to me! oh! this is what we call love powder. (*aside*)

Joll. Hold, Miss. Doctor, give me that ten pound note.

Grig. Give you a ten pound note?

Joll. Yes; that, that Miss Louisa gave you.

Grig. So, when my patients give me a fee, I must give it to you? ha, ha, ha! but I'm not to laugh. (*Looks grave*)

Joll. Come—ten pounds!—touch! (*Holds out his hand*)

Grig. A touch in the pericranky—Did he bite you? (*to Maria*)

Joll. No, nor you shan't bite me. Give me the ten pounds.

Grig. He's got the hydrofogy! bring me out a basin of water. (*to Maria*)

Joll. Return the money, or I'll take up your old trade and dress your wig upon your own block—here's my little twiggling comb! (*Shakes his stick*)

Grig. A robbery!

Joll. A fellow learns to bleed upon the veins of a cabbage leaf, and draws teeth, by clapping a red-hot poker to our mouths!—picks our pocket as a wine-merchant and a doctor with floe-juice and powder of post. Deliver! (*Shakes his stick, Grigsby terrified gives the note*)

Grig. Witness, Miss; on the King's highway he says "stop, Sir, stand and deliver!"

Maria.

THE WORLD IN A VILLAGE.

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Maria. Nay, but Mr. Jollyboy, this is a very dangerous practice, and what nobody could believe from a man of your character—oh! my poor dear father! (*looking out*) [Exit.

Enter ALLBUT from the house.

Allb. Jollyboy, Mrs. Allbut has order'd me to treat you like a scoundrel.

Joll. Ah; you'll find it easy to obey her.

Allb. How dare you abuse my wife and beat my child—I'll give you—

Joll. This is quarter day, and there's your rent, (*gives the note to Allbut*)

Allb. I'll give you a——receipt.

Joll. No; my word is a voucher that I have paid you—— [Exit.

Allb. What an honest man!

Grig. Honest! this is the most barefac'd, impudent way of paying rent! An honest man is plunder'd, and you are the receiver.

Allb. Plunder'd!—Is this your way of making presents?—if you've got at robbing hedges and hen-roosts, your old practices, my boy---how dare you make me the receiver!

Grig. By heav'ns, Sir, I'm of a sanguine and adust complexion.

Allb. 'Sblood, Sir, who cares for your dusty complexion!

Grig. Return it, for at present—

Allb. I'll not return the present—the goose is pluck'd—the pig is scalded, and if you have any thing back, it shall be the old woman's petticoat.

THE WORLD IN A VILLAGE.

Enter Shopman with a packet of bottles.

Shop. Master, I'm going to take the medicine to Squire William's.

Grig. Take medicine—take ten pounds from that gentleman.

Shop. (*staring*) Sir!

Allb. Take ten pounds from me?

Grig. If he won't give it up quietly, trip up his heels.

Allb. Trip up my heels! touch me, and I'll lay you by the heels in a jail. (*runs into the house*)

Grig. Never mind—if he does, I'll visit you.

Shop. Thank'ee, Sir, but I'll save you the trouble. [*Exit.*]

Grig. He shall restore it, else—it's quite opaque and clear to me—I'll offify his very bones—a millar and brewer take and give my money, hand to fist! enough to dislocate my brain-pan—but that my wrongs brought out the loving concern of that comely servant-maid, Maria—my money! as I'm now bemuff'd and bewig'd, I must support the condign dignity of a phyfician. (*Exit into the house*)

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Ay; it's a bad world, I see that. My thread-bare jacket drives every body away from me—some look with pity—some with contempt—but not one offers even to speak to me!—oh! this is Mrs. Bellevue's.

Allb. (*within*) Give you ten pounds your barberizing rascal! out with him, Peter! (*Peter and Allbut seen at the door thrusting Grigsby out*)

Grig. Here's a diascordium!—here's a nostrum!

Allb.

Allb. And a rostrum—and a cuff—and a muff
—(*kicks out the muff and shuts the door*)

Cha. A new thing—people turn'd out of Mrs. Bellevue's house! why it's our generous doctor!

Grig. Here's ptisan and diet drink—

Cha. You've got a scratch, but you've your own shop to go to.

Grig. I never take any thing out of my own shop.

Enter Master JACK, from the house.

Maft. J. Oh, ho! father and Peter have been having fine sport here—kicking Doctor Grigsby out, and never call'd me to join in the fun.

Grig. Pounded crabs-eyes! (*Master Jack gives him a blow and runs in*)—Had my man but back'd me—he shall never again pound mortar of mine—my lad, you may want employ, as your father and sifter are—besides his sifter loves me. (*aside*)

Cha. What! speak!

Grig. You can carry out parcels?---I have been sprain'd and batter'd like opodeldoc---no cutaneous hurt---but quite external---it has put me into such a rage, I mean the Illiac passion and woe to Panado! ---look at my caput---isn't there a fracture?---its dense as a feather---oh, business for Bow-street---patients!---I must now visit the Brown-bear. Cure from my own shop! may do for a porter, but you'll never make an apothecary, oh, no,---no, no, (*picks up the muff, adjusts his cloaths*) the law shall ---to give me such a diameter! I'll consult Mr. Fudge the attorney, he shall take out a supersnijet ---follow me!

[*Exit.*

Cha.

Cha. What does he mean by my father and sister? carry out parcels—porter—a scoundrel! but tho' the people here thought me poor, yet they might suppose my father wou'd instantly replenish my purse—he, thank heaven, can't be subject to their frosty looks—he has competence, and I hope health.

Enter WILLOWS, from an out-office, carrying a sack.

Is not that my father?

Willo. I shall never be able of myself to carry it. (*lays down the sack, looking out*) My child! I must not grieve her! I must seem to make light of it.

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Nobody dares disobey Mr. Allbut's orders to carry it for him, nor shou'd I add to his grief, by telling him their usage to me—now, Sir, don't attempt it.

Willo. Child, as we're servants to Mr. Allbut, to eat his bread and neglect our duty, is dishonest and ungrateful.

Cha. Servants to Mr. Allbut! reduced indeed! this accounts fully for my reception here.

Maria. Sir, I fear 'twill hurt you.

Cha. My beloved sister—brought up with tenderness!—my kind parent!—are these the comforts of his age!—but then isn't it in my power to snatch them from penury—till this moment I never tasted the sweets of riches!

Maria. Sir, indeed you can't. (*Helping Willows to lift the sack on a pitching-block*)

Cha,

Cha. They don't seem to know me. (*In a broad blunt voice*) How d'ye do, Sir?—servant Miss.

Willo. How d'ye do? how d'ye do?

Cha. You seem past your labour?

Willo. Yes, my lad; but those that wo'n't labour may be compell'd to do worse.

Cha. Have you now no son to work for you in your old days?

Willo. Why I may have a son abroad, but perhaps my poor boy finds work hard enough himself.

Cha. Where was this to go?

Maria. Only up to the mill yonder—kind Sir, Lord if he wou'd—(*aside joyfully*) (*Charles takes up the sack, and goes off whistling*) blessings on you! (*looking after him with delight*)

Willo. Now, child, this is very indiscreet—how do you know who this man may be?

Maria. He's poor certainly—but I'm sure he's honest (*speaking off*) Your right, Sir, there's the windmill (*pointing*)

[*Exit.*

Willo. Hollo, master!

[*Exit hastily.*

SCENE II.

Fields and a Windmill.

Enter LOUISA and MARIA.

Louisa. Well, 'tis certainly very good of him.

Maria. Now wasn't it, Madam?

Enter CHARLES, from the mill.

Oh, then he has left it, my father shou'd thank him——

Cha.

Cha. The charming young lady again! how beautiful! my experiment doesn't require looking so very bad—though the Doctor refused, old Margery may assist me with a little powder. (*Goes into the mill*)

Louisa. Why, that is the very delightful young man that interpos'd when those rude gentlemen terrified me this morning—and, here now, to assist the weak and aged! one wou'd think he watch'd for occasions of rendering services where they were most wanted—what an excellent heart he must have!

Maria. Don't you think, Ma'am, if well dress'd—really I believe he's very handsome!

Louisa. Oh, have a care! young women must never think men handsome—nothing more dangerous to our peace—alas! I feel it so. (*aside*)

Maria. Well, Ma'am; I'll step and apprize Mrs. Bellevue of the honor you intend her.

Louisa. I thank you. This very atrocious circumstance you've told me of the miller has confirm'd my determination to stay no longer with him.

Maria. Madam, it astonished me! his conduct wou'd make one suspect that the honesty of the world exists only in appearance. [*Exit.*]

Louisa. You believe he's handsome—how weak and inconsiderate is our sex!—that girl must be very silly to take such notice of men—yet to my fancy, if I dare have a fancy, he's the most amiable person I ever saw.

Re-enter CHARLES.

My heart beats quick—I tremble—I wish I had never seen him—he has been making himself look more agreeable—now that is really very malicious
(*aside*) *Cha.*

Cha. Madam, your most obedient I'd talk of a thousand things, and yet I don't know what to say (*aside*)—Ma'am, here within is great lamentation—your intention of removing will break the heart of your poor old landlady.

Louisa. I'm not going to reside far off, Sir—only at Mrs. Bellevue's there, below—look, Sir, that—

Cha. Oh, Ma'am, I see.

Louisa. (*aside*) Looking quite the wrong way—Sir, it's—lord!—what am I about? absolutely making an assignation!—I fear I am farther gone than I thought I was (*aside*)—I thank you, Sir, for the concern you took in my fright this morning.

Cha. Oh, Ma'am, no merit of mine, concern for a lady who must interest all that see her, is involuntary.

Louisa. Since my coming here, I've sauntered a good deal about, but don't recollect having ever had the pleasure of seeing you before, are you lately arrived in England, Sir, you have been abroad, I presume?—but don't answer me. You see women will be inquisitive.

Cha. They will be charming, and men be captivated; oh, you most lovely——

Louisa. What Sir!—(*looks cold and serious*)—I deserve this (*aside*)—I retract all the information I gave you just now (*smiles archly*)—people tell me, and it may be so, that often I don't know what I'm saying; yet pray don't you now by a contrary meaning take an interpretation of my heart.

Cha. Then, Madam, you have a heart?

Louisa. I'm afraid not (*aside*) I thought I told you, you were not to mind what I say—I'm not going to live yonder—I shall never walk through that meadow in an evening—I desire not to know

if your heart is engag'd to the young girl for whose father you carried the corn to the mill.
(Aside) Lud! if I hav'n't got to flirtation with a man I know nothing about! I the niece to a peer! and he---but love levels all distinction. *[Exit.*

Cha. Now who is she?---good and charming! and that's a volume!---*(looking out)* Isn't this Allbut's wife? the mistress of my father and sister! who when I went abroad was little more than a house wench---what tricks has fortune been at? Oh, my new valet---

Enter SERVANT.

Well, John, the people at the Rose don't suspect you belong to me?

Ser. No, Sir,

Cha. Right, for if I receive welcome here, it shall not be for my riches.

Ser. Sir, Captain Vanfluisen desired me to tell you that Sir Henry Check wishes to see you.

Cha. Very well; *(Exit servant)* but I'll be a poor fellow for another five minutes---yes; *(looking out)* it is Mrs. Allbut, I'll try what effect my out-at-elbows has upon her.

Enter Mrs. ALLBUT.

Mrs. A. I don't know what's come to all the common people!--an impudent miller to dare abuse a son of mine; but paying his rent shan't cajole me as it has done Mr. Allbut. Here, you woman, Margery, tell the Miller I'd speak to him. *(Calling at the door of the mill)*

Cha. (advances) Ah, Mrs. Allbut! How d'ye do, Ma'am?

Mrs.

Mrs. A. Who is this fellow?

Cha. I hope my father and sister are well.

Mrs. A. (aside) I protest it's Young Willows; come home a beggar as I expected!

Cha. I've been very unfortunate.

Mrs. A. Unfortunate indeed; that you were not drowned rather than return in this plight—

Cha. Yes; but if my friends here are only good enough to assist me with a little money, I may soon be able to go out again to the Indies, and make another trial.

Mrs. A. The impertinence of such people is insufferable. *(aside)*

Cha. I am sorry to hear my family is fallen so much to decay; however it's not lost what a friend acquires; I'm glad to find you've since got so much up in the world; I hope for your kindness—asham'd to appear about this figure, a few guineas wou'd equip me properly; and then I should not disgrace your table.

Mrs. A. My table; guineas! my friend, I never meddle in the parish affairs; but I fancy, if you've no means of a livelihood, the beadle knows his duty.

Cha. Madam, I hoped for a kinder reception—

Mrs. A. Do you suppose that Mr. Allbut is keeper of the workhouse?

Cha. Workhouse! the time has been when you thought it the highest honour, my father's even hinting at a marriage between my sister and your son.

Mrs. A. I shall die with rage—Yet really—ha, ha, ha! its diverting; pray, friend, stand a little farther off, ha, ha, ha! my table! the elegant

gant circle of literati! my fashionable friends might indeed stare to see a Naples Lazaroni sit at my table; this creature too, I suppose, plays the Piano, and reads Sterne.

Cha. Yes, Ma'am; but "the recording angel has no tear for you."

Enter ALLBUT.

Mrs. A. Oh, Mr. Allbut, here's the pleasantest thing! This ragged man has a sister, and expected you'd give her our son in marriage.

Allb. His sister marry—

Mrs. A. Yes, our son Jack.

Allb. He deserves a whack. Who is he, my dear?

Mrs. A. Oh, it's that—Molly, our maid's brother.

Allb. What Charley Willows, that went to sea after Willy Bellevue? poor man, seems bad times with you! My dear, he may have the run of the kitchen for a week?

Enter WILLOWS and MARIA.

Mrs. A. Well, Miss Maria, now you've time to exhibit your airs and graces at your piano forte?

Cha. Then, Ma'am, no pity for my distress?

Mrs. A. Pray take your distresses somewhere else. I desire Willows you'll transport your beggarly family out of my presence.

Allb. Ay, what d'ye mean Willows idling about here like a gentleman, didn't I give you business to do.

Cha.

Cha. The business is done; I left the corn safe at the mill.—Don't you know me, sister? my Father! (*kneels to Willows*)

Maria. Oh, Sir, it's my brother! Heavens! I not to know him before!

Will. My dear, dear boy, rise!

Mrs. A. Ah, lord! he can't spoil his clothes? Ha, ha, ha! Such folks pretend to feeling, it's really amusing!

Will. Well, Charles, eh? how, are you just arriv'd?

Cha. Father, though I didn't go abroad rich, I'm come home poorer.

Will. Never mind, my boy, better bring home an empty pocket than a bad conscience. If you're clear of cash, I hope you're likewise free from dishonour.

Maria. Have you heard any thing of William Bellevue?

Mrs. A. Are we to stand all day listening to their dismal stories? Absolutely their croaking has an effect upon one's spirits.

Cha. And I hope upon your heart. You once yourselves felt the bitterness of poverty, and a sympathising recollection might now incline you to pity ours. (*taking off his hat*)

Mrs. A. Mr. Allbut, have you got any silver?

Allb. A shilling—hem, I've got a sixpence. If there's no hole in your hat, let it hold that. (*drops it in his hat, Maria takes and flings it away, and places the hat on Charles's head*)

Mrs. A. A very elegant chariot stopp'd yonder (*looks out*)—some visitor to us—Lord; Mr. Allbut, pray come a little farther—Willows, your son is absolutely a disgrace to one! I desire he mayn't be seen hov'ring about our house.

Enter

Enter FOOTMAN in full Dress, (mourning livery—respectfully presents a card to CHARLES.)

Cha. (reads) “ Sir Henry Check’s compliments to Mr. Willows, congratulates him on his arrival in England”—

Foot. Sir, my master himself is coming to you ; but ’tis here I’m to enquire for this Miss Louisa. *(goes into Follyboys)*

Mrs. A. Dear ! I vow it’s Sir Henry Check ! *(apart to Allbut)*

Allb. (apart) Mrs. Bellevue’s proud brother, that won’t know her—he’s a K. B. and an M. P.

Enter Sir HENRY CHECK, (in mourning), and Re-Enter FOOTMAN.

Foot. (apart to Sir H.) Sir, a young lady of the description has been here, and they have directed me where to find her.

Sir H. Oh ! very well, pray where is—

Allb. I’m here, Sir Henry.

Mrs. A. Had we expected this honour---

Allb. Mr. Connor, *(bows. Mrs. Allbut frowns, and walks away ashamed)*

Sir H. Oh, you’re Mr. — the brewer, that --- *(with contemptuous indifference, then to Charles with ceremony and respect)* Mr. Willows, I presume. *(all look at Charles with astonishment)*

Cha. Most obedient, Sir Henry. I understand some property of mine is consign’d to your house.

Sir

Sir H. It is Sir. I left town, on a visit to my Lord Oakwood's here in this neighbourhood, and understanding from Captain Vanfluisen, that you had just arriv'd, took the opportunity of paying my respects with hopes of the pleasure of introducing you to his Lordship.

Cha. Sir Henry, you're very obliging---I've some affairs to adjust, and then I'm at your service. I shall dress and wait upon you.

Sir H. Oh, my dear Sir, the perils you've been in sufficiently apologize for your dress.

Cha. I'm sorry, Sir Henry, for what may have been the cause of your present appearance.

Sir H. I've had a severe loss indeed—but come, Mr. Willows, I attend you.

Cha. My father—sister—Sir Henry.

Sir H. Sir, (*bows to Willows*) Madam, your most devoted. (*to Maria*)

[*Exeunt Charles and Sir Henry in conversation.*]

Foot. Oh, Mr. Allbut, our butler's compliments to you, desires you'll send in a nine gallon cask of small beer for the servants. [*Exit.*]

Maria. Father!

Willo. Why Maria!

Allb. Mrs. Allbut!

Mrs. A. (*confused and embarrassed*) Mr. Willows, I—cou'd—have—wish'd—Sir, that you had told us——

Willo. The first I knew of it myself.

Allb. I suspect he has brought home the pelf.

Mrs. A. Mr. Allbut, I die with shame, for the scandalous treatment you have given him.

Allb. Me!

Mrs. A. 'Pon my word, he's improv'd; when dress'd, I dare say he's a fine young man. Mr. Willows,

Willows, you're very happy in such a son—Miss, I give you joy of your brother's return.

Re-enter CHARLES.

Cha. (*joyfully to Willows*) Sir, I've brought home wealth, and I shall think my perils and labours in the acquisition nobly repaid, if it can contribute to the ease and comfort of my dear, my honored parent!

Will. My child! (*Embraces him*)

Maria. My good Charles! oh, now I may be enabled to raise the widow from her couch of sorrow!

Mrs. A. Well, I presaged, when but a boy, and the sweet child us'd to make such a graceful bow, taking bread and currant jelly out of my hand, I said Charles was born to ride in his coach.

Allb. Yes, my love, and you remember, that day you gave him the smart box o'th' ear—(*Mrs. Allbut walks up angry*) *Mrs. Albut*, I call you to witness, when he was a little master, I said, says I, "if that beautiful young gentleman was thrown into the sea, he'd rise again, with a bag-wig and a sword by his side."

Mrs. A. Sir, we have now a very genteel neighbourhood—form little social parties—happy if you'll make one, at a concert—or take a hand at Cassino, or Rouge et Noir.

Allb. Mr. Willows, if you'll honour our house——

Cha. Sir, are you "keeper of the workhouse?"

Allb. Me!—we hope you'll dine——

Cha.

Cha. To "take the run of the kitchen!" father, shall I trouble you to order every inn in the village, open to all comers?---ah! my good Sir and Madam, thank heav'n, I can now chuse my company, and I'd sooner steep my crust in the brook, than sit at a table that hadn't a dinner for the poor friend that wants one.

[*Exeunt Charles, Maria and Willows.*

Mrs. A. Oh, I shall die with vexation! [*Exit.*

Alb. Did my dear and I know, Charley'd bring home the rhino,
We'd have squeak'd Oh be joyful, and
and scrap'd violino.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Before ALLBUT'S House.

Music and Shouting without.

Enter JOLLYBOY.

AY, there's the rich man's welcome, the full-mouth'd gratitude of beef and beer; what, and the Allbuts too going to partake of Mr. Willows' bounty! then Old Nick choke you in the shape of a pound cake.

Enter Mrs. ALLBUT richly dress'd, from the House.

Madam Allbut! What are you going up to Mr. Willows's, hurra, at the Bear?

Mrs. A. Hurra!—what a phrase!—but we should pity the misfortune of tradespeople that want the advantage of early cultivation.

Joll. Ay; we brewers and millers can't be expected to know much.

Enter Master JACK, from the House.

Mast. J. Mamma, a'n't I too finely dress'd to visit our servant maid?

Joll.

Joll. Ay, Master Jack, you're finer than ever your grandfather was.

Mast. J. Mamma, Jollyboy won't let me talk about Molly.

Mrs. A. You must now say Miss Maria, she'll have an immense fortune.

Mast. J. Then, Mamma; I mustn't say, "hey the Molly, hand me the toast and butter?"

Enter ALLBUT, intoxicated.

Allb. Let my coach wait—at my iron-gate.

Mrs. A. Bless me! the man's tipsey; this my indulgence, to let you dine out!

Joll. So, then, you've been swilling Mr. Willows's wine—the devil's in your assurance!

Mast. J. And now he can't behave himself.

Allb. Why don't you go up to the Rose, and hollo for Mr. Willows?—You've no veneration for rich people.

Joll. Not I. If a man has riches, so much the better for himself. I thank heav'n and my own industry, I want none on't: nor if I did wou'd he give it—so what's any man's riches to me?

Allb. You won't even make one at our parish feasts and vestry-dinners, you churl!

Joll. Why shou'd you have feasts and dinners?

Allb. To settle business. Wou'd you have us meet in a field?

Joll. Meet in a horse-pond, with your chins just above water, rather than feast upon the poor.

Mrs. A. My coach, John!

Joll. Aye; you've scrapes, bows, and bareheads; but it's only to your coach—give me the cordial smile of solid esteem in my chay-cart.

Mrs. A. Draw up! I must pay my respects to Miss Maria.

Joll. Respects!—the poor girl you turn'd into the road!

Mastr. J. Mamma, Jollyboy's always prating, won't let me talk. (*whistles*)

Mrs. A. Here, Master Jack, by the way, you read me Orlando Furioso. (*gives him a book*) The Maria shall peruse my poem over our tea. As a rehearsal I'll condescend—poetry may civilize this person---a brute! that cou'd strike my child. (*to Jollyboy*) Have you ever read Sympathy, Sensibility, and Humanity?

Joll. No; but-I wish you'd get 'em by heart.

Mrs. A. Man, do you visit the muse?

Allb. Ay, when was you in Cockspur-street?

Mrs. A. Mr. Allbut have you transcrib'd my poem as I bid you?—Genius is above writing a mechanic fine hand.

Allb. Yes; but genius might know how to spell; and you write such a scrawl, my love.

Mastr. J. Ay, just like on an Indian tea-chest.

Allb. Here I've copied it out in a neat-hand. (*gives the paper to Mrs. Allbut*)

Mrs. A. Gentlemen have no opinion of female literature; indeed we have not yet distinguished ourselves in blank verse.

Allb. She'll be delighted with my improvements on it.

Mrs. A. A Jeu d'esprit of mine—(*to Jollyboy*) you may read it out.

Joll. (*reads*) "Tall torrents tumbling from the tow'ring cliff,

Allb. "With a two-penny tiff.

Joll. "The wild winds whistle with the roaring wave,

"Dr. Grigsby for a penny did shave."

[*Jollyboy throws down the paper. Exit*]

Mastr. J.

Mast. J. Oh, my father! (*laughs*)

Allb. (*bawling after Jollyboy*) Mind the "tiff" and the "shave" are mine---I'll give up every thing but my fame. I saw you was poz'd for a rhyme, my dear; not one in the whole poem, my chick! So I help'd you.

Mrs. A. Rhyme!--Do you know what blank verse is, you wretch you!

Allb. Well, didn't I fill up the blanks Sweet?

Mrs. A. Dare to interpolate! I must get a transcriber---some half-boarder at a top school---a reduced clergyman's daughter---no! that young person Margery recommended.

Allb. Oh, Widow Bellevue sneaking to her hovel.
(*shouting without*)

Enter Mrs. BELLEVUE and EDWARD.

Mrs. Bell. Let's avoid this noise and festivity---joys are not for me! the Allbuts---

Mrs. A. One shou'd endeavour to do something for this poor woman, as Miss Maria was partial to her---Ho d'ye do, Mrs. Bellevue---coud'n't you make it out more comfortably, by a trial of---selling, some---trifling wares---throw your cottage---into a little fort of shop-window---a few children's toys, penny books, or---you might keep a little school. You've capacity to teach the infant rustics to spell I shou'd imagine--Mr. Allbut, you'll advance the widow a few pounds for a set up?

Allb. I have it--there's one of my alehouses, the Fox and Gridiron--the people are run away (*sings*) "It's a pretty littlere putable public house."---I'll put you into that, and for stock, I'll fend you in a pin of beer or two.

Mrs. Bell. Hear me! You who have possess'd yourselves of my right by rapine, and keep it by fraud
---there

-- there is an eye that marks you, a hand that holds a sword---the hour will come to strike! wealth that shou'd give exalted lustre, renders you eminently despicable! Oh! let the oppressor of the poor, restless on his bed of down, look within him---there feeds the worm of conscience---whilst the patient object of his cruelty enjoys sweet slumber on his bed of straw---patience! oh, heaven! where is mine (*weeps*) but I will be proud! (*recovering herself looks with dignity and contempt on Mrs. Allbut. Exit with Edward. Exit Mrs. Allbut confused-- Allbut puts his hands in his coat pockets, holds down his head and follows--Master Jack pulls down his ruffles, and walks off*)

Enter WILLIAM and CAPT. MULLINAHACK.

Wil. Ay, Captain, the sharks have miss'd us, and here we've got a firm footing again on old England.

Capt. M. I don't know what sort of breakfast I'd be for a fish; but at this moment I cou'd eat a piece of a shark, and yet I hav'n't the price of a cockle.

Wil. Here I promise you every comfort that affluence and hospitality can bestow; that's my mother's house (*pointing to Allbut's*). She'll give us roast beef, a bumper of stout Madeira, and humming strong beer of her own brewing, Captain.

Capt. M. Faith I wish we were sitting down to it.

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. Now they're all gone out, if Miss Maria cou'd see me---(*raps gently at the door*)

Enter

Enter MASTER JACK.

Maft. J. (knocks loud) Peter, chuck Mamma's snuff-box out at window. *(the door is opened)*

Wil. Now, Captain, I'll introduce you to my mother.

Maft. J. (stopping him) What d'ye want?

Wil. The lady of the house.

Maft. J. She does'n't allow poor folks to come about her door.

Wil. Then she's much alter'd for the worse—
Can't I go in?

Maft. J. Sha'n't!

Wil. But I'd speak with Mrs. Bellevue.

[Exit Jack into the house, shutting the door.]

Edw. That's now Mr. Allbut's---Mrs. Bellevue, Sir, is my mamma.

Wil. (aside) This my brother!

Edw. She lives in the cottage yonder.

Wil. (aside) And is it so?

Capt. M. (aside) Upon my honour I'm afraid the roast beef is all eat up---the Madeira is supp'd up, and the strong beer turn'd sour---William, the first interview with your mother won't admit of a stranger---I'll wait for you at the Inn---don't be aghast---as an enemy, when you retook my prize you cut me down with your hanger---as a friend after we were sav'd in the waves, and since partners in adversity, you've been kind and gentle, millions of gold cannot increase my respect where I admire courage, and honour humanity.

[Exit. Shouts without.]

Edw. That's joy for a great rich gentleman that's come.

Wil. Joy!—Will you go with me to Mrs. Bellevue's, my love?

[Exeunt.]

Enter

Enter CHARLES and Sir HENRY CHECK. (laughing)

Sir H. For your good cheer you're now a great creature, ha, ha, ha! Your pretending pennyless, an excellent trial!

Cha. Ha, ha, ha!—And the Allbut's too—their fulsome compliments—But you had something to say, Sir Henry.

Sir H. A thought struck me—your sister is very amiable—Is she under any engagement?

Cha. Why, there was a young gentleman, a very dear friend of mine; but I fear, he's dead—for I've heard nothing of him these many years.

Sir H. I've lost my only son—my title, my fortune, must now go to a nephew, for some time I have not been upon good terms with his mother—I may have been wrong—if we cou'd bring about a match between Miss Willows and my nephew.

Cha. With Maria's consent, you have mine, Sir Henry.

Sir H. I had better not introduce my sister Bellevue till she can make some appearance (*aside*)—Well, you're full of business I suppose Mr. Willows—Oh, did you see an Irish officer about here since—But you'll consider of what I've suggested—adieu! excuse me. [*Exit*,

Cha. Abrupt enough! A marriage of fashion and business propos'd by the baronet and banker. Now to comfort poor Mrs. Bellevue—But her house is the charming stranger's forbidden cottage and meadow. Will my visit there be love or charity?

Re-enter WILLIAM.

Wil. My poor mother! I'll walk in the air till she wakes.

Cha. By heavens—William Bellevue! (*surprised*)
Wil.

Will. Find my mother reduced ! and I return'd to her with one shilling !

Cha. My poor fellow ! (*aside*) William !

Will. (*surprised*) Charles ! I heard you follow'd me out to sea.

Cha. Just return'd to England.

Will. I'm sorry to see you too come home with a shatter'd hulk.

Cha. Then he has not yet heard of my good fortune. I think there's no occasion, but I'll try him too. (*aside*) Aye, William, and no hope from my father or sister, all gone badly since with them too.

Will. My beloved Maria and my friend !—(*aside*)

Cha. But William its strange that we never met abroad. Though your mother did send you off from my sister, I think she'll be soften'd to see me come home thus. Come, we'll step into her house, and over a bottle and a crust we'll talk of our voyages. Oh, William, you've a snug, warm birth to come home to (*looking at Albut's*)—but poor me—

Will. Charles, that's my mother's habitation now.—(*pointing off, Charles affects surprise and concern.*) A gentleman waits for me at the Grapes ; step across to the house—I'll see my mother, and come to you.

Cha. But, shou'd any thing prevent you, I've no—(*touching his pocket*)

Will. Here, Charles, (*gives him money*)

Cha. Perhaps I deprive you ?

Will. Oh, no, I'm still a few shillings strong—good bye.

[*Exit.*]

Cha. Give my sister with a hundred thousand pounds to baronets and bankers! My generous poor friend shall have her. But, hearing nothing from him so long, may she not since have chosen another; so fine a girl must have had many dying swains—(*looking out*) Doctor Grigby! Your apothecaries know all that's done, said or thought in every family—I'll ask him.

Enter CAPTAIN MULLINAHACK.

Capt. M. Their open alehouses! I must watch for my friend in the street; in the state of my pocket I'm afraid to venture in a tavern yet, though I'm just hungry enough. If I dine with a gentleman it will be at his own private table—Oh, they tell me this is the great man that pays the piper—An airy kind of a morning dress—May be he'd invite me. Sir, your most obedient—(*bows*)

Cha. Sir, (*bows*) you have the advantage of me.

Capt. M. No, 'faith, Sir, it's you that have the advantage of me—You know where to find a dinner, and I must first find the philosopher's stone (*aside*) You've charming air here—its so sharp and keen, gives one such a fine appetite.

Cha. Sir, it's wholesome air.

Capt. M. Yes, Sir; but it's not toothsome.

Cha. Sir!

Capt. M. No, he won't (*aside*) Sir, (*bows*) since my mouth must be idle, I'll try if my nose can't get a little employment (*aside*) Sir, a pinch of your snuff, if you please.

Cha. Sir, I don't take any.

Capt. M. Oh, these are bad times indeed, when a sea officer can neither get snuff or mutton. (*half aside*)

Cha.

Cha. A gentleman by his air and manner, but seems an oddity.

Enter GRIGSBY and CONSTABLE.

Grig. My patients cannot spare me to go to London—besides this rich man will be now for cramming himself with turbot and turtles eggs—and will soon want a doctor.

Capt. M. May be he'd invite me. Sir, I am your's also. (*to Grigsby, who stares*) Nor you neither.

Grig. What!

Capt. M. Poh!

[*Exit.*

Grig. Then poh! for you. Constable, you'll catch my thief?

Const. But who is he?

Grig. If he knocks out your teeth, I'll give you a fine tooth I bought of a blackamoor. (*sees Charles*) The nabob!—how lucky his believing I didn't know him this morning—his sister loves me—(*aside*) Sir, if you dance in the evening that is, a minuet, now lose a little blood—my lances so sharp and obtuse—my sweet little parlour—fatten hair-bottom'd chair—handled China coffee cups—Sir, your arm shall be ty'd with your own phalastic garter—stretch'd out, hold one of my fluted silver candlesticks, and to divert your thoughts by a pleasing object before you in a glass-case, you shall see my skeleton of Levi Barrabas—none of your sixpenny London bleedings, pewter porringer, yard of list and a broom-stick—by the heavens, Sir, I'll charge you two guineas—there will be bleeding!

Cha. But now for information—Doctor, as well as the body, you're often consulted on the state of the mind?—

Grig. The Munro? Ha!—Theraptica.

Cha. Why, Doctor, you seem to have acquir'd astonishing skill in your anatomy, pharmacy—

Grig. Dear Sir, only sympoms in farmacy, I have a pretty meadow, some corn—

Cha. Blockhead! (*aside*) Pray have you heard—do you think my sister has form'd any particular attachment!

Grig. In the Pleura she was in danger, but I dispers'd it—young women subject to these periodical diagonals.

Cha. I mean love attachments—speak out—the man that can make her happy shall have her.

Grig. Shall he?—Sir, your sister has long form'd a most lasting attachment.

Cha. Oh, William—but doctor I don't mean—

Grig. There is a certain worthless, cephalalgical poor dog—the very thought of him is her elixir cardialgia.

Cha. Then she has kept her heart for Wiliam—(*aside*) His poverty is nothing to any body.

Grig. Certainly, Sir, you've a caustic for that!

Cha. I think him worthy of the finest woman in England!

Grig. Oh, dear Sir, (*bows*)

Cha. I'm certain he's endow'd with ev'ry generous quality—

Grig. Oh, Sir, (*bows*)

Cha. And doctor, the poor cephalalgical dog, as you call him, shall have her, in preference, even to the nephew of a baronet.

Grig.

Grig. Shall I?—then shake hands my generous brother!

Cha. What, yourself! You? Impossible! this can exist only in his own folly.

Enter LOUISA.

Louisa. Yes, here he is; but what brings me here?

Grig. Want, your change?—hav'n't so much in the till—send you a bag of camomile. (*apart*)

Louisa. So, Sir, for all my caution, you wou'd come hovering about the cottage, and my walk in the meadow? (*archly*)

Cha. Oh! you most charming!

Louisa. Hold! I never listen to heroics.

Cha. As you say, Ma'am, they are very ridiculous, (*confus'd, looking out*) My sister—to think of this fellow, but she can't—yet the sex fall into such unaccountable inconsistencies.

Louisa. Mrs. Bellevue is a very charming widow, so don't you follow in there.

Cha. As you say, Ma'am, excuse me a moment, there's a lady coming that—

Louisa. Oh, Sir, I don't wish to interrupt you and the lady—I deserve this, for my forward indiscretion. (*aside*) [Exit.

Enter MARIA, dressed.

Maria. Oh, brother, have you seen Mrs. Bellevue?

Cha. (*aside*) If ever so depraved, she'll be ashamed to own it to me—I must draw conclusions from her manner—(*aside*)—Maria—

Enter

Enter JOLLYBOY.

Joll. Mr. Charles Willows—to fling your money about among drunken mobs!—I wish you'd let your golden sun shine upon the house of sorrow.

Cha. Thank'ee, my honest monitor.

Grig. (to the Constable) Apprehend the honest monster! I'll swear he robb'd me—here will be fractures as I'm going to be married, must take care of myself for the good of posterity. (*aside*)
[*Exit.*]

Const. Was it Mr. Jollyboy he meant—he rob!—did you (*to Jollyboy*)

Joll. No.

Const. An honest man's word against the oath of a—good by'e, (*shakes hands and exit*)

Cha. Here must be probity, (*gives Jollyboy a paper*)—My almoner—go! you “find out the house of sorrow,” and dispense joy.

Joll. A hundred pounds! “I shall get saucy again.” Huzza! I give you leave to roar and be happy, tho' you are a rich man, or you shall laugh by proxy—I'll be your representative in joy, as well as charity; and a blessing on you as you give it—
[*Exit singing.*]

Maria. Brother, you're very wrong to entrust money to him—you're deceiv'd—he's not the man you think him; I assure you, he us'd the poor doctor most horridly—

Cha. (aside) Her poor doctor! Oh, her partiality is evident,—slander such genuine integrity!—love a wretch that cou'd deny me! who, when he suppos'd me in indigence treated me most contemptuously—take him, let him be a husband; but I am no more a brother.
[*Exit.*]

Maria,

Maria. What can he mean? (*looking out*) Heavens! sure that's William—he return'd too?—Then 'twas my dear William that Charles meant—perhaps they met abroad—why at first conceal it? Ah! William, the only delight I receiv'd was from the thought that I might see you again, and now is it thus my wish is accomplish'd; my father loves us, he'll remonstrate with Charles; better his gold had stay'd in the mine than make him violate the dearest ties of duty, love, and friendship. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Inside of Mrs. Bellevue's Cottage.

A Table with Books, Work, and Newspapers.

Enter Mrs. BELLEVUE.

Mrs. Bell. Maria has sent me the news-papers, sweet girl! she takes every occasion to amuse and oblige me, (*looks out*) Eh! what stranger is this?

Enter EDWARD.

Edward, you brought the poor man in, to relieve him? that was right, my love—your brother William is a sailor, if he lives—and for his sake, tho' we have only a little, you know it's always my wish to spare when distress takes the shape of a forlorn seaman.

Edw.

Edw. Mamma, he has some great bus'ness with you, yet, when I told him you was asleep, he gently look'd over you—but I never saw such a look! tears fell down his cheeks—and, then for fear of disturbing you, he stole so softly out again—Sir! (*calling*) [Exit.]

Mrs. Bell. (*looking out*) Perhaps brings me news of—

Enter WILLIAM.

'Tis himself—my William!—my dear beloved son! (*he kneels, she throws her arms round him*)

Will. Mother, can you forgive me?

Mrs. Bell. No, the mother shou'd ask pardon of her child—I banish'd you, my life's comfort, from my arms—from your country—I wrong'd, and heaven has avenged you—Ah! William, look, I've no home for you; and it's now you seem most to want a home.

Will. Edward has told me. Cou'd Allbut be such a villain! didn't my uncle interpose with his advice? his fortune?—is he in London, I'll—

Mrs. Bell. No, William, I must now forget I had a brother! Since your departure he has had an heir to his estate—a Baronet's title too! No, Sir Henry now never sees me!

Will. But why!

Mrs. Bell. My fault is adversity, and that the prosperous cannot forgive.

Will. Then, Madam, I must not face my uncle—With hopes to raise a fortune for Maria, I quitted the Captain with whom you sent me—rambled to the East Indies—but our relation wou'd not encourage my disobedience—I left him in disgust—and after many perils, was returning in a Dutch
India

India ship—we were taken by a Frenchman, but in the night, I got upon deck and——

Mrs. Bell. (*snatching up a news-paper*) Your ship was retaken: then the brave youth was not drown'd!—Was it you, my William, that preserv'd—it was! I said I knew none so likely to perform such an action as my son, my gallant William—oh, my child! in this thread-bare jacket ten thousand times more welcome to your fond Mother, than if clad in jewels acquired by the plunder of the unfortunate! my son! my son! (*embraces him; looking out*)—Oh, the lady that Maria told me of.

Will. And my appearance— [Exit hastily.

Enter LOUISA.

Louisa. Madam, pardon my intrusion——

Mrs. Bell. Madam, you do me honour; Maria has informed me, that you wish to become an inmate here.

Louisa. I do, Madam; the miller and his wife are good people, but coarse—the man blunt—and as Maria tells me, not too honest—an asylum with you will make me happy.

Mrs. Bell. Madam, that shall be my endeavour.

Louisa. You shou'd know something of me tho' a family disagreement drove my father, a man of rank, from his country—I follow'd him to France—he was a Captain in their navy—I hav'n't heard of him some years, which gives me much doubt and uneasiness, and I retir'd, Madam, to this village, 'till I either might hear of him or be recall'd by my friends.

Mrs. Bell. Here you may have tranquillity; but chearfulness you must bring with you.

Louisa. Yes: but 'twas taken from me in my way hither, by a most unkind young man—just come from over seas—I believe only to vex me.

Mrs. Bell. Over seas? What sort of man?

Louisa. Oh, very handsome.

Mrs. Bell. A stranger—it must be my William!

Louisa. Aye: I thought he look'd like a false William.

Mrs. Bell. My son!

Louisa. Indeed, your son! but do you think he has given away his heart?

Mrs. Bell. He loves, and is belov'd (*looking out*) and here comes the very amiable girl.

Louisa. (*looking*) Aye: the very same—What cou'd she mean by her finesse to me at the mill this morning---as a meer stranger---express such feeling for his service to her father! (*aside*)

Enter MARIA dressed.

Maria. Oh, Madam, where's William?

Louisa. And she left him this moment. (*aside*)

Mrs. Bell. Not far off---Maria, you're very fine, what is this?

Maria. Hav'n't you heard? Ah, Madam, I fear an union with William is now far distant.

Louisa. (*joyfully*) Is it?---I ask your pardon, Ma'am, I'm very rude, but I---I---(*confus'd*)

Enter GRIGSBY.

Grig. (*to Maria.*) Now, my beloved (*sees Louisa*) here again?---want your change---hav'n't so much in the till---send you seven bottles of peppermint---Maria I'll celebrate your brother's success by illuminating my window---the village shan't blaze

blaze in bonfires, and my house dark—with I'd a few squibs, or some little guns to make revolutions.

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. (to Louisa) Miss, a servant in mourning asks for you.

Louisa. Madam, your pardon. — [*Exit hastily.*]

Mrs. Bell. That seaman was your brother, my love; go to him.

Edw. What, William! [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Bell. But, Maria, you astonish me—what can have turn'd your heart against my William?

Grig. Talk not of Williams or Georges—her heart must turn to nobody but Jack Grigsby—her noble brother! to give her to me, in preference to the nephew of a baronet!

Maria. To you? impossible that Charles can be so absurd!

Mrs. Bell. Nephew of a baronet—must mean my boy—Is Charles this rich man, whose arrival has occasioned such universal joy?—Oh, then his contempt for my William is accounted for—here's the world! step this way, my son—never mind your dress. (*calling off*)

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. Madam, my brother's gone. He overheard you all talking, and went out greatly troubled.

Mrs. Bell. How!

Maria. Which way, Edward?

[*Exeunt Mrs. Bellevue, Maria, and Edward.*]

Grig. Her brother giving Maria to me—very handsome—but I must dress terrible smartish—with

the eclat of her fortune, I shall indeed be a physician—Doctor! Beautiful!—I will buy a deplomar—job-coach—pretend to be reading—own footman thump muffled knocker—door open'd by lady of the house—step slowly up stairs—shoes creak—chair plac'd—patient's bedside—all silent, reading my looks—pinch of snuff—stop watch—squeeze pulse—touch guinea---beautiful, thrice beautiful! ha! [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Road.

Enter WILLIAM, agitated.

Wil. Maria false! My mother in indigence--- this my home! Where shall I turn my face?--- Heavens!

Enter ALLBUT and WAITER.

Wait. You'll sup at our house, Sir?

Allb. (*seeing William*) I don't like your straggling sailors—it's Willy Bellevue!—He come back too shabby! Yes; he wants to play on us the same game that Charles did—certainly rich—seems poor, only to try us.

Wait. (*apart to Allbut*) Aye, Sir; you've hit it! like Mr. Willows, he certainly has brought home the shiners—and I'll tell 'em so up at our house. (*aside, runs off*)

Allb. He'll play the devil with me for ransacking his mamma! Oh! this, 'twas that puff'd Mrs. Bellevue up when she trim'd us so this morning—

I'll

I'll seem to think him poor—then the greater merit in my kindness, Willy Bellevue! (*joyfully*)

Wil. (aside) The wealthy brute that oppress'd my mother.

Allb. I'm so glad to see you come home again!

Wil. Glad! If I had even gone away in your debt, I have brought no money to pay you.

Allb. Sly! (*aside*)—Talk of money between friends; I said when you went abroad, you were too honest, like Charley Willows, to make fortunes, by cutting Rajahs throats—and running off with their coats.

Wil. Has Charles brought home money?

Allb. He has, my honey. My sweet boy, he has been as great a rogue to get pelf, as yourself, or myself (*aside*) He has been ransacking abroad; brought home rupees enough to fill a porter-butt.—No, give me the honest conscientious man, tho' he hasn't a halfpenny to buy his dog a roll---and Billy, I respect you by my soul!

Wil. Charles make fortunes! this doesn't correspond with his story to me---perhaps, flashing away to procure a little civility from them--- (*shouting and joy-bells without*)

Allb. That dog of a waiter has been blowing this news all about, (*aside*) Don't mix with that rabble at the Rose; come to my house.

Enter a VARIETY of CHARACTERS.

All. Huzza! Welcome home Squire Bellevue!

1st Man. Sir, if you make a purchase of lands here I shall be happy to lay out your grounds.

2d Man. Sir, I've the letting an excellent mansion-house, woodland, warren, and trout-stream.

3d *Man*. Your honor, if you're not engag'd, I'm a taylor—shall be proud to work for you.

4th *Man*. All sorts of haberdashery—town prices.

5th *Man*. My shop—perfumery—first quality.

Allb. Devil's in you all; not even civil without some view; but when I thought him as poor as Jonas, I offered him my house and all its comforts. There was liberality! I despise ostentation, I do such charities in secret, that nobody ever knows any thing about them. You self-interested pack! come daubing him with your flummery!

Enter VILLAGERS with Election Chair, and JOLLYBOY.

Villagers. Chair Squire Bellevue! Huzza!

Joll. This is popularity! To-day they'll make brutes of themselves, and drag your coach about; to-morrow they'll burn you in effigy, with a great wig and paper pin'd to your back!

Wil. My good friends, you're wrong. I'm not come home worth a sixpence.

Allb. Charles said the same, and my numb-sculld wife was sending him into the kitchen. He shall not go up to the Bear. Come to my house, tho' you haven't a house! (*they gather round him*)

Wil. I request you'll desist. (*they chair and raise him on their shoulders*)

[*Exeunt shouting.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Drawing-Room in ALLBUT'S House.

ALLBUT.

QUICK, Peter! Put wax in the girandoles and clustres—blazing clusters.

Enter Mrs. ALLBUT.

Mrs. A. I hope you hav'n't ask'd Mr. Willows and his party to come here?

Allb. No: but there's another young old friend of ours arriv'd in England (*running about and adjusting the furniture*)—Jenny! bid cook bustle, take those clumsy furtouts off, and unmask the damask.

Mrs. A. What do you mean by your bustles and illuminations?

Allb. I tell you here's a Gentleman—(*knocking without*)—there he is—give me a kifs?

Mrs. A. With sweet consent to conjugal endearments thus the turtle-dove—Oh, fie! (*going to him smiling*)

Allb. Lord! I don't want to kifs you—I only said it for the rhyme's sake.

Mrs.

Mrs. A. Perhaps indeed some person of condition is coming—(*goes to the glass*)

Allb. This way, dear Sir—*Mrs. Allbut* waits the honor of receiving you.

Mrs. A. Why didn't you give me more notice?

Allb. Pray, walk in, Sir.

Enter WILLIAM.

Mr. Bellevue, Mrs. Allbut. (*introducing them*)

Mrs. A. (*starts*) Ah!—introduce your tarpaulins to me—who's there? Shew the fellow out.

Wil. Madam, though its a novelty being desired to quit this house—yet, as it was once my mother's, I think I can find the way. (*going*)

Allb. Stop, my sweet Willy! (*holds him. Apart to Mrs. A.*) The devil's in you—are you going to make the same blunder with him you did with Charley Willows? You won't be convinc'd that he's come home with the cash, till you see the banker's chariot. Billy, be seated.

Mrs. A. Upon my sofa! (*pulls it away*) Go about your business.

Allb. Stay, Peter! A bottle of sack for me and my friend.

Wil. Now is it the wife or the husband that gives me the real welcome? (*aside*) [*Peter serves wine.*]

Allb. Here's friendship without interest, and a speedy kick-up to all scoundrels. (*drinks and coughs*)

Mrs. A. One wou'd think, Sir, that you got the wine out o' th' rivers—I insist—

Allb. (*apart*) So rich—brought home from the Indies—my dear Billy (*shakes hands*) cargoes of nankeens, bamboos, pepper, tea, china, fontargree, lacca, and bagatapaex. Love, doesn't Billy look

look charmingly? The dolts without there think him quite a man of gold---and I humour'd them in it, tho' I knew 'twas no such thing---(*apart*) he has money enough to ruin us for chousing his mother.

Mrs. A. (*changing her manner*) Protest I did not know him at first!

Allb. There, you see she did not know you at first---(*apart*) seem to think him poor, and behave kind to him,

Mrs. A. And the Willows' family---this croud of success is so provoking! (*aside*) My dear William, I am sorry for your own sake, you've had no better fortune abroad; but you are as welcome---

Allb. As the postman!

Wil. When I reflect on certain proceedings towards my mother, I am at a loss how to account for this very extraordinary kindness to myself.

Allb. Billy---didn't I tell you the good lady cou'dn't stoop to live in this scene of business?

Mrs. A. Mrs. Bellevue, my dear, you know, was a woman of quality---despis'd every mechanic idea, and we indulg'd---let her have her own way.

Allb. I've plagu'd myself with the whole property, merely to rid the dear gentlewoman of the trouble of business---I've toil'd, while she lives snug in the cottage without a care to make a grey hair. Peter, has John taken the coach for Mrs. Bellevue?

Mrs. A. (*aside*) My coach!

Wil. Sir, I'll call and bring my mother.

Allb. I suffer the dear lady to shuffle through the mud!--What should a gentleman keep a coach

for, but to accomodate people that are genteel and honest---Go! (*to Peter*)

Peter. Our coach for the poor widow---well!
[*Exit.*]

Wil. (*aside*) Some balance this against Charles's unkind conduct.

Allb. Billy, conceal your poverty and you'll get enough to help you; for your sordid rascals are always thrusting their money on those they are sure don't want it; your travels may have exhausted your cash---command my purse. (*gives money to William*)

Mrs. A. Nay, my love; you mustn't engross all Mr. Bellevue's compliments---my dear William accept---I'll not be refus'd---(*giving him her purse*)

Wil. Eh! the world seems better than I thought it (*aside*)---Pray, Sir, how long has the marriage been talk'd of between Maria and your Doctor here?

Mrs. A. The first I heard of it.

Allb. Or I, hush!--Only from their finding out your empty pockets.

Wil. Really!

Allb. (*aside*) I'll get the doctor's bones broke---offer to take ten pounds from me! Grisby's a terrible rival! abus'd you at such a rate only for thinking of his Maria---my love, you know he said he'd kick Billy.

Wil. Scoundrel! but is he worth my anger? I'll consult my Irish friend the Captain. (*aside*) (*a loud knocking without*) if you expect company permit me to retire.

Allb. Poh! what's a man's outside? We'll pack 'em off, and then us three will make a party quarré over a snug bit of supper. [*Exeunt Wil. and Allb.*]

Mrs.

Mrs. A. (looking out) Mrs. Bellevue in my house ! this is indeed a sacrifice to interest !

Enter PETER.

Peter. Ma'am, Mrs. Bellevue wou'dn't come in the coach.

Mrs. A. Proud wretch ! ay : she'll not join in William's deception upon us ; our sudden notice of her will appear so unaccountable, I scarce know what colour to give it.

Enter Mrs. BELLEVUE.

Mrs. Bell. These people must have some motive for their reverse of conduct---has Providence wrought it in their hearts, or do they dread my son's indignation ; and yet who is faultless ! If their contrition is real, I shou'd meet it with forgiveness--Oh, Madam, I hope you'll excuse my warmth this morning.

Mrs. A. Madam, pray don't mention it, as the poet says,

" The heart that's wounded by the dart of date,

" Assumes in dire distresses sublimer state."

It hurts me, Madam, to think---that---still some little misunderstanding or other shou'd have unluckily kept us at such a distance. I fear I have been wrong---the sight again of your dear William revived sparks of former kindness.

Mrs. Bell. Accept my thanks for the reception you have given him---he left me just now in great trouble of mind.

Mrs. A. Madam, won't you please to sit---Peter get Chocolate. (*Exit servant*) Now, Madam, you

thou'd be happy---how astonishingly Mr. William's improved!

Mrs. Bell. He's certainly very good, and I am sure he has gratitude---he's hurt exceedingly at some change in his friend Charles, but your attention to him in his present distressed circumstances---

Mrs. A. Distressed circumstances! Gratitude! Can she too give into this little artifice her son is playing off upon us? I'll try her farther. (*aside*) Life is subject to vicissitude, and did we withdraw our countenance from our friends in the hour of calamity we should be barbarians, Mrs. Bellevue.

Mrs. Bell. But, Madam, though my son is now in poverty, and has found me in extreme indigence---

Mrs. A. Poverty?

Mrs. Bell. The hour may yet come when---

Mrs. A. Stop, Madam; (*rises*) answer me---Is your son's distress real? It must be so---this proud creature is above falsehood.

Enter PETER, offers chocolate to Mrs. BELLEVUE---

Mrs. ALLBUT puts it aside.

What's the blockhead about? Mr. Allbut! (*calling off*)

Enter ALLBUT.

That fellow isn't worth a shilling!

Allb. What my sweet Willy! No?

Mrs. Bell. I'm sure he cou'dn't attempt to impose the contrary upon you.

Allb. He did! Because he said he was poor, I thought he was rich---it's such a lying world! Give him a supper!---Betty! Take the pig from the fire!

Mrs. A. He took my purse.

Mrs. Bell. So then, all this humanity that I---

Mrs.

Mrs. A. I like people chattering of humanity, that have nothing to lose by it!

Allb. Fine talk of hospitality, when they can't lay in coals enough to boil an egg for their sallad! Peter! Where's the sailor?

Peter. Sir, he went out, he said, to look for some Irish Captain.

Allb. Bring an Irish Captain upon us!

Mrs. A. We're robb'd!

[*Exit.*

Allb. And bobb'd!

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Bell. What can they mean? What new mischief to my unhappy child.

Enter Captain MULLINAHACK.

Capt. M. Pray, my pretty lad, was there e'er a young William come in here?

Mrs. Bell. I fancy you mean my son, Sir.

Capt. M. Your son!---then this is his mother—a most noble presence! (*aside*)—Stop (*to Peter*) suppose I partake of these people's kindness, and save them the trouble of an invitation—Madam, will you do me the honor to take a dish of chocolate?

Mrs. Bell. Sir, have you seen my son? --What do the Allbuts' intend?---I am tortur'd with the most extreme and perplexing solicitude!

Capt. M. Poor lady! Then I'll divert her sorrows with an account of my own misfortunes. (*aside*) First, Madam, it may be necessary to inform you, I'm an Irishman and a foreign officer; but when I did accept a French commission, England had no share in the quarrel; for, Madam, let me be blown from the mouth of a cannon, when I turn my face as an enemy against Great-Britain, my honor'd country! or my gracious King!

Mr.

Mrs. Bell. But, Sir, your acquaintance with my son?

Capt. M. Oh, we fought ourselves into the strictest amity---Madam, I took a Dutch prize, and he took it from me---so when my kicking and cuffing about cou'dn't save it, I jump'd overboard.

Mrs. Bell. How, Sir---

Capt. M. And to secure myself a welcome in 'r'other world, I brought the brave boy, your son, along with me.

Mrs. Bell. Oh, heavens! then it is---

Capt. M. We were pick'd up together, and got to shore---our little money was soon spent---loyalty forbids my return to France---

Mrs. Bell. To what perils have I expos'd my boy!

Capt. M. My brother, Ma'am, is a Lord; no fault of his for, he was born to it---not Madam, a humpy Lord; but a real Right Honorable, that can row a boat and play cricket---

Mrs. Bell. But, Sir---(with anxiety)

Capt. M. Madam, I don't know how it was; but we cou'dn't agree, and you know that must have been his fault, because I happen'd to marry one day---my wife had only beauty and virtue, and I spent my own little fortune in all the splendor of a younger brother; then I came away in a huff.

Mrs. Bell. Sir; will you be a friend to my son?

Capt. M. Aye, Madam; and I hope I can be a friend to him: for our family estate and title descend only in the male line; to be sure my elder brother's wife, the Lady Castle-Somers was just brought to bed; but I left Ireland in such a hurry, that

that I don't know this moment, whether I am an aunt or an uncle.

Re-enter ALLBUT.

Allb. I'll have him.

Capt. M. Sir, will you take a dish of chocolate?
(drinks)

Allb. What! (staring)

Re-enter Mrs. ALLBUT.

Capt. M. Madam, do you prefer dry toast, or cake?

Mrs. A. Take our money! Madam, not the least necessity for honoring us any longer with the company of persons of your rank.

Mrs. Bell. The intrusion wasn't my choice:

Capt. M. Nor mine; but since they're here, Madam make free.

Mrs. A. You make very free!

Allb. To sup our tea.

Capt. M. Oh, you're come here to drink tea; never mind being ashamed about it—you're heartily welcome.

Mrs. A. Can the man know that we're in our own house?

Capt. M. (surpriz'd sets down his cup) Oh, you're Mrs. Allbut—then there's sixpence for your cup of chocolate, and keep the halfpenny yourself,
(throws down money)

Allb. Here's an affront! (puts the money in his pocket)

Mrs. Bell. Sir, can I speak with you?—you can give me information that my son's modesty will not suffer him to discover.

Capt.

Capt. M. (bowing, takes her hand) Mr. Allbut, Sir, I have the honour to—(*Allbut bows*) despise you.
 [*Exit leading Mrs. Bellevue.*
(a shot heard at a distance)

Enter PETER.

Peter. Oh, Ma'am, I fear I've done mischief---I lent a case of pistols out of the hall to young Bellevue.

Allb. William taken pistols---ah, true---gone after Doctor Grigsby---then I know where to find my purse that I gave Willy---Peter---my justice wig---musn't lose my money! I'm a magistrate, and authority begins at home. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before GRIGSBY'S House. Candles at a Window.

Enter GRIGSBY and SHOPMAN.

Shop. Sir, do you think we've candles enough up?

Grig. No. I wish we had colour'd lamps---a fine transparent C. W. Mr. Charley Willows would take that for such a high compliment---They've made a bonfire at the Rose and Crackers---since I've no pateraroes, I'll give another double shot. (*takes pistols*)

Shop. Oh, Sir, you'll alarm the whole village!
 [*Exit.*

Grig. (Bawling) Tom! touch 'em with turpentine, and they'll be ready to light up as soon as its dark. Have I the squibs?---yes, how I'll fling 'em about!--the Landlord of the Rose won't take his

his wine from me, tho' I made him a present of two decanters, sixteen to the dozen---a nice occasion to break his windows---the glazier's my customer! Now I'll go up to drink tea with my bride, and lay my vardi against Jollyboy---a few links to my palisadoes---noble blaze! (*goes in*)

Enter CAPTAIN MULLINAHACK.

Capt. M. Let Sir Henry Check, whoever he is wait! Business must give way to honour. William says that his rival is one of the learned professions; but whether in the law or the army I quite forget. However, my friend can't be degraded by fighting him. I must deliver my message in a decent manner—

Re-enter GRIGSBY.

But which is—oh, Mr. Jack Pudding! Which is Grigsby's?

Grig. Sir, what do you want with Mr. Grigsby!

Capt. M. I'm come to call him out.

Grig. Well, he's out already.

Capt. M. O, you mean he's not at home. Now here I'm making a blowing-horn of this business, and we shall have the sheriffs and beadles all about us---(*aside*) I don't come about any quarrel.

Grig. Who cares whether you do or no—What the devil do you want with me?

Capt. M. You! Oh, this is a comical looking learned professor. (*aside*) Then you are the gentleman?

Grig. Gentleman—he, he, he!—civil enough—but his brogue, most infernal hellebore. (*aside*)

Capt. M. First, Sir, I'm an officer.

Grig. Custom-house (*aside*)—come to search? dam'me, Sir, down into my cellar—I have a few gallons of nullage among my pieces of wine, so flourish your gauging-rule—who cares for your excise scratching-irons, and measuring gallopers.

Capt. M. Softly, softly, with your scratching and galloping. I'm come from a gentleman.

Grig. (*aside*) Oh, an order! Sir, besides my old bottl'd, I've neat wine in the wood.

Capt. M. Wood! yes, you seem to have a sup in your head—be quiet—I am come from——

Grig. Oh, a patient!

Capt. M. My friend is——

Grig. Dropsical?

Capt. M. No! my friend is——

Grig. Feveretical?

Capt. M. No! he's——

Grig. Gout or rheumatical?

Capt. M. Not in the least; he's——

Grig. Erisypelatical?

Capt. M. No! I tell you he's——

Grig. Sanguine apoplectical?

Capt. M. (*impatient*) No, no! Sir! no! he's exceedingly hurt——

Grig. Hurt! oh, a fracture in the os caries.

Capt. M. No, Sir! but——

Grig. A luxation of the os humerum.

Capt. M. No such thing, Sir! it's——

Grig. A dislocation of the membrum funerum.

Capt. M. Zounds, Sir, no——

Grig. A gibbous body in the latera.

Capt. M. 'Sblood, Sir, no, no! I tell you no! Why my friend's coming here to shoot magpies.
(*aside*)

Grig.

Grig. Then, zounds, Sir, tell me what is his complaint, for it is impossible I can guess it.

Capt. M. Sir, he does not complain about it; but you might have known that he has an affection——

Grig. Oh, a convulsive affection in the midriff——these arise from ill humours in the——

Capt. M. He's good-humour'd enough, Sir,——yet he cannot digest——

Grig. A bad digestion?---I understand---alexipharmic---then, Sir, after speaking aloud, singing, running, or drinking, as we of the faculty say, dilu-factitious liquification of swallow's nest---he shou'd take four scruples, two drams——

Capt. M. He is a gentleman, and despises drinking drams---Sir, I don't know what you mean?

Grig. I mean, Sir, water-gruel, if his stomach's ill.

Capt. M. He has a very good stomach; so have I---water-gruel! By the smoke of all your chimnies, your pots and spits go merrily, but a man may walk about and look at the outside of your houses——

Grig. What!

Capt. M. Sir, don't talk of water gruel.

Grig. Why true, Sir, as we of the faculty say, some prefer butter-milk—but——

Capt. M. Oh, here's a national reflection!——Hark'ee, friend, talk again of potatoes and butter-milk, and I'll break your pate.

Grig. Why, Sir, sheep's-head broth is more mucilaginous, as a lacteal lachrymoligon, with an emmolient mixture of Jews-ears——

Capt. M. Stop!——don't say another word, but tell me what you mean!

Grig. What do I mean?—Album greeum—a decoction of logwood—there's expectoration for you!

Capt. M. Will you give my friend the meeting?

Grig. Certainly.

Capt. M. And will you give him satisfaction?

Grig. I flatter myself I am able to do that—I don't fear giving satisfaction to him and his whole family—I'll cure him—

Capt. M. Here he comes.

Grig. Abroad! here's variety!—a patient coming out without the help of an undertaker!

Enter WILLIAM.

Wil. This affair, end as it may, must alarm my mother. (*aside*) Well, Captain, have you told him?—But wou'dn't a caning—(*apart*)

Capt. M. Fie, fie, to be sure he's a foul-mouth'd man; but he's ready to answer what he says.

Wil. I'm agham'd to tell my friend, this fellow's so despicable; yet, then he'd not think of urging a serious contention.

Grig. Why it's Willy Bellevue! his pia mater! (*looking at his forehead*) How d'ye do? (*shakes hands*)

Capt. M. That's right! Courage without malice---We'll all step yonder, and in five minutes time perform the operation.

Grig. Operation!—my instruments—

Capt. M. That seems a very good case in your hand. (*pointing to Grig. pistols*)

Grig. There! ha, ha, ha! That will be one way of curing indeed!--very good-- after a leaden pill, the patient cou'd never complain o' th' doctor!

Wil.

Wil. Trifling with this fool!--I'll see Maria and upbraid her--No! I'll insist upon an explanation from Charles----- *[Exit.]*

Capt. M. Stop, William! Come this way, and among the trees we'll finish it.

Grig. The trees! Step into my little parlour.

Capt. M. Little parlour! Oh, you don't want to settle the affair 'cross a table.

Grig. I'll tie him in a chair.

Capt. M. Will you?

Grig. Then with my saw-----

Capt. M. Saw!--Death and 'ouns, if you're so desperate, have you got a second?

Grig. He's gone out for candles! Bring my razor--hem--my amputating knife!

Capt. M. Do you think we're in America going upon a scalping party! draw--and by the heavens I'll-----

Grig. Bring my salve-box, diachylon, and tourniquet,

Capt. M. None o' your tourniquets or tomahawks.

Grig. I'll handle you as gently--The lint and bandage---I'll give you such a dressing---

Capt. M. Handle me! I'll give you a dressing! *(beats Grigby)*

Grig. Help! Murder!

Enter ALLBUT, CONSTABLE, and JOLLYBOY.

Allb. Here, Constable, knock him down and take him up! *[Exit Grigby.]*

He has broke the peace! Why didn't you beat him?--I'll have Justice!

Capt.

Capt. M. I've heard of your justice to poor Mrs. Bellevue, the mother of my friend William! (*collars Allbut*) Listen, oppressor of the widow---plunderer of the orphan---you call for justice! As I now shake your ugly body before this blessed sun that's going down upon your head, let your villainous soul tremble at night upon your pillow, you scoundrel!

[*Exit.*

Joll. Bravo Captain! Oh, how I should like to cross the rough ocean of life in consort with such a man of war---we'd chase affliction, take distress'd merit under our convoy, and bring it safe to the harbour of comfort.

Allb. What d'ye talk of, Captain! I'd keep up a fire with e'er an admiral in the navy.

Joll. Yes, in a snug parlour with a poker in your hand. I've lectured Mrs. Allbut, and she has promis'd, instead of wiping away her tears at fictitious woe, when real misery appears, that she'll put her hand in her pocket---and now a word with you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III: *and last.*

The Village.

Enter CHARLES, dress'd.

Cha. I will not be accessory to Maria's certain disgrace and future unhappiness, by tacitly complying with her caprice; her union with this Grisby must not be---Oh, Sir Henry---a fine woman with him! why its my adorable!

Enter

Enter SIR HENRY CHECK and LOUISA dress'd.

Louisa. You're very good, Sir Henry.

Sir H. Sir---Miss Louisa Somers---Madam, this is-----

Louisa. Oh, Sir Henry, I could have introduced this gentleman to you. We have met before---haven't we, Sir?

Cha. To my infinite pleasure, Madam.

Sir H. This is very well---then since you're already acquainted, I hope a familiarity of sentiment will save me even a wish for a more tender intercourse between two such amiable persons.
(*Going*)

Louisa. Now, Sir Henry, pray don't go.

Sir H. But Madam, didn't I promise to find a very unexpected friend for you? Expect soon to see him.

Louisa. To oblige me, won't you excuse Sir Henry? (*to Charles*)

Cha. Certainly, Madam, when the cause leaves me with a lady I so much admire.

Sir H. (apart to Charles) Follow that, Mr. Willows---She is niece to an Irish peer---a desirable alliance! When your sister Maria gives her hand to my nephew, our family will be very leading in both kingdoms. (*Sir Henry and Charles confer*)

Louisa. This Mr. Bellevue's experiment to prove his friend was well enough; but his conduct to his mother and this young lady is very equivocal; leaves one in a cottage, and breaks a solemn engagement to the other. (*aside*)

Sir. H. Most obedient Mr. Willows. [*Exit.*

Louisa. Sir, I wish'd for an occasion to talk to you a little, and you shall not again send me out
of

of the way. "Ma'am, I beg your pardon, I must speak to this lady"—and the poor favour'd damsel soon after follows me in a shower of piteous tears—don't be offended; but I must inquire—What reason had you to break off that match?

Cha. Then she has heard of my sister Maria's partiality for Grigsby—(*aside*) Madam, 'twas disproportionate—a very vulgar connection.

Louisa. (*aside*) True; I heard she was servant to Mrs. Allbut—But I thought her a very elegant woman.

Cha. Madam, she reflected a disgrace upon me; I'd wish to have conceal'd it from you; but since it's notorious, her partiality for the barber surgeon here—

Louisa. Oh, then you're jealous of Dr. Grigsby.

Cha. Jealous, Madam!

Louisa. Now I'll question him on his treatment to his poor mother. (*aside*) Sir, you've acquire'd a fortune abroad—don't you blush not to take a little more notice of your honored parent?

Cha. Madam, I have taken every notice that obedience and duty can dictate—my honored parent shall never want an easy chair and a cheerful bottle.

Louisa. Oh, this is a horrid man!—he'd insinuate—Sir, no aspersion can injure Mrs. Bellevue in my opinion; and I'm sorry your conduct has turn'd it so very much against her son—but a child's protection the parent shall never miss whilst I can prove myself the friend and comforter of aged benevolence. [Exit.]

Cha. Very odd this! What can she mean—what conduct of mine cou'd change her opinion of William

William Bellevue?---Why angry that my old father should have an easy chair and a bottle---but the sweet character of her charity prepared my heart for the impression made by her beauty. As Sir Henry observes---if I cou'd obtain her with all my wealth, a respectable introduction into life is an object---but my sister and this Grigsby! no! she shall have Sir Henry's nephew---her affections are alienated from William, so I don't injure him.

Enter WILLIAM.

Wil. Why 'tis he---so dress'd! The report's then true of my dear Charles' good fortune; yet why conceal your success from me?---but answer me; do you know of your sister's change of mind?

Cha. Ay William! let her go---she's not worthy of such an honest fellow.

Wil. Then she has your approbation of her perfidy?

Cha. (*aside*) Do you call me to an account! this is rather building too much upon our former intimacy. I shou'd despise myself if pride of riches, or hope of more honorable alliance, cou'd warp my heart from an old friend---yet---look'ye, Sir---

Wil. Sir!

Cha. Your marrying my sister is now out of sight; but to atone for her perfidy, as you indeed justly call it, and in consideration of our former acquaintance---

Wil. Acquaintance!

Cha. Whatever pecuniary embarrassments you may labour under, if the sum you'll find here is not sufficient to extricate you, you may command me further-- (*gives a small pocket book*)

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Wil.

Wil. Sir, I thank you -- for --- your --- bounty --- my heart will burst --- (*aside*) your humane --- feelings --- for --- my abject poverty are indeed generous --- (*with great emotion flings away the pocket book*)

Enter Mrs. BELLEVUE, agitated.

Madam, I have lost my Maria!

Mrs. Bell. Then Charles retaliates upon you my former endeavours to separate you from his sister --- unkind at such a time to add to your distress! but what I've just heard confirmed is a treasure of triumph! --- Sir, was not the vessel that brought your wealth to Europe captured at sea? And but for the intrepidity of one brave young man, might you not, at this moment, be as much the wretched object of scorn, as you now suppose my son? --- Behold the preserver of your fortune!

Cha. Was William the gallant seaman!

Mrs. Bell. He was. My son! who forgot he had a life to lose, when call'd by honor, and impell'd by duty.

Wil. Were you, Sir, the owner of Captain Van-fluisen's cargo?

Cha. My friend! The companion of my youth! --- I've pierc'd the heart that loves me --- I see, now, my judgment was bias'd by pride --- my generous benefactor too! that gave me his last shilling! (*aside*)

Enter Sir HENRY CHECK.

Sir H. Now, Mr. Willows, give me leave to introduce my nephew --- (*taking William's hand*)

Cha. (*turning off*) I know nothing about your nephew, Sir Henry.

Sir H. My sister! (*salutes Mrs. Bellevue*) spare your reproaches, my heart tells me I have used you most cruelly,

Enter

Enter MARIA.

Cha. With our father's leave, here Maria, take your William; and if ever I hear a word of your infernal Dr. Grigsby, I'll cut his throat.

Enter GRIGSBY.

Grig. Ladies and Gentlemen your most obedient—brother your's (*to Charles*)—how do you do, Widow? Your most humble—I'm just come from the most pleasing adventure—a certain officer was unfortunate enough to fall into my hands—ha! ha! ha! affronted me! but dem'me I sicken'd him of such aquatic frolics—my little cane here emancipated the pulveriz'd ligaments of his cinabar lobster-shell—I switch'd him—I knock'd——

Capt. M. (without) I'll catch you, you rascal; where is the dog?

Grig. Some gentleman has lost his dog—hey Pompey—Pompey——(*whistles and runs about*)

Enter CAPTAIN MULLINAHACK.

Capt. M. I'll beat you as black——

Grig. A black dog—a pretty dog (*whistles*)

Capt. M. Oh, you're there (*to Grigsby*)

Grig. Where? Pompey!—poor fellow (*whistles*)

Capt. M. I'll razor and tomahawk you; you rascal, I ask'd for a second, and he said he was gone to buy candles.

Grig. I take shelter in your arms—oh! my love! (*Runs to Maria—William pushes him back*)

Capt. M. Depart! or by the powers!——

Grig. Depart! Oh, by the powers of medicine, I'll make some of you depart—lost my wife! I'll——

Capt. M. You'll what?

Grig. Squibs and aquæ fortis!

Enter LOUISA.

Want your change—haven't so much in the till—
send you a pound of bees-wax, and a fine cro-
codile. (*runs off*)

Maria. Dear William!—brother!—why sup-
pose I cou'd think of such a wretch?

Cha. Then my error all proceeded from his
absurd vanity.

Sir H. Here, Madam, is the friend I promis'd to
introduce to you—(*to Louisa, pointing to the Captain*)

Capt. M. Eh! (*looking at Louisa*)

Louisa. Heav'ns! Do my eyes deceive me, it
is——

Capt. M. Louisa!

Louisa. My father!

Capt. M. Ladies and gentlemen, won't you wish
me joy? Why this is my cherub! my darling!
that follow'd me to France and back again—flying
after me through all my wars like a dove with an
olive-branch in her mouth.

Louisa. Dear father, by letters thro' the me-
dium of Sir Henry, my uncle acknowledges his
unkindness to you and intreats you to return in
the most cordial terms of affection.

Capt. M. And this morning I walk'd about here,
and didn't know where to break my fast—If he gives
me a bit of an estate, I'll build such a country
house! the sign, my family arms, and my motto
—walk in and eat, all that want a dinner! Ah,
child! there's only one thing more you cou'd do,
to make me happier—here's the neat boy, that cut
and slash'd your dear Father about—that stood upon
the deck, shaking the bullets out of his hair like
a mermaid—With your leave, Madam (*to Mrs.*
Bellevue)

Bellevue) Louisa take William Bellevue (*Louisa looks surpriz'd at the Captain and Charles*)

Charles. Nay, William, this will be punishment, if you reject my sister, and rob me of happiness for ever.

Louisa. Ha, ha, ha! I see it! Oh, what a ridiculous mistake have I been under!

Cha. Then, Madam, you suppos'd that my name was Bellevue, Sir, might I aspire to render myself acceptable to your charming daughter; my gratitude for your permission can only be equall'd by my love.

Capt. M. I'm such a friend to a free choice, that I won't even command my daughter to be happy.

Joll. (*without*) Come along!—don't be ashamed of some good, by way of variety!—

Enter JOLLYBOY and ALLBUT, in Apron and Sleeves, with a Box.

Give them up! Madam, there are all your papers.

Mrs. Bell. Who are you, Sir? (*to Allbut*)

Alb. Your clerk.

Capt. M. What! the great justice of peace!

Allb. Ay, honest little Jack Allbut.

Capt. M. Oh! little honest Jack Allbut.

Joll. He restores your house, and all his ill-got possessions.

Allb. Ay, I'm a man of conscience, I despise wronging the widow and the orphan, because I don't like to go to law—with a long claw.

Louisa. So, my worthy landlord, when people owe you money, you make them pay you in your own coin—but Margery taught me to thank you for your ten pounds.

Maria.

Maria. And me to retract my ill opinion of a good man.

Cha. My dear William, by a look back to our past adventures, you'll enjoy the recollection that you have borne unmerited adversity—and I, whilst my pride in undeserved prosperity is punished, shall be taught by my reception here, that when distress presents itself before me, the bitterest drop in the cup of human misery is, the world's contempt.

Mrs. Bell. Thus you'll deserve your wealth—and when inspired by heaven to dispense the blessings it has sent you alone for that benign purpose, wait not for the application of modest indigence—seek her in her sad retreat, cheer her with your smiles, wipe away her tears, comfort and relieve her.

Louisa. Let us begin our acts of benevolence by shewing our gratitude to this worthy man (*pointing to Foll.*)

Foll. Thank you Ma'am. But as the wind sometimes diverts itself by playing in the sails of my mill, and people will obstinately persist in this odd whim of eating bread, I think I may do pretty well as I am. Ay, we may see the world in our village! But a fig for the world—Let industry secure independence; and if wealth or poverty will come, let the rich man be proud only of his power to be the poor man's friend.

THE END.

THE
HIGHLAND REEL.

IN THREE ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,
IN 1788.

THE MUSIC BY MR. SHIELD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Laird of Col, Mr. AICKIN.
Laird of Rasey, Mr. POWELL.
M'Gilpin, Mr. QUICK.
Sandy, Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Charley, Mr. BLANCHARD.
Shelty, Mr. EDWIN.
Croudy, Mr. FEARON.
Captain Daff, Mr. DAVIES.
Serjeant Jack, Mr. BANNISTER.
Benin, Mr. FARLEY.

Jenny, Miss REYNOLDS.
Moggy, Miss FONTENELLE.

HEBRIDIANS, SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE, *the Isle of Col—one of the HEBRIDES.*



THE
HIGHLAND REEL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Break of Day. McGILPIN'S House. A small Court Yard before it enclosed with a Paling.— (CHARLEY appears at a Window)

CHARLEY.

DAY begins to peep—choak that cock! he'll rouse my old master; but if I can get his daughter Moggy to run away with me, let cocks crow, dogs bark, and old Masters grumble, (*stretches out and taps at another window*) Moggy! Miss Moggy McGilpin!—ha, ha, ha!—I must Miss Moggy her! (*Moggy appears at the window*)

Mog. Well, Charley!

Cha. Here; I've stole the key of your room out of your father's pocket. (*reaches a key to her on a stick*)

Mog. Oh, precious!

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Cha.

Cha. I'll drop out of the window for fear of making a noise on the stairs; you've only to unlock your own door, and softly trip down, I'll wait for you below.

Mog. But how am I to get out when I get below? have you got the key of the street door?

Cha. Eh! I quite forgot that.

Mog. What a fool!—If I hav'n't a mind to go to bed again, and think no more about you—but since I did promise to go off, as we can't get out at the street door, I'll try to get from my window; if you'll jump from yours, and stand below ready to receive me. (*retires*)

Cha. I'm not the first clerk that has run away with his master's daughter, nor shall I be the last—while clerks are poor, masters rich, and daughters pretty. (*leaps down*) (*Moggy re-appears at the window*)

Mog. The duce a thing can I find to—stop, I'll cut my bed-cord, tie it to the leg of the table, and slide down by it. (*retires*)

Cha. Slide down by her bed-cord! ha, ha, ha! my Moggy's a rare romping Hoyden—but she's good-natur'd, a sweet temper, and a merry heart; so if I never get a shilling from the old one I'll have her at a venture. (*Moggy appears again at the window*)

Mog. (*throwing a cord*) There—I think that's fast—now I'll—Lud, I shall cut my hands thro'—take you for not getting the key of the street door.

Cha. My dear throw out first what clothes you may want.

Mog. Then you won't take me without clothes, ha, ha, ha!

DUETTO.

DUETTO.—CHARLEY and MOGGY.

Cha. The lamb and the heifer are taking their rest,

Mog. The lark and the sparrow lye snug in their nest.

Cha. Puffy dozes,

Mog. And so does my doggy,

Cha. All are sleeping but Charley

Mog. And Moggy;

Cha. We wake to love before it is day,

Come my dearest,

Mog. I come, my dear,

Both. We must be tripping away,

Mog. No portion, dear Charley, if I marry thee,

My little old daddy will give unto me;

Will love cool if you take me so barely?

Cha. Mog in her smicket, is welcome to Charley.

We wake to love before it is day,

Come my dearest,

Mog. I come, my dear,

Both. We must be tripping away. [*Moggy retires.*]

Cha. Master I think won't rise early—up late last night, rehearsing his fine speeches against he's a parliament man in London; tho' only now Laird Donald's steward, and collector of taxes here in one of the remote western islands of Scotland. Ha! ha! he banished a simple old woman for a witch, 'cause she foretold his daughter should be run away with—so I'll prove the truth of her prediction. —Odso! here's the little gate too locked!—now could Moggy—stay—here's the horse-block, and I'll make free with Dick the carpenter's bench, for her to step on the outside. (*Springs over the paling*) [*Exit.*]

Enter McGILPIN from the House. (in cap and gown)

McGil. I will believe in witchcraft, in wizards, and warlocks!—tho' I did pack Goody Cum-

mins out of the island, yet I'm certain her elves have been about my house this night—no noise in Jenny's room, nor in my daughter Moggy's, nor in Charley's, nor in Benin's—yet noises I most assuredly heard. (*Moggy from her window lowers a box on McGilpin's head*)—Eh!—

Mog. Have you got it?

McGil. (*feels his head, as if hurt*) Yes, I have got it—what!—my daughter! oh! oh! (*aside*)

Mog. I thought I heard my father—

McGil. So did I! (*in an under tone*)

Mog. Do you think he's up?

McGil. No.

Mog. Now you'll catch me!

McGil. Yes, I'll catch you, you jade. (*aside*)

Mog. Now for it.

McGil. The devil!—she wont jump out of the window. (*aside*)

Mog. Now, my fine fellow—here goes—

McGil. Oh, Lord! my child will break her bones. (*aside*)—stop—can't you come out of the street door? It's open.

Mog. Pshaw! why didn't you tell me so before? Upon my word, I do'n't like such jokes—(*retires*)

McGil. Nor I, upon my soul. (*aside*)—If I could carry on her mistake, I may find out who her fine fellow is—I think it is scarce light enough for her to know me. (*retires*)

Re-enter CHARLEY with a bench, which he places near the rails.

Cha. There's a wooden stepping-stone for you my dear—Eh! the door open! we must have roused

roused the old man ; he must not see me.—Who comes here?—Shelty, the piper——

Enter SHELTY, singing.

Shel. If Sandy and Jenny are to be married to-day, it's time to rouse the boys and girls.

McGil. I think I know that voice—Oh, this is her fine fellow I suppose. (*aside*) (*Enter Moggy from the house*) (*Charley steals in*)

Mog. Come now I'm for you my Dilding. (*takes McGilpin under the arm*)

McGil. And I'm for you my Dolding.

Mog. Ah !

McGil. And pray, my dear, where were you going so early ?

Mog. Going, Sir,—I—I—was going——

McGil. I know you were going, Sir,—but where, Sir ?

Mog. To—to—church, Sir.

McGil. Jump out of the window to go to church! very religious !

Enter CHARLEY from the house, half undressed, pretending to be scarce awake.

Cha. What's the matter here ? (*yawning*)

McGil. Where have you been, firrah !

Cha. Sir,—I—I—was—fast asleep. (*yawns*)

McGil. You stupid——Where's Jenny ?

Cha. Sir,—she's—fast asleep.

McGil. You lazy lubber !—Snoring in bed, and robbers and ravishers running away with my child—(*to Shelty*) Sirrah, what do you want with my daughter ?

Shel.

Shel. I——

Cha. Shelty!—Moggy!—ho, ho!—Well, hang me if I didn't long suspect this. Turn it upon him, and we are safe. (*apart to Moggy*)

Mog. Go, my dear Shelty.

Shel. Eh!

Mog. Don't attempt to seduce my innocence any more.

Shel. I seduce!

Mog. Your wanting me to jump out of the window to you.

Shel. I—jump!

McGil. To make a girl perhaps break her bones!

Mog. Ay—my poor little bones!—cruel lad!

Cha. Oh, fie, Shelty—Bless me! how came the horse-block, and the carpenter's bench here? (*affecting surprise*)—I dare say, to help Miss over.

McGil. It was.

Mog. My kind Shelty placed them.

Shel. Why, is the devil in you all?

McGil. Don't name the devil, you profligate! You're as wicked as the witch your grandmother, and the smuggling thief your father?

Shel. My granny was an innocent old woman, and so is my daddy.

Enter CROUDY.

Here, father, I only came to see about Sandy and Jenny's wedding, 'cause I hoped to sell a drop of liquor, and to be employ'd to play the pipes, and here, he says, I come to jump out of his window.

McGil. A piper! a tapster!—marry into the
ancient

ancient family of the McGilpins—one of the oldest houses in all Scotland!

Shel. I don't want to come near your old house.

McGil. You are a young—and your father there, is an old rogue——

Crou. What?

McGil. You come to steal my daughter, and he to rob the King. I see he has been out smuggling all night;—but as I'm a collector of his Majesty's customs, and my Laird Donald's rents, I'll——

Crou. You're a dog in office—I owe the King his duty, the Laird a quarter's rent, and you a beating—all which I'll pay, so help me, bonnet, purse, and cudgel! [Exit.

McGil. He threatens my life!—A conspiracy to run away with my daughter! Charley, I commit her to your care.

Mog. Oh, cruel father!

McGil. Take her, Charley. You marry, you jade! you shan't be even present at a wedding—I'll have Sandy and Jenny's celebrated to-day, and, not a peep at it—up to your room—go!

Cha. Come, Miss! I'll take care you don't marry any body—but myself. (*apart*)

[*Exeunt Charley and Moggy into the house.*

McGil. That's right, Charley. [Exit.

Shel. Well, if ever I saw such capers! the older he grows, the wickeder he is—ay, that's because every day he gets nearer—(*pointing downward*)—Eh! (*looking out*)—As well as I can distinguish, yonder seems a boat put off from that ship that cou'd not get in last night. I may pick up customers among the passengers, they can't come to a neater house than mine. People may at their friends be better

better entertain'd, but the surest welcome is at an inn. Every body says—ha, ha, ha! that Sheltie's a queer fellow; I believe I am—but I don't know how—I get on—I do—I will.

AIR.—SHELTY.

When I've money I am merry,
When I've none I'm very fad,
When I'm sober I am civil,
When I'm drunk I'm roaring mad.

When disputing with a puppy
I convince him with a rap;
And when romping with a girl,
By accident I tear her cap.

Gadzooks, I'll never marry,
I'm a lad that's bold and free;
Yet I love a pretty girl,
A pretty girl is fond of me.

There's a maiden in a corner,
Round and foun'd, and plump and fat;
She and I drink tea together,
But no matter, Sir, for that.

If this maiden prove wi' bairn,
As I do suppose she'll be;
Like good pappy I must learn
To dandle Jacky on my knee.

[Exit.

Re-enter McGILPIN and CHARLEY from the House.

McGil. Oh, my daughter is a most degenerate girl!—Well, you've lock'd her up?

Cha. Yes, Sir---(*shews a key*)

McGil. Eh, ay---boy listen---I'm certain from that old smuggling knave Croudy's being towards the sea side so early, that he's about landing brandy and tobacco; so if I can but make a seizure, it may be worth ten times the cargo of tea I seiz'd
on

on him last week ; my good lad, you'll be on the look out ; ay, and on the look-in too ; to watch imports, and prevent exports.

Cha. I warrant, Sir, I'll keep one eye on the sea, and 'tother on Miss Moggy's room door.—Oh Lord Sir, yonder's Sandy come home.

McGil. Aye, the fool went to Mull, to buy wedding clothes for himself and Jenny—I gave her an education, and I think that was doing very handsome by her—So I make a great compliment in giving her to Sandy, tho' I'm very glad—he rids me of a burden—that's prudence, Charley.

Cha. 'Tis, Sir.

McGil. You know I taught you some of my tricks.

Cha. Yes, Sir, and you'll find me an apt scholar.

McGil. In return, Charley, all I ask is your care of my daughter.

Cha. I'll take care of her, Sir.

McGil. Keep her from Shelty.

Cha. I'll keep her from Shelty, don't fear, Sir.

McGil. My good boy, how much I'm obliged to you. How shall I reward you !

Cha. I shall want cash for our frolic. A choice opportunity to coax him out of a little. (*aside*)

McGil. Only let me know what I shall do for you.

Cha. Why, Sir, last Christmas you promis'd me a Christmas-box—now didn't you, Sir ?

McGil. I did so, my faithful Charley : keep but a strict watch upon Moggy, and—may be you have thoughts of some little blossom yourself; only let me know the girl that can make you happy, and you shall have her, by my authority.

Cha. Ah ! Sir, there is a girl—

DUET.---McGILPIN and CHARLEY.

- McGil. Thy secrets to thy kind master tell,
 Cha. I love a maid—
 McGil. Is she full of play?
 Cha. No kid more gamesome—
 McGil. Where does she dwell?
 Cha. Lang twango dillo, twang lango dillo day.
 McGil. If you're in love, boy, you're not to blame;
 Cha. As much, kind Sir, I have heard you say,
 I love my charming—
 McGil. Ay?—what's her name?
 Cha. Twang lango dillo, lang twango dillo day.
 Cha. My Christmas box,
 McGil. Oh, I understand,
 Thy faithful services I'll repay;
 Here's five bright shillings, (*takes out money*)
 Cha. And here's my hand.
 McGil. Twang lango dillo, lang twango dillo day. (*puts it up, mimicking Charley*)

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*An open Country—A View of the Sea—Sun rising.**Enter McGILPIN.*

McGil. No, no, my kind Charley—I've a great regard for you; but touch my pocket and our friendship ends; since they've rais'd me out of my bed, I'll walk down to the beach, and like another Demosthenes, practise one of my declamations, roaring with pebbles in my mouth; a fine high wind for it.—This perverse girl! Oh, yes, with Moggy's beauty and my talents, I must raise a fortune

tune by going to London. (*Sandy sings without*)
Here comes the simple Sawney, that prefers love
to money.

Enter SANDY, with a small bundle.

Ha, Sandy ! welcome home, my boy !

San. (*joyfully*) Here, Sir, I've got all our wedding geer in the newest Edinbro' taste.

McGil. But when comes the Parson ?

San. He's gone over to Raasey ! so I desired Jamy M'Kenzie to send us their new Curate.

McGil. Stop, Sandy, I've one word to say to you.—Hem !

San. Delay'd now by his nonsensical oratorical speeches, and my soul on the wing to love and Jenny ! (*aside*)

McGil. Sandy, you have, by skill in agriculture, which you acquir'd, as you say, in an excursion to England, not only improv'd your own farm, but diffus'd such a spirit of industry, that my master, Laird Donald, if he should deign to visit us, will find his Isle of Col as finely cultivated as any patch of land in all Scotland ; therefore to reward you, your Jenny you shall wed this day.

San. And yonder she comes, bright as the morn that gives the flowers their beauty ; welcome as the gale that wafts their sweetness.

AIR.---SANDY.

Oh, had I Allan Ramsay's art
To sing my passion tender,
In every verse she'd read my heart,
Such soothing strains I'd send her ;
Nor his, nor gentle Rizzio's aid
To shew, is all a folly,
How much I love the charming maid,
Sweet Jane of Grissipoly.

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She

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

She makes me feel what all desire,
 With such bewitching glances,
 Her modest air then checks my fire,
 And stops my bold advances.
 Meek as the lamb, on yonder lawn,
 Yet by her conquered wholly;
 Sometimes sprightly as the fawn,
 Sweet Jane of Griffipoly.

My senses she's bewildered quite,
 I seem an amorous ninny;
 A letter to a friend I write,
 For Sandy I sign Jenny.
 Last Sunday when from kirk I came,
 With looks demure and holy,
 I cry'd, when ask'd the text to name,
 Sweet Jane of Griffipoly!

My Jenny is no fortune great,
 And I am poor and lowly,
 A straw for pow'r and grand estate!
 Her person I love solely.
 From every fordid selfish view,
 So free my heart is wholly,
 Ah! she is kind, and I am true,
 Sweet Jane of Griffipoly!

Enter JENNY.

Jen. Welome home my Sandy!

San. My love! (*they embrace*)

McGil. Ah, hah!—Egad my Highland Lad and Lowland Laffie, you'll make a neat couple.

Jen. Dear, Sir, take the only return in my power, my thanks, my gratitude, for your unmerited goodness.

McGil. Ah, Jenny, were I the man that boasted of his goodness, I'd remind you, that I gave you an Asylum, when you were but a squalling bairn—tho' I did'nt, nor I suppose I ever shall, know what family you are of; your mother coming here
 to

to Col to lye-in, privately, and dying in my house—yet my astonishing benevolence, Oh!—

San. Your benevolence would be astonishing indeed! (*aside*)

McGil. I say, my amazing charity did—

San. Well, Sir, we have often heard that story.

McGil. To be sure; wou'd you have me put my candle under a bushel? Speak, Jenny, didn't I bring you up equal to my own daughter, Miss Moggy McGilpin? sent you to the tip top boarding-school in Inverness, kept by Miss Carolina Killcooberry?

Jen. You did, Sir.

McGil. Tho' your forlorn mother didn't leave you a bawbee, (but 500l. which you shall never see) (*aside*) so out of pure friendship, Sandy, there take her—off my hands (*aside*)

Jen. Dear, Sir!

McGil. I'm a kind friend, Jenny; an't I a gay old fellow?—Why I'm a second Robin Gray!

Jen. Ah, Sir!—this last proof of your kindness, leaves me not a wish but to know my parents.

AIR.—JENNY.

Such pure delight my bosom knows,
My thanks are due to Heav'n and thee,
With gratitude my heart o'erflows,
Kind agent of his clemency!
Humanity, thou good, supreme,
To chase the orphan's tear away,
Alike the bright all chearing beam,
Brings comfort from the God of Day.

McGil. Hey! yonder's a boat put in from that ship in the Offing—some strangers landed.

San. Red coats!

Enter

Enter SHELTY with a Letter.

Shel. A little drummer boy desired me to give you this.

McGil. You busy—cou'dn't he have found any one else to carry me a message, than such a—you are a bad man!—

Shel. The letter, Sir—

McGil. Seems a small running hand.

Shel. Then saddle your nose, and run after it.

McGil. (*puts on his spectacles, and reads*) “Mr.

“McGilpin, The Gentleman that delivers you
“this”—

Shel. Gentleman! that's me.

McGil. “Is a soldier.”

Shel. Not me.

McGil. “Commands a company in my regiment.” And who is yourself?—“Robert Donald!”—Oh, dear! why Jenny, Sandy!

Shel. Well, Sir?

McGil. Get along, you busy impudent—Why here, young Laird Donald's gone into the army.

San. Indeed!

McGil. Stay—(*reads*)—“delivers you this, is a
“Gentleman—soldier—company—my regiment.
“—His name is Captain Dash, I have dispatch'd
“him and Serjeant Jack, to raise recruits in the
“Isle of Col, the possession of which my father
“some time back made over to me”—So then
young Robert is our landlord. (*reads*) “I desire
“you will give Captain Dash all the assistance in
“your power, get him as many good men as you
“can”—you'll go—(*to Shetty*)

Shel. You know I'm a bad man.

McGil. “He's a friend I esteem, therefore
“every civility you shew him will oblige yours,
“Robert Donald.”

San.

San. This is the first I heard of young Laird Donald's being in the army.

McGil. I must dress, to meet and welcome this Captain, with one of my most eloquent orations.

[*Exit.*

Shel. (*calling*) Charley! get Mr. McGilpin's Sunday coat, brush his three cock'd beaver, and powder his scratch.

San. I must gather all the lads, to make a handsome wedding procession to the kirk, Jenny.

Jen. And I to assemble the lasses. Oh, Sandy! here, as the packet's in, will you see if there's any letter for me, I desired the lottery man to send me notice if this chance should be drawn a prize. (*gives it him*)

San. You never told me you had bought a lottery chance, but it must, it shall be a prize, I'll keep it safe for you—this day proves I'm a favourite of fortune, and she shall smile upon my Jenny.

Shel. Huzza, for good fortune! now these soldiers are come, I may have the rendezvous at my house—so now to finge the sheep's head, bake the bannocks, tap a barrel, and tune my chaunter! and then your wedding, Tol, lol, lol! high doings!

AIR.—TRIO.

Jen. Excuse a fond maiden's confession,

Shel. Her blushes exhibit her bliss,

San. My joy is too great for expression,

Shel. Suppose then you speak in a kiss,

Jen. Affections most pure now unite us,

San. Chaste pleasures now wait to delight us;

Shel. The music and bottle I'll bring,

Jen. The finch and the linnet invite us,

Shel. Fond turtles shou'd pair in the spring.

San.

San. Let lasses pursue your example,

Jen. The youths may take pattern by thee,

Shel. You give me of love such a sample,
Soon married I'll certainly be.

Jen. Oh, what is the gay blooming flow'r,

San. The transient sweets of the hour,

Both. Compared to the charms of the mind?

Shel. Good humour to charm has the power,
Tho' time leaves no beauties behind.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.

Before SHELTY'S House.

Enter Captain DASH and Serjeant JACK.

Serj. Yes, the letter you sent by little Tom the drummer, has prepar'd the old tax-man, ha, ha, ha! he hasn't a doubt but you're a real Captain in the army.

Capt. And my sole commission only the promise of a pair of colours in the East India service, on condition I can raise an hundred men.

Serj. By this sham of pretending their young Laird is our Colonel, from the affection of a Scotch Highlander to his Chieftain, I'll warrant they'll flock to our standard—and yet, now, tho' 'tis I that have brought you to the field of action, something whispers here, (*points to his heart*) Friend Jack, don't impose upon these honest innocent people.

Capt. Pshaw! nothing's an imposition till found out; and our's cannot before we have got our number of recruits, and ship'd them off—you know we're certain their young Laird is in England,

land, learning the newest fashion of sowing oats ! in order to improve his estate here ! and his father, the old Laird, in London, in full cry after jobs and places ! our imposition can't be easily detected.

Serj. We know our ground, and the character of old McGilpin—flatter his eloquence, promise him an army agency, and we have every man in the Island.

Capt. I'd rather have one pretty girl I saw just now, than the honor of planting my standard on the walls of Belgrade. (*a loud laugh of peasants without*)

Serj. Some country gambols going forward.

Capt. The time to recruit—introduce yourself to them—set 'em on to drink and play cards.

Serj. Right—for when the poor devil's senses and money slip off, honor glitters on a bayonet, and riches gingle in a British shilling.

Shel. (*without*) Come along, boys !

Capt. To 'em, Jack—coax, wheedle, drink, swear—zounds ! make 'em—

Serj. As wicked as ourselves. [*Exit. Capt.*

Enter SHELTY playing the Pipes, followed by Boys and PEASANTS, drest fancifully.

Shel. Aye, lads, I think we'll honor Sandy's wedding ; but the lasses mustn't set out for kirk before us.

Serj. Ha, my hearties ! my honest lad shake hands. (*to Shel.*)

Shel. Every man shake his own hand.

Serj. Why, you all seem very merry, to-day.

Shel. Yes, and we'll be merry to-morrow, ha, ha, ha ! and we were merry yesterday.

Serj. Ha, ha, ha! why you're a pleasant fellow!

Shel. Yes I am—I was born laughing instead of crying, my mother laugh'd out; my daddy lik'd to have drop'd me out of his arms on the floor laughing at me. What's the child's name? said the Parson that christen'd me: Sheltie, says my god-daddy; then the Parson laugh'd; Amen, says the Clerk, and he laugh'd! Since that moment, every body has laugh'd at me, and I have laugh'd at every body!

Serj. I should like to enlist such a pleasant fellow—your good humour wou'd keep us in such spirits, you'd be the drum of the corps.

Shel. Yes, and your rattan would be the drumstick of the corps, to beat the travally on my back, row dy dow!—good morning to you.

Serj. I tell you you'd make a develish good foldier.

Shel. That's more than my daddy cou'd.

Serj. Ha, ha, ha! you're an odd fish!

Shel. Yes, but I won't be a red herring.

Serj. No? you're a pickl'd one tho'—but pray what are you?

Shel. Me! I'm a merchant, and a brogue-maker—I sells a horn of malt—moreover, I'm a famous piper. My father, Mr. Croudy is a necromancer—he has the gift of second sight; and Mrs. Cummins, my granny, was banished for a witch—and now pray, who are you?

Serj. I'm Serjeant Jack—in the company of Captain Dash.

Shel. Sejeant Jack, you keep company with Captain Dash—— good bye to you worthy Sir——
(going)

Serj.

Serj. But stop, you know your young Laird is our Colonel—this halbert is his standard—do you pay no respect to it?

Shel. Respect!—Oh, I beg pardon (*bows to the halbert, and is going*)

Serj. Very polite indeed—but stay—

Shel. I must tune my chaunter.

Serj. Any particular festival to-day?

Shel. A wedding and here's the bridegroom.

Enter SANDY and COUNTRYMEN. (drefs'd)

San. Come lads, quick! quick!—Shelty play up—we must march two and two, 'till we join my Jenny and the lasses!

Serj. Ah! I could put you all in the neatest method of marching—

San. Yes, Sir, but your marching differs from ours—you march to face enemies, we to meet friends—you to assault a town, we to attack a wedding dinner.

Serj. Dinner! ah! my heroes! England's the field for a trencher battle—there our drum head is an oak table, Sir Loin leads the van, our right and left wing are a goose and turkey—our balls are plumb puddings—our bullets shot from a damson tart; we poise our knives, handle our forks, then smoke flap dash, cut thro' thick and thin—

Shel. But don't you say grace?

Serj. Yes, my grace is a—bumper of cherry bounce!

San. Well, come to dinner with me to-day—and tho' in the Highlands of Scotland, you shall find we talk like French, eat like English, and drink like Irish farmers.

Serj. Ha! well said my lad! you deserve encouragement—I've a rough guinea here, and egad I'll make one at your wedding, to drink our King's health, and success to the young couple.

AIR.—SERJEANT.

For soldiers the feast prepare,
 Who friends protect, and foes annoy,
 What war has won, let's now enjoy,
 Good cheer bright mirth bestowing,
 Sir Loin first we'll nobly dare,
 Our host looks round his table,
 His breast with friendship glowing;
 We jovial lads whilst able,
 Resolv'd to do all honour
 To the donor,
 With courage charge
 His boil'd and roast,
 In goblets large
 Each loyal toast,
 With spark'ling bumpers flowing.
 Let drums beat, and fifes sound shrill,
 Ye Clarions lend your sweetest notes,
 Ye trumpets rend your silver throats,
 Proclaim in warlike measure,
 When the rosy bowl we fill,
 The fair shall do their duty,
 And sip it's balmy treasure,
 Touched by the lip of beauty;
 'Tis now a draught for Hector,
 'Tis, nectar,
 The Gods delight,
 Here's wine and love,
 Like Mars who fight,
 Shou'd kifs like Jove,
 By turns the soldiers pleasure.

[*Exeunt into Shelly's.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Before SHELTY'S House.

Enter JENNY and COUNTRY GIRLS, their dress decorated with flowers, ribbands, &c.

ALL GIRLS.

HA, ha, ha!

Enter CAPTAIN DASH

Capt. Eh! faith a lovely group, and the very charmer that pleas'd me so much. (*retires*)

Jen. True, but no matter whether you are all in white.

1st Girl. Ay, but we shou'd for a wedding.

Enter MOGGY.

Mog. Jenny!

Jen. Why, Moggy!

Mog. Oh, dear! I've scarce breath to laugh—
Ha, ha, ha!

Jen. Nay, but tell us how did you get out.

Mog. Ah, that's it—he, he, he! Charley so over-acted his part, that he lock'd me up in earnest, ha, ha, ha! and I to play mine as well, pushed back the lock, and here have run away in earnest

earnest—When Charley misses me, he'll act his surprise so natural, that father will place more confidence in him than ever—ha, ha, ha!

Jen. Ah, Moggy! you set little value upon the protection of a parent, had I one!—your father is very good to you, and indeed you shou'dn't vex him.

Mog. Ay, but when a husband's in the way—now if I cou'd but meet Charley! Come Jenny, where's the bridegroom, and the garland—the pipes, the parson, and the harp.

Jen. You wild one!—but love is the theme, and the sweet birds shall sing a melodious accompaniment.

AIR.—JENNY.

What rapture to think on the times I have seen,
On May-day I first saw my love on the green,
So charming his face, yet commanding his mein,
The King was my lover, and Jenny his Queen,
The garland presented by Sandy,
More sweet from the maker, 'twas Sandy.

A side look I threw on my lover by chance,
Which soon he return'd with as tender a glance;
My heart leap'd with joy when I saw him advance,
And right did I guess 'twas to lead up the dance;
For none danc'd so neat as my Sandy,
In all things complete is my Sandy.

Beneath a gay woodbine with myrtles entwin'd,
On cowslips and violets one ev'ning reclin'd,
So charming a place and a season so kind,
He artfully chose to discover his mind.
So sweet were the vows of my Sandy,
I then exchang'd hearts with my Sandy.

Mog. Dear! if here isn't the strange officer! he's been listening to our nonsense! he's come to take our men away—he's the most impudent creature—

Capt.

Capt. (advancing) A fine flock of chickens, upon my honor.

Jen. You're not a fox, Sir, are you?

Mog. No, but he takes you for a lamb, he throws such a sheep's eye at you.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Capt. You seem to be all---ha, ha, ha! pray don't let me spoil the play—I'll make one myself—what is it? If you'd only admit me, you'd find me the the merriest play-fellow (*to Moggy*) You are, upon my soul, a beauteous nosegay—but here's the rosebud of the bouquet. (*to Jenny*) Tell me, sweet, what's your play?

Mog. A rosebud grows in an angry bush, and about fair maids. (*they take hands, and dance round him, singing*) "A rosebud grows in an angry bush, and about fair maids, and about my merry maids all."

Enter M'GILPIN, dressed. The GIRLS run off.

M'Gil. Hey! this is the recruiting Captain? why Sir, I suspect you're come to beat up among our wives and daughters, for a regiment of infantry.

Capt. Was ever so sweet a charmer? (*looking off*)

M'Gil. Captain, if your General saw you like a maypole, and the petticoat regiment frisking round you!

Capt. Who are you, Sir?

M'Gil. I am young Laird Donald your Colonel's Steward, and Collector of his Majesty's Taxes, and am come to bid you welcome to our Isle of Col.

Capt. Zounds! they've set me all on fire! Your hand. (*offers his hand*)

M'Gil.

McGil. Stop, you'll burn my ruffles! But, Captain, what think you of the bride?

Capt. Bride! Eh!—which?—who?

McGil. She in the white and tartan ribbands.

Capt. The very charmer! going to be married!—that lovely sprig to be worn by a clown!

McGil. Clown! Oh no, I'll assure you her Sandy is a very clever lad.

Capt. He must not have her.

McGil. Hey!

Capt. I'll have her!

McGil. You!

Capt. Oh, yes.

McGil. Ha, ha, ha! This is recruiting!

Capt. Damn your grinning, Sir! what d'ye mean?—Hark'ee, Mr. Steward, put that treasure into my possession, and what is there I will not do for you?

McGil. Suppose you tell me what you will do for me—

Capt. Eh—stay—Jack told me the bait to have him. (*aside*) What think you of the agency of our regiment?

McGil. Good picking in an agency.

Capt. 'Tis yours—say no more—I'll fettle that with my Colonel.

McGil. Eh!—oh, no, no—I promis'd her to Sandy.

Capt. I promise you a contract.

McGil. Good cutting in a contract.

Capt. My honest—

McGil. I'll certainly—

Capt. Bravo!

McGil. Give her—

Capt. Aye—

McGil.

McGil. To Sandy.

Capt. S'death, Sir!—Dare to tantalize me—Come my worthy, dear, snug little fellow, procure me that girl, and——

McGil. Procure you a girl!—fury, Sir! What do you take me for?

Capt. For a wise man, that prefers his own interest to all other considerations.

McGil. I am a wise man; and I—oh, Lord!—but the wedding's a thing settled, clothes bought, Parson bespoke, young folks wishes on the tip of expectation! dear, poor Sandy wou'd break his heart.—Eh! the finest thought—but, I suppose you never saw her though—you shall marry my Mog.

Capt. Damn your Mog! I don't want to marry any body.

McGil. No! why I thought Jenny—

Capt. Zounds! Mr.—think of your interest.

McGil. Oh, Lord! I always do—

Capt. Such talents as yours, hid here in an obscure corner of the world! Such powers of eloquence! Why, man, you're a diamond in a quarry.

McGil. I am a rough diamond—

Capt. I'll dig you out to shine in London—a seat in Parliament.

McGil. Why, our Laird is a bright man there.

Capt. He bright! a Scotch pebble to you; your eloquence once known, must command any thing.

McGil. Why, yes; I think once they find how I can speak, I shall get paid for holding my tongue.

Capt. Boards! Jobs! Committees! The girl—

McGil. Jobs!

Capt. Pension! Place and Peerage! — Little Jenny——

McGil. Pension! Jenny's yours; from a Surveyor, I'll be a Commissioner, and if I am a Steward, it shall be of the Chiltern Hundreds.

Enter CHARLEY.

Cha. (*apart to McGil.*) Sir, Sir!

McGil. Eh! now you puppy, you've let Moggy give you the flip.

Cha. No, Sir, I have her safe—but as you suspected, Old Croudy has just landed some run goods.

McGil. Where, where?

Cha. With the glass I saw him hide them in the Creek, behind the North Foreland.

McGil. From his boat? was it the Swallow?

Cha. You know you seiz'd that last week, it's the other boat, the Angel.

McGil. I'll have her and lading!

Capt. But my dear Sir, Jenny——

McGil. I'll have the Angel condemn'd.

Capt. My Angel condemn'd! for what?

McGil. For running brandy and tobacco.

[*Exit hastily.*]

Capt. The old fellow's mad—but he must prevent this marriage—holloa, Sir! Mr.— [*Exit.*]

Cha. Ha, ha, ha! there goes my master to seize his own goods that I stole out of his stores, and hid in the rocks, for him to seek, whilst I run off with his daughter.

Enter MOGGY. (unperceived)

I must haste and let Moggy out. (*going*)

Mog.

Mog. Dear Sir, won't you wait for company?

Cha. Moggy! how the plague did you get here?

Mog. No matter, here I am, and take me while you can.

Cha. Hey? this is doing things, ha, ha, ha!
—Charming! I've cut out work for your father, on the opposite side of the Island; so I'll run down to the pier, and get the boat ready, and off we skim like curlews. [Exit.

Mog. Make haste, Charley—oh! my bonny Charley.—

AIR.—MOGGY.

My father's house is neat and nice,
My little garden Paradise,
My chamber deck'd with trinkums fine,
My windows grac'd with jessamine;
I have a black bird gay,
Oh he's a pretty fellow,
He whistles sweet and mellow,
The live long day.
My playful kid, for handsome pets I've many,
My wanton bounding frisking Nanny;
Yet I love none half so well
As Charley's gift, my dear Fidelle,
My little Fidelle,
Haste gentle lover, now for you;
Papa, kid, dog, and bird, adieu.
In town I'll be, my glass can tell,
A monstrous flaming married belle,
The foremost in all gamesome bouts,
At operas, plays, and balls, and routs;
All in my plumage fine,
Around the smarts shall flutter,
About me what a clutter—
"She's all divine!"
They sing, they dance, to please me how they caper!
Whilst rivals challenge, huff and vapour;

As birds all welcome here to woo,
 For Charley's sake begone cuckoo;
 I'll ne'er create my spouſey's ſhame,
 To ſinge my wings around the flame.

Eh! yon's a boat put in—here's ſome of the paſſengers coming—what a ſtrange looking man—a harp! why, by the deſcription, it muſt be the Parſon that's expected from Mull, to marry Jenny and Sandy. (*retires*)

Enter Laird of RASEY, (diſguiſed) followed by a SERVANT with Portmanteau and Harp.

Laird Ra. That dwelling looks like a public-houſe. (*pointing to Shelty's*)

Ser. It is, Sir.

Laird Ra. Then engage a room, and leave my baggage there—my great coat was comfortable on the water, but on land its cumbreous. (*takes it off and gives it to the Servant*)—I will enquire for thoſe I want, and you may reſreſh yourſelf within.

[*Exit Servant into Shelty's.*]

Here, pretty maiden—

Mog. Sir—What a civil Gentleman! (*aſide*)

Laird Ra. Do you know one Sandy Frazer?

Mog. Eh, Sandy—

Laird Ra. Whom I am to marry to one Jenny?

Mog. He, he, he! Lord, if I cou'd perſuade him Charley and I are they; may be he'd marry us. (*aſide*) Oh Sir, dear Sir, Reverend Sir! you're heartily welcome, Sir (*curſying*)—My Charley—I ſay, Sir, my Sandy, is juſt gone yonder to the pier, to look out for your, Sir.

Laird Ra. Oh, then you are Jenny?

Mog.

Mog. Yes, Sir—I am Jenny, Sir.—I hope he won't find me out. (*aside*)—(*Laird of Rassey views her attentively and with emotion*)—Lord! I believe he suspects me—(*aside*)

Laird Ra. Then it is your wish I should marry you to Sandy?

Mog. Yes, Sir; marry us as fast as you can, Sir—I'm not in a hurry to be married, Sir.

Laird Ra. I see you are not.

Mog. O no, Sir, my Sandy wishes it, and my father, Sir—

Laird Ra. I didn't think you had a father—

Mog. True, Sir---I---I mean Mr. M^cGilpin; he loves me as well as he does his own daughter, Sir.

Laird Ra. Then he has a daughter of his own.

Mog. Oh yes Sir, Moggy---Miss Moggy M^cGilpin---a very pretty sort of a body I'll assure you; loves me dearly, only Sir, she's given to fib a little now and then.

Laird Ra. I cou'd wish to see Mr. M^cGilpin.

Mog. Why Sir, I---I---don't imagine you can see him because he's gone on great business, but, he left his best compliments for you, Sir, and requests you'd perform the marriage as soon as you cou'd, please your reverence (*curtsies*) If Charley was but here now, we might put it beyond the power of father ever to separate us. (*aside*) Oh, Sir, here comes my Sandy---now, Sir, you'll---oh Heav'ns! my father! (*aside*) Good bye, Sir, (*going*)

Laird Ra. But, lassy, stop—

Mog. Yes, Sir, I'll stop—when I'm out of your sight.
[Exit into Shelly's

Laird.

Laird Ra. A whimsical sort of young lady! Oh, here comes her Sandy——

Enter CHARLEY.

Cha. The boat's ready, hey!—where has the scamper'd—Sir— did you see a young woman!

Laird Ra. Yes, your Jenny is gone into that house.

Cha. Jenny!--I mean——

Laird Ra. Then, my good Sandy—I—

Cha. Pshaw! I'm not Sandy---where the plague can Moggy have run to.

Laird Ra. Well, I thought she meant---but I'll see about the marriage, taste your ale and wedding cheer, and then ferry over to Inchken-neth, where I have three or four more couple to tack together. *[Exit.*

Cha. This giddy tit, to be out of the way now! Her father! 'tis well she miss'd him.

Enter M^cGILPIN, in a rage.

McGil. Fine police! if the King's Officers are to be assaulted in the execution of their duty!

Cha. Ha, ha, ha (*aside*) Oh, then, Sir, you've beat old Croudy?

McGil. No, but he has beat me! I'll let the ruffian know, no body shall cheat the King in this Island, but myself—he's a poacher too, goes fowling, grouseing, and cocking; but I'll grouse and cock him! I'll shew him, that in Col I am grand fowler, prowler, and comptroller. His son Shelly have a child of mine!—my dear Charley take care of Moggy.

Cha.

Cha. She's safe I'll answer, Sir.

McGil. Have you seen the Captain? I'll give Jenny to him, to secure my preferment there.

Cha. I'll set Master on another hunt, whilst I look for Moggy——Sir, have an eye to Jenny, the Parson's come, and if Sandy gets a hint of your intention to give her to the Captain, they'll be married unknown to you.

McGil. Ods fish! but where is Jenny?

Cha. This instant gone into Shelty's.

McGil. Run you in, boy, and secure her, whilst I raise the posse after Croudy.

Cha. Lord! Sir, Jenny wou'd never stay with me, you'd best in and secure her yourself, and I'll bring the constables for Croudy. (*Moggy looks out at the door*) Look, there she is—after her, Sir.

Mog. Its me, you fool! (*apart to him, and retires*).

Cha. Oh, the devil! its Moggy. (*aside*)

McGil. (*going*) Stop you Jenny! I'll have you!

Cha. Stay you Sir—I'll have her——

McGil. You! you know she'd never stay for you—here, Jenny—— [*Exit into Shelty's.*]

Cha. Sent the Wolf after my lamb! I cou'd hang myself! What, what is to be done?—Stay, as he'll find her in Shelty's, I'll swear it was he that stole her out.

Enter CROUDY—crossing.

Odso! there's old Croudy gone into Shelty's—I'll fetch the constables upon him—I know, from his wicked obstinate spirit, it will be a devil of a work to take him; and in the confusion I may still get

get Moggy down to the water-side—then weigh anchor, feather oar, blow kind breezes, and adieu to my old master. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Inside of SHELTY's House.—Laird RASAY's Coat, Hat, and Wig on the Table—A Harp.

Enter SHELTY, with a Mug.

Shel. Yes, Sir, I'm here, Sir—I'm there, Sir—coming, Sir. (*drinks*) Lord, what nice ale I do fell—Yes Sir! my house is so full—oh, what a mortal fine chance have I to make money—but father's wrangling with M^cGilpin, will kick down all—here he comes; now if he hasn't been in some new combustifications.

Enter CROUDY.

Crou. Ha! (*takes the mug from Shelty and drinks*) a scoundrel! tell me I rob the King! the Custom-house Officer takes his pay and smuggles—and he's a bad servant, indeed, that robs his master. Boy, M^cGilpin wou'd have seiz'd my boat, tho' 'twas only last week he claw'd up my other. (*drinks*)—Lost my poor Swallow!

Shel (*looking in the mug*) Father, you seem to have still a very good swallow.

Crou. This tax-man—Oh! I'll—

Shel. Lord, father! how you do put one out of all sorts! here's my house full—there's the Serjeant has got Sandy and all the lads at cards; and here's

here's Sandy's marriage—and here's this new Parson seems a wet clergy—and then, now your quarrels with M^cGilpin will set my house in an uproar.

Crou. Go froth your ale, and score double boy, — I've thresh'd M^cGilpin.

Shel. You han't?

Crou. I've bang'd him, firrah.

Enter APIE.

Apie. Oh, mercy, Master Croudy! here's the Constables, and M^cGilpin in the house!

Shel. Lord, Lord! you'll be taken——*Apie* do you go down, and let nobody come up [*Exit Apie*] Eh! this is the luckiest—(*seeing the clothes*) here step into this great coat, hat, and wig, the Parson's servant left here---no time for thinking---do father take a fool's advice.

Crou. Eh!

Shel. If you are taken, to jail you go---do you want to make a riot in my house; give him a pretence to take away my licence? no, do things easy---here, quick, quick, father! (*he helps him on with a cloak*) There, the devil a one of them can know you now---I'll run and get the boat ready---you're so nicely disguised, you may easily get to it---[*Exit*].

Crou. Oh, you cowardly cur! you're no son of mine---my cudgel is but a poor defence---if I had only---is that my broad sword yonder? I made a present of it to this pigeon; but he never had spirit to use it (*takes it from over the chimney*;) and shall it be said, that a Highlander sneak'd out like a poltroon, with his broad sword in his hand! no, no! no disguise now. (*flings off the cloak*) All fair and open---if they take me, they must first take this (*draws*) 'twas once drawn in what I then thought a right

cause, but ready now to defend my King; tho' I do run a few anchors of brandy to quaff his health, and bring up my children to fight his battles. [*Exit.*

Enter MoggY, *frightened.*

Mog. Oh, lud! where shall I hide from father? If I cou'd stand behind the door, and slip out as he comes in; but what cou'd bewitch Charley to send him after me? If I cou'd but get down to the pier---what's this (*looks at clothes, &c.*) Ha! the Parson's—I've a great mind to try now if I can't hide myself in them—Ha, ha, ha! on they go, (*puts them on*) and wig too!

McGil. (*without*) She is here.

Mog. O, Lord there's father (*muffles the cloak round her*)

Shel. (*without*) She is not.

McGil. (*without*) Sirrah! Charley told me she came in just now——

Enter SHELTY.

Shel. (*looks at MoggY*) Ay, now you've acted like a sensible man.

Mog. Man! (*aside*)

Shel. I'll get you off.

McGilpin (*without*) I'll have the house search'd—

Shel. Its Mr. M'Gilpin; don't speak, and I'll get you out.

Mog. Thank ye (*apart*)

Shel. But pray, don't cudgel him again (*goes to the door, and returns* ---Hark ye, old one, only keep cool; for if it comes to the worst, I've some lads drinking in the next room, every one owe Mr. M'Gilpin some grudge, and if he will arrest you, I'll have 'em all on him at a beck;

beck; I'll engage they'll cut your way thro' fifty constables.

Mog. I've a mind to try a race for it (*aside*)

Shel. Here comes the old finner—Hush, not a word.

Enter M'GILPIN.

McGil. Where is she?

Shel. (*pretending to have been in conversation*)
Oh yes Sir, for certain: if the insular circumference cou'd-but round about the leger-de-main of three square canonicals---the goats-beards may abrogate our Caledonian system with longitudinal parallel---ramifications---Dr. Lexicon told me the same thing.

McGil. Eh!---What?

Shel. So did Bofee---(*not seeming to see McGilpin*)

McGil. Sirrah! where's Jenny?

Shel. Oh! how are you, Sir? (*affecting surprize*)

McGil. What's that to you? Deliver up Jenny---

Shel. Don't speak, daddy (*apart to Moggy*)---
Jenny!---Why Sir, you think I'm a devil amongst the girls---this morning I was running away with Moggy---now it's Mr. Shelty, Sir, you've been kissing Jenny!---

McGil. Sirrah! where's the knave, your father?

Shel. My father is---a---oh---I dare say he is---

McGil. Where?

Shel. I suppose so--- (*Shelty stands between Mog. and McGilpin*)

McGil. What are you humming me, you impudent rascal.

Shel. Keep quiet, father. (*apart to Mog.*)

McGil. But I'll have the old rogue!

Shel. Keep your temper, Sir. (*apart to Mog.*)

Mog. How comes this mistake of Shelty's? but I'll give into it, if it brings me off. (*aside*)

McGil. What old fellow's that? (*to Mog.*)

Shel. Over the chimney? Oh, that's Lord Lovett.

McGil. Over the chimney! no, that.

Shel. Yes, poor Simon Frazer. (*looking towards a print, pasted over the chimney*)

McGil. Simon Frazer! I mean that--- (*to Mog.*)

Sel. Oh! against the cupboard? Jenny Cameron.

McGil. The cupboard! no—I mean he, that stands there, next to a faucy knave.

Shel. That stands next an old crazy knave, Sir--- (*goes over and stands close by McGil.*)—that's me, Sir.

McGil. Get along, you audacious—I mean that, that fellow! (*looking at Mog.*)

Shel. Fellow! this? Oh, Sir, this Gentleman is the Welch Parson from Raafey.

McGil. 'Od, I beg his pardon---How do you do, Doctor?—Oh, true, you're come to marry Sandy and Jenny—ah! that's all up! ha, ha, ha! I see you've brought your harp—I'm glad o'that—Sandy told me how finely you touch'd it—a favourite instrument of mine, 'cause my daughter Moggy plays it; and sweetly my child does tune it too; though I have her now lock'd up at home.

Mog. I'm now lock'd up at home! Ha, ha, ha! (*aside*)

McGil. It's all along of you, you cursed tapster! 'tis you that has drawn her from her duty.

Shel. Hey! don't abuse me, Sir.

McGil. Doctor, I shou'd like to hear the harp tickled in the genuine Welch strain; pray, Sir, favor me with a tune?
Shel.

Shel. Yes—now my father must be found out ; he cou'd as soon carry a house as play a harp.
(*aside*)

McGil. Now, come Sir. (*places the harp before Moggy*)

Shel. Don't speak to him, Sir.

McGil. Hold your tongue you busy—you envious cur ! you're afraid that his sweet harp will put your barbarous pipes out of favour.—Dear Doctor, play—

Shel. Father, you must play up with your cudgel.

McGil. Charm my ears.

Shel. Yes ; he'll be soon about your ears ! (*aside*)

McGil. Sir, we are all attention.

Shel. Throw it by, and fight your way out.
(*apart to Moggy, who prepares to play*)

McGil. Silence, puppy—not a breath.—(*places himself in a listening attitude—Shelty seems uneasy:—Moggy plays with much taste and execution*)

McGil. Charming !

Shel. He has been my father these six and twenty years, and I never knew he cou'd play the harp before ! (*aside*)

McGil. Fine indeed Doctor ! but not quite that angelic Cecilian sublimity, that certain sweet feminine delicacy of my daughter's touch.—You are the cause of my child's present distresses, you miscreant !—but I'll revenge all upon the rogue your father.

Shel. Father, you see you must fight your way.
(*apart.*)

McGil. Oh ! here Charley has brought the constables.

Enter

Enter CHARLEY and CONSTABLES.

Cha. Sir, I saw Croudy enter here. If I cou'd raise a pursuit, I may find, and take Moggy off.
(*aside*)

McGil. There Charley, you shew the Doctor here (*pointing to Moggy*) to my house; whilst the constables and I search this, for Croudy.

Shel. (*apart to Charley*) Do Charley, take the Doctor—it's my father—get him off. (*apart*)

Cha. What! I help the escape of smugglers! Sir, (*to McGilpin*) that's Croudy, in disguise.

Mog. It's me, you blockhead! (*apart to Cha.*)

Cha. Moggy again! (*aside*) ay, come along, Doctor. (*takes Moggy's arm under his, and is going*)

McGil. Stop! Doctor! didn't you say 'twas Croudy, 'tis too—I see the gleam of his wall eye. Constable, lay hold of him.

Shel. Keep off—I'll defend my father with my life! (*brandishes a cudgel and stands before Mog.*)

Const. Surrender.

Shel. Nay then—Lads! (*whistles*)

Enter several HIGHLAND PEASANTS (armed).

Down with the Custom-house Officer! or he'll seize all your boats.

Mog. Oh! they'll murder my father! Heavens!

Const. Keep the peace.

Shel. No. (*flourishing his cudgel*)

Const. No! Then here's no business for a peace-officer. [*Exit.*]

Shel. Father, when they knock him down, you make off. (*apart to Mog.*) Down with M'Gilpin—Hurraw! Lads!

All.

All. Hurra! (as they raise their weapons to strike McGilpin—Moggy suddenly flings off her disguise, and throws herself on her knees between them)

Mog. Oh, save my father!

McGil. My daughter!

Shel. This my daddy?

McGil. My dear child!

Cha. I've done this well. (aside)

McGil. Before I lock'd, but now I'll double lock you.

Mog. Don't put me again in Charley's care.

McGil. No, I'll take care of you myself, my dutiful, affectionate—but, you jade, who got you out?

Mog. Who, but my dear Sheltty!

Shel. I! Me?

McGil. Aye, these were all your lies——your Simon Frazer's and Jenny Cameron's against the cupboard!

Shel. But, where the devil can old Croudy be? Eh! as I found Miss Moggy under a gtear coat, perhaps I may find my daddy under a petticoat.

[Exit.]

McGil. However, Moggy for your concern for me, just now, you shall see me reward desert, and——

Enter JENNY and SANDY.

Give Jenny to——

San. Good Sir——

Enter CAPTAIN DASH.

McGil. To Captain Dash. (Hands her to him)

Capt. Sir, you shall be a great man upon my honour.

San. Sir, have not I your promise?

McGil.

McGil. Eh ! I believe I'm a great man already, for I totally forget my promise.

San. But, Sir, I hold you to it, and with my life I'll justify my pretensions here. (*takes her hand*)

Jen. Nay, Sandy——

Capt. Hark'ee, young bull calf, if you've a life to spare, in my regiment, it may serve your King and country.

San. Sir, the officer that could disgrace his profession, by injuring the individual, will prove but a poor protector to his country, and is unworthy the favour of his King.

Capt. A spirited sort of a scoundrel this !—Old one, I must have him. (*apart to McGil*)

McGil. You shall (*apart*) Sandy --remember my agency—tho'---I say, Sandy, upon recollection, I can't assign over a lease of the farm I promis'd you, unless you immediately pay me down a fine of 50*l.*

San. You know 'tis impossible for me to raise such a sum

McGil. I do. (*aside*) Oh, Lord ! can't you ? I'm so sorry—but you must quit the premises,

San. No indulgence—no consideration for the services I have render'd the estate !

McGil. Indulgence ! Sandy !——I thought you were as honest as—as myself ; but now I see you'd have me turn an unfaithful Steward.

San. You're a wretch ! a mean petty tyrant ! and may every unfaithful servant, who, like you, uses his delegated power to oppress the poor, and bring curses on the name of a worthy master, meet the villain's reward——shame and punishment !

[*Exit.*
McGil.

McGil. Damme, you go on the forlorn hope for this! Captain, you shall have him.

Jen. After all his labour and toil to improve the country, is my love to be driven thus out of it?

McGil. Come home, you huffey. (*to Moggy*)

Mog. Ah, do, father, do lock me up, but don't be so cruel to poor Jenny—

McGil. What are locks and brick walls against such an Algerine family as Sheltie's? Even the old water thief his father wou'd rob a Bishop of his butter boats!

[*Exeunt McGil. Capt. and Moggy.*]

Jen. And this is the completion of my happiness!

AIR.—JENNY.

The bleak wind whistles o'er the main,
The seaman trolls his jovial song,
He'll see his faithful maid again,
And blithe his tall ship rolls along.

From the mast head the cliff he spies,
His joys in pleasing hopes expand,
The tempest roars, the billows rise,
In vain he tacks to make the land.

Relentless breakers guard the coast,
His hope, his ship, himself is lost.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in SHELTY'S.

Enter LAIRD of COL, and SERVANT.

Laird Col. Only enquire if Mr. McGilpin is at home?

Ser. Yes, my Laird.

[*Exit.*]

Laird Col. I find my arrival is totally unexpected—The moment I set my foot on my little territory

territory here, I found my heart glow with all the pride of an ancient Scottish Chieftain! but no respect—no one to welcome me—no attendance—Who's there? (*with authority*)

Enter SHELTY.

Shel. Ha, ha, ha! there he has taken Moggy home.

Laird Col. Do you belong to the house?

Shel. No, but the house belongs to me—what d'ye want?

Laird Col. Manners!

Shel. I thought so, by your making such a noise—D'ye want any ale?

Laird Col. Do you know who you talk to?

Shel. Yes—who are you? Oh, one of my father's smuggling customers. (*aside*) You're a pedlar—

Laird Col. How?

Shel. I ask pardon, I did'nt see your laced waistcoat—you're the puppet-shew man come to Sandy's wedding?

Laird Col. Sirrah!

Re-enter SERVANT.

Ser. Yes, Mr. M'Gilpin is on the Island, your honour.

Shel. Honor! (*looks attentively at the Laird*)

Laird Col. Inform him his Laird is here—and that I command his immediate attendance.

Ser. I shall, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Shel. This Laird Donald? Oh dear!

[*Exit cautiously.*

Enter LAIRD of RAASEY.

Laird Ra. (*on entering*) Only order my bill.

Laird Col. The Laird of Raasey! Why, my good friend,

friend, what brings you to Col? and your appearance. (*surveying his dress*)

Laird Ra. Hush, my dear Donald? I as little expected to have met with you here.

Laird Col. But how! what?

Laird Ra. You may remember my sister Evelyn making a stolen match with young Cameron; the lad went for England to acquire wealth, the only qualification he wanted; and my sister, poor thing! to avoid my father's anger repairing here to Col, died in child-birth, leaving a daughter, of whom I am now in search.

Laird Col. But your canonicals! (*to his dress*)

Laird Ra. Why, Sir, meeting on the road an old domestic of mine, who is now in the service of a Parson Owen engaged to wed a couple here, I prevail'd on him, for a little cash, to assist me in a plan, that on the instant I conceived, to personate his master, he lent me these clothes, for I thought, in a feign'd character, if I cou'd discover my niece, I might unknown myself, have come to her real disposition: If capable of polish, I'd have snatch'd her from obscurity—but I find such a——

Laird Col. Oh, then you have found her.

Laird Ra. Oh, yes; but my niece, Miss Jenny, as they call her, may make a good farmer's wife, and in a young fellow, one Sandy, from his character, she's likely to have a most excellent husband—Ha, ha, ha! supposing me the Parson, just now, she wou'd have had me marry her to him! Ay, she may grace a dairy, and may thus be much happier than bringing her into a sphere her rustic education has render'd her unfit for; I shall give the lad some cash with her; but I shan't discover myself—And now for your affair——

Laird Col. I lately made this Island over to my son Robert—I parted with him last in London; he had then but just return'd from Hampshire, and the shooting season approaching, he told me he'd see what game my new gift afforded; but I don't know how—I can hear nothing of the boy—Fifteen years since I've been here, so, during recess of Parliament, I've taken a trip, to see if Bob has made any improvements, for his Hampshire journey made him a skilful farmer, I assure you;—besides, I was anxious to know how M^cGilpin, my Steward, has gone on: but I hear nothing but complaints of him, and yet the Island wears a fertile look.

Laird Ra. Like me, you shou'd have come incog, then you'd have seen the true face of things.

Laird Col. Ay, Sir, but no hiding the native dignity of a M^cDonald.

Enter SHELTY (very submissively.)

Shel. My Laird, forgive me taking you for a pedlar. (*bows low*)

Laird Ra. “The dignified M^cDonald taken for a pedlar!”

Shel. Pardon me, Sir, for taking you for a shewman! (*bows low*)

Laird Col. Ha, ha, ha! well, Sir, I shall excuse your apologies—now for honest M^cGilpin—

Shel. Yes, my Laird, he's as worthy a man—

Laird Col. Worthy! I heard---

Shel. All truth---he's as great a rogue as ever stood in the picture frame.

Laird Col. Well, let the gentlemen of the Island attend me——

Shel. Gentlemen! Yes, we will all attend your Lordship. (*bows*)

Laird

Laird Col. And let every one that has any charge
against McGilpin appear---If well grounded, I
shall see him punished—My Laird. (*to Laird of*
Raasey) [Exeunt Lairds.]

Shel. (*aping the Laird of Col.*) I shall see him pu-
nished ! hem ! a fine thing to be a great man---call
the gentlemen to attend me (*mimicking*) If I was
a Lord, what a deal of good I'd do to---myself---
I'd, if---that is supposing I was a very great man
indeed---I'd be the patron of genius and talents,
I'd reward the---stone-eater---I'd attend all sorts of
elegant---cock-fights, to shew my good nature, and
to shew my courage---I'd go to the most scientific
academies for---boxing---and then there's your con-
certs, public and private, where some great Lords
play the violin ; so, amongst those famous quality
hautboys, who knows how far my chaunter might
be esteemed in polite harmonifications !

AIR.—SHELTY.

Boys, when I play, cry oh crimini,
Shelty's chaunter squeaker imini;
In love-tunes I'm so emphatical,
Fingers shaking quiveratical ;

With agility,
Grace, gentility,
Girls shake heel and toe,
Pipes I tickle so ;
My jiggs fill a pate,
Titilate, pretty mate,

My hops, love, mirth, young blood circulate.

Oh, my chaunter sounds so prettily,
Sweeter far than pipes from Italy ;
Cross the Tweed I'll bring my tweedledum,
Striking foreign flute and fiddle dumb ;
Modern Rizzio's so,
Please ma'ams misses so,

Peers

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

Peers can merry strum,
Aft plays very rum,
I'll puff at square Hanover,
Can over, man over,
All the puny pipes from Italy.

I'm in talk a pedant musical,
In fine terms I lug intrusical,
Slap Bavura's alt, the rage about,
Hayden, Mara, opera, stage about;
Oratorios,
Cramers Florios;
Things at jubilee,
Neither he nor she,
Die at Syren's note,
Tiny throat, petticoat,
This is amateur high musical.

[Exit.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

*The Country.**Enter SANDY and JENNY.*

JENNY.

MY dear Sandy don't grieve; why should ill fortune disturb our tranquility, unless it cou'd lessen our affection.

San. M'Gilpin's design of giving you to the Captain distracts me.

Jen. But he shall not; my obligations to him are great; yet this tyrannic attempt to fetter my inclinations, and a suspicion that his motives are not quite disinterested, have somewhat abated my debt of gratitude.

San. And here won't let me continue in my farm, without this fine of fifty pounds, so I must give it up; but he laid it on to ruin me.

Jen. Well, and even so, are there not other farms, or no farm, cou'd you not be happy with your poor Jenny?

San. My source of happiness! when mine, I shall esteem you as a friend, respect you as a woman, and adore you as an angel—be for ever grateful

ful for your honoring me with your choice, before so many more worthy—I'll cherish you in my heart—love you till death—and protect you with my life.

Jen. When you are my husband—if you can have faults, to me they shall seem failings, but your virtues I shall esteem perfections—I'll advise you with candour, obey you with cheerfulness, make your home the seat of comfort ; yet, if you ever should quit your door with a frown, my smile of welcome should meet you at the threshold !

San. My sweet Jenny ! this Captain !—I cannot think of resigning you to him ; but if I truly love you, should I make you the partner of my miserable fortunes ?

Jen. I'll follow you, my Sandy, the world over, equally prepar'd to partake of your good fortune, or comfort you in sorrow—oh, don't deny me !

San. My dear Jenny !——let me wipe these tears from your cheek, they hang like rain upon an apple blossom.

AIR.—SANDY.

At dawn I rose with jocund glee,
For joyful was the day
That cou'd this blessing give to me ;
Now joy is fled away, Jenny.
No flocks, nor herds, nor store of gold,
Nor house, nor home have I ;
If beauty must be bought and sold,
Alas ! I cannot buy, Jenny.

Yet I am rich, if thou art kind,
So priz'd a smile from thee ;
True love alone our hearts shall bind,
Thou'rt all the world to me, Jenny.

Sweet

Sweet gentle maid, tho' patient meek,
 My lily drops a tear,
 Ah! raise thy drooping head, and seek
 Soft peace and comfort here, Jenny.

This is the first time I ever was convinc'd money
 was a blessing.

Enter BENIN, with a Letter.

Ben. Miss Jenny, Miss Jenny, a letter by the
 boat.

Jen. A letter for me! (*opens it, and reads*) "Ma-
 dam, the ticket, No. 125, of which you pur-
 chas'd one sixteenth at my office, is drawn a
 prize of 1000l. Your humble servant,

"GEORGE ROSS."

Heavens! what good fortune! now Sandy, you
 may keep the farm!

San. Eh!

Jen. My lottery chance—where is it?—you know
 I gave it to you—

San. Did you? (*with emotion*)

Jen. What's the matter?—let me see the paper
 —it's a sixteenth—stay—sixteen fifties—Lord! you
 can pay the fine—and we shall have—aye—I don't
 know how much in our pockets.

Enter Serjeant JACK, singing.

Serj. Eh! isn't this the lad I broke at cribbage?
 —'tis—hah, my worthy! I'm ready to give you
 your revenge at the boards again—or any game
 from lansquenet to tee-totum, ha, ha, ha!

Jen. Why, have you been playing at cards,
 Sandy?

San. Eh!---no---yes, my love---I---I had not the smallest idea---but---that is---distraction!--Oh, my Jenny! the die is cast! [*Exit agitated.*]

Serj. Poor boy! a generous lad too---spent his money freely on our recruits at cards. I touch'd him for three guineas at Shelt'y's, besides a lottery chance---

Jen. (*with emotion*) Sir, did you win a lottery chance from him?

Serj. Yes, my dear, I did; and I'll give it you for a kiss.

Jen. Sir! was it that number---but it must---he had no other. (*aside*)

Serj. The prettiest girl I ever saw---(*gazing at her*)

Jen. I say, Sir, was that the number? (*shews the letter*)

Serj. Oh, the number---the loveliest! a thousand! no, no, my dear, I'm not so lucky as that---but let's see---aye, here it is---ha, ha, ha!--125---tol lol lol!--a lucky dog am I---(*sings*)

Jen. Yes, it is it---my poor Sandy!--(*bursts into tears*)

Serj. Eh! is this because the lad has lost it? this is the girl he was to have married---thro' my whole life I've been a petty shifting dog, always on the lurch---yet, damme if I can enjoy this first visit from good fortune, as it brings tears into the eyes of a pretty girl.

Jen. By the loss of this, Sandy loses his farm, and I lose my Sandy!

Serj. Farm! true, the Captain told me this feat of his separating two lovers, and getting a man turn'd out of bread!

Jen. I suppose, tho' it was I bought the chance,

chance, they won't pay it me, as I cannot bring it to them.

Serj. Aye, the poor fellow was turn'd out of his farm, because unable to pay the fifty pounds the old rascal laid on it—now this wou'd just clear it—this is the first time I ever had it my power to do a generous action, and I've a strange curiosity to know how a man feels after one—(*aside*) Look y'e my las—before I knew this bit of paper was worth sixty pounds, I offer'd it you for a kiss—I'm not quite a nabob in point of cash—but if it was worth an hundred I scorn to go back of my word to one that can't call me to an account for breaking it—There's your ticket—a kiss was the price—but tho' my mouth waters, pay it to the lad you love. [*Exit.*]

Jen. Can there be so much worth where so little is expected? now to impart my joy, and make my Sandy happy! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

McGILPIN's House.

Enter Moggv.

Mog. Ha, ha, ha! father thinks he has me now sure, but I think if our trusty Benin, the black, procures me the clothes, as he promis'd—yes, my kind papa, I suspect I shall surely slip off from you again—Oh, here's poor Jenny—she's as unfortunate in her love affairs as myself.

x 2

Enter

Enter JENNY, agitated.

Jen. Oh, my dear Moggy! for ever I'm undone!---Sandy is---

Mog. Well, I know father has turn'd him out of his farm.

Jen. But then he is gone, in a fit of despair, and enlisted himself among the soldiers!

Mog. What a fool---make him run away from them.

Jen. Desert!---Oh, the punishment, if taken, is terrible!

Mog. If you cou'd procure a man in his place.

Jen. The equal of my Sandy! not in Scotland---

Mog. Oh, yes, my dear, there's another very good man in Scotland!

Jen. I mean no affront to your Charley, my dear---but I've sold my lottery chance, and I'm going to offer the money to the Captain, to see if he will let him off.

Mog. Money!--I wish I had a lottery chance, or somewhat---here I am going to run into the wide world, and I don't believe Charley and I, between us, can muster up ten shillings for travelling charges.

Jen. My poor friend!--I wish I cou'd assist her---(*aside*)

Mog. Ha, ha, ha! Jenny, I think you had better offer yourself to the Captain! I warrant he takes you in his stead---if not, you must, as the song says, "Pack up your tatters and follow the drum"---you'd make a very smart little soldier's wife---with a brace of bairns in your arms, and another little squat fat fellow squalling on the knapsack behind your Caledonian Alexander.

Jen. If it shou'd come to that, I'm prepar'd for all weathers.

AIR.

AIR.—JENNY.

Dearest youth this heart will break,
If cruel soldiers take thee far;
Why peaceful home and me forsake,
To tempt the dangers of the war?
But all is home where thou'lt resort,
My Sandy's smiles such comfort bring,
The humble village is a court,
Graced by the presence of a King.
My silken gear I'll leave behind,
Prepare to face the rain and wind,
With him I'll meet the blast so keen,
And smile while on the billows tost;
The heart where love is warm within,
Enjoys a May in winter's frost.

[Exit.

Mog. My sweet gentle friend!—my father uses her very unjustly—I'm certain her mother, for all he says of her poverty, and his charity to her, left the money behind that has been the making of him—She must be come of good people, from her refined sentiments and elegant manners—she quite eclipses me, yet I do not envy, but love her dearly—How long Benin stays—if he shou'd disappoint—perhaps betray me to my father!—no, here he comes, the faithful little fellow—has them—oh, precious!

Enter BENIN, with a Bundle.

Well, Benin, have you brought them?—shew me.

Ben. Yes, Missy, and I tink dey vil fit you.

Mog. My best creature——

Ben. Ah, Missy! but Massa lick a me, as I was vorse creature—Missy, if you run away, I run too—Massa killa me, if he know I help you.

Mog. Pshaw you fool, I'm not going to run away.

Ben.

Ben. Miffy, dere Miss Jenny write letter in parlour below—want me fetch it——Pray don't tell Massa I brought you clothes. *[Exit.]*

Mog. Let's see what you have brought—jacket, kilt, bonnet, complete. I won't even tell Charley of my design till I'm equipp'd—ha, ha, ha! I'll surprise him.---There I'll lay all snug---(*puts the bundle into a press*) Now if Charley cou'd borrow cash to carry us up to Edinburgh, father cou'd never find us out there—let's see, lud! I hav'n't above half a guinea left of my pocket money--- Oh, poor Charley and I---

Enter BENIN, with a Letter.

Ben. Miss Moggy, Jenny desire me give you dat.----

Mog. Very well. *[Exit Benin.]*
What's this! an Edinburgh bank note for forty pounds---(*reads*) “ My dear Moggy, for certain the Captain will never part with such
“ a foldier as my Sandy; therefore I shall take
“ your hint and ‘ follow the drum.’ As I shall
“ not want the inclos'd, accept it, my dear friend,
“ for travelling charges--besides a supply of cash
“ you will find necessary till you can obtain your
“ father's pardon for the step you are about to
“ take, in which be happier than your

“ JENNY !”

---My generous friend!--no, I will not enjoy happiness whilst you feel sorrow!--With the assistance of my Highland dress, here in my cupboard, if I once more elope, the first use I make of my liberty is to procure it for your Sandy---ay---tho' father catches me the next moment.

Enter

Enter MCGILPIN.

McGil. I'll first catch you this moment. (*takes a key from his pocket*) Go in there.

Mog. No, Sir!

McGil. Go in—— (*pointing to the room*)

Enter CHARLEY.

Cha. What's the matter, Sir?

McGil. Here's a young lady won't be lock'd up.

Cha. Oh, fie, Miss, refuse to be lock'd up—that's so unreasonable of you.

McGil. So it is—isn't it a proof of what value I set upon you!—Don't I lock up my guineas? You brazen-face go in there. (*puts her in*) If I should be obliged to go out, Charley, you will have a watch here. *as McGilpin turns his head to speak to Charley, Moggy, unseen by either, slips out; pulls Charley by the ear, and runs into the press*)

Cha. Now Sir what's that for? (*putting his hand to his ear*)

McGil. Charley don't say a word against it—it shall be as I like with my own family.

Cha. Yes, Sir, but when you count ears, pray don't consider me as one of your family.

McGil. Stay you there, my plague! (*locks the door*) I think I have you fast enough now, my deary,

Cha. My poor girl! (*aside*)

McGil. Charley boy, tho' I have the key, yet I scarce think I'm sure of her—she's full of hocus pocus—so, d'ye hear, now and then throw an eye to the door—that rogue, Shelty, must have been assisted by his grand-mother, the old witch I banish'd, to have got her out before.

Cha.

Cha. Eh! I'll encourage this thought—yet not seem to give into it. (*aside*) No, Sir, no.

McGil. Well, well, I defy the black art, I depend upon simple wit—

Cha. Simple indeed!

McGil. Charley, I am now going into my study, to practice oratory—my Parliament oration on the slave trade. If I can but persuade Jenny to listen to the Captain, I imagine I am pretty sure, by his interest, of some handsome appointment on going to London; so I must prepare myself on some important question—ay—the abolition of the slave trade is a popular motion.—Don't let any body interrupt me, boy! [*Exit.*]

Cha. I find he does'n't know yet that the old Laird Donald is arrived—his ridiculous idea of Sheltty's grand-mother being a witch, shews his poor brain is weak; and his prejudices of witchcraft are so very strong, that his credulity may be easily imposed on; he is prepar'd to believe any extravagance that may confirm his favourite opinion.—If I cou'd make it the means to procure my dear Moggy's release—to persuade him that—ha, ha, ha! I'm extremely tickled with the thought.

Shel. (*without*) Suppose he is busy.

Ben. (*without*) Well, I'll tell my massa—

Cha. And here comes Sheltty, in the nick of time, to help my project—I'll try it, however.

McGil. (*without*) I'll break your bones!

Ben. Me don't care—oh—(*crying*)

Cha. Hey! what now?

McGil. An impudent scoundrel!

Cha. Here he comes, and in a rare humour for my purpose—If I can but make him give her up
to

to Sheltly!—once she's out of these doors, I have my dear girl.

Enter M^cGILPIN with an open Paper, and BENIN, crying.

McGil. You villian! you shou'dn't have interrupted me at study—no, not for the Lord Advocate of Scotland.

Cha. What's the matter, Sir?

McGil. This black dog here disturb'd me in a speech which wou'd have done honour to Cicero, to announce Sheltly, the piper!

Ben. Why, Massa, I did taut—

McGil. You thought, you Canibal! what have you to do with thought.—There had I got into my fine speech on the African slaves—painting the distresses of the poor blackamoors—You dog, you shall live on bread and water for this. I was describing in the most pathetic—the most feeling manner, the cruelty of the planters to the unhappy negroes—I had work'd myself up to such a pathos, that even recounting their sufferings, brought tears in my eyes!—(I'll cut the flesh off your ugly bones, you miscreant!) (*to Benin, who kneels*)—Says I, and Sir, these inhuman task masters have no touch of pity for their fellow creatures!—Eh! Sirrah! don't you know your black race is ittle better than the Baboon, you Guineaswine!

Cha. Sir, don't put yourself into such a passion—he's not worth your notice.

Ben. Why, Massa, I only said—

McGil. Will you prate? interrupted for Sheltly!
(*looks at the paper*)

Cha. Ha, ha, ha!

Ben. (*apart to Charley*) Ah, you may well laugh—Maffa never beat you—Oh, he did so thump a me.——

Cha. This may give a lift to my scheme—(*aside*) No, Benin, Master never beats me, because when I find him in a passion I never answer him. (*apart*)

Ben. If that saves me a beating, I will never make no answer.

Cha. Don't, you know he's an orator, and likes to have all the talk to himself.

Ben. Ha, ha, ha!—then he shall—Thank'ye, Charley, when I find he raise his voice, I will no answer him—— [*Exit.*

McGil. I wonder Sheltie dares thrust his saucy face into my house.

Cha. Now for it—if I can but work upon his fancy—aye, Sir, Sheltie wou'd feign make you believe he has the power to bring you to terms.

McGil. Power, and terms, what d'ye mean?

Cha. And yet, I assure you, Sir, I put little or no faith in these sort of old woman's stories—there now his father Croudy too pretends to this gift of second sight—about a month ago, he got fortelling that Laird Donald would arrive here in Col—aye, this day—so you see what a fine prophet he is.——

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Sir, my master, Laird Donald, is arrived and wou'd speak with you. [*Exit.*

McGil. Eh!—why, Charley! did Croudy really tell you that Laird Donald wou'd come this day?

Cha. Heaven defend me! he certainly did.

McGil. Very astonishing!—his mother a witch too—why this is a blessed family—I begin to fear

to fear that nothing short of magic can keep my daughter from Shelly. But Charley, you must instantly set to work to regulate my accounts--- I must you know, colour over my little tricks--- if Laird Donald should be for peeping into my books---but I have a speech, with a spoonful or two of flattery, that is excellently adapted to talk him over.

Cha. A speech !---oh---I see Shelly's intent as he said---

McGil. Why, what did he say ?

Cha. Says he, just now, Charley, I have your master under my thumb---I know that the clue to his fame and fortune is his tongue---therefore says he, with my scissars of fate I'm determined to cut---

McGil. What ! to cut out my tongue with his scissars ? Oh, the bloody minded wretch !

Cha. No Sir ; to cut the thread of your discourse---to deprive you of---

McGil. Of what, Charley ?

Cha. Your power of---

McGil. Of what, boy ?

Cha. Of voice !

McGil. What ! make me not speak ? Impossible !---I will talk, tho' there were three women in company.

Cha. Yes, Sir, but what signifies your talking if you can't make yourself be heard ?

McGil. I not be heard, sirrah ! how dare you say so ? Does not my very whisper command attention ? I, that to strengthen my voice, and sharpen my articulation, roar every morning to the sea, with my mouth full of pebbles !

Cha. I tell you, Sir, it is his wicked determination

nation, if you don't give him Miss Moggy, to take from your speech all sound—that your voice shan't pass your own head—that you cannot be heard by any body but yourself, though you roar like fifty cannons. This, Sir, I thought a bounce, 'till this proof he has given me of foretelling the coming of Laird Donald, has stagger'd my doubts.

McGil. He cannot stagger my elocution!—my rhetoric is proof—I defy the power of Belzebub—

Cha. Bless us, Sir, look where he comes—and see the very talisman in his hand!

McGil. Eh! what, that crab stick?

Cha. Stick! its cut from the yew tree in the church-yard—and he told me he had it from the witch his grandmother—but this (*showing a stick*) was brought from Ireland—an Irish oak against the Devil himself—

McGil. Charley don't talk wicked—don't mention the Devil!—now I don't think the fellow looks like a conjuror!

Enter SHELTY.

Shel. Where's McGilpin?

Cha. You don't mean my Master?

Shel. The Master now has a Master.

McGil. What's that firrah?

Shel. Only the kicker will be kicked—Laird Donald is come—fine overhawling of accounts Master Steward, the eagle is pounc'd, you'll have something else to do than brooding over your tender chick, my old cock.

McGil. Though you wou'd take the chick from the roost—aye, from under my wing, you most catiff hawk, yet, you shall never prevent me from talking in spite of your arts, the old cock will crow.

Shel. Let's hear you crow.

Cha.

Cha. You see by his insolence, he's conscious of his power. (*apart to McGil*)

McGil. I do!

Cha. Shelty, forbear—

Shel. Forbear!—

Cha. You know I know your business.

Shel. Business! true, you know I'm a piper.

McGil. Keep off—if you dare to use your infernal scissars—

Shel. I've no scissars---but I have---look here, (*shows his stick*) I know you'll be hatching up a story to Laird Donald, but if you dare open your lips to the prejudice of me or my daddy---see, let this keep you silent.

Cha. He says that shall keep you silent.--- (*apart*)

McGil. Keep off your baneful yew.

Shel. I'm as good as you.

McGil. Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse—

Shel. Moon's eclipse!--he's touch'd.

McGil. Am I? has he touched me with it?—then farewell tone, trope, and beautiful figure! My flowers of rhetoric are faded---my period is at a full stop! You villain, you barbarous Goth! wou'd you annihilate the soul of eloquence? Overturn pathos! climax! images!—

Shel. Ha, ha, ha! Charley, do you hear him?

Cha. I do hear him, and he shall be heard in spite of your necromancy; my master can and shall talk.

McGil. O dear!--then I've still the use of my voice?

Cha. Yes, Sir, and you shall keep it. Hark'ye Shelty, dare to come near my master with your damn'd twig there; and I'll kick you and it to the Devil!

Shel.

Shel. Kick me, you little pick thank—I'll—
*(Strikes Charley with his stick---they struggle--Char-
 ley wrenches it from him, and thrusts him out.)*

McGil. Out with him, my hero—you're a clever boy, faith. *(Charley throws the stick down, uses much action, and moves his lips, as if talking)* Charley can't speak, he's so very angry---I never saw him in such a passion before---is he gone?—He is, the knave! so let's come to ourselves, and return to business---call Benin. *(Charley turns his face to the door, and moves his lips, as if calling.)* Why don't you call him when I bid you?—Sirrah, call him---What's the fellow at---is Benin coming?---an't I worthy of an answer? I shall knock you down if you stand making mouths at me, you rascal!---Why, can't you speak?---Eh! I saw Sheltie strike him with that fatal stick; but it's impossible---it can't be-- speak---I won't believe but you can!-----none of your capers upon me---come speak this moment---this instant say in plain audible English---how dy'e do, Mr. McGilpin---or down you are as flat as a flounder. *(Charley kneels in beseeching attitude, still moving his lips)*---Eh---poor Charley!---faith, if he has really lost his voice-- but I won't believe it---I'm strangely tempted to try it on myself; but then when I get into Parliament, if I lose my voice, I shall be fit only to be the Speaker---I'll venture---you Charley, sirrah, take up that stick and touch me with it, very gently, boy *(Charley strikes him)* Zounds that is enough to knock a man speechless.

Char. Oh, if I never recover my voice, I'm a miserable being!

McGil. Why you have, I heard you speak then very plain.

Cha.

Cha. Now my master's lips move as if he was talking.

McGil. Ha, ha, ha!—why I am talking, you fool!

Cha. Yes, they still move, but no sound—Eh! perhaps I may now have recovered my voice, by the stick touching him—Oh, true, Sheltie told me that the dumbness was transferable!

McGil. Transferable!—the dumbness—what's that you say, boy?

Cha. May be he's not inclin'd for talking.

McGil. Sirrah, I'm always inclin'd for talking.

Cha. I'll ask him a question to prove it. Sir, what shall I do with this wand of Sheltie's?

McGil. Burn it.

Cha. Speak, Sir!

McGil. I say to the flames with it; and I believe on a statute of James the Sixth, I cou'd burn the owner.

Cha. Dear Sir! speak if you can.

McGil. Why I am speaking, you puppy!

Cha. Yes, by the motion of his lips, the poor Gentleman thinks he's talking.

McGil. Zounds, I'm bawling!—I won't believe but I'm heard.

Enter BENIN.

Ben. (*apart to Charley*) What humour is he in?

Cha. Sheltie has put him in a passion?

Ben. I taught so by his roaring—I won't answer whatever he says.

Cha. Don't.

McGil. Now I'll see if—Know if I've really lost my voice—(*aside*)—Here, you scoundrel Benin, do you hear me?

Ben. Tank you, Charley.

[*Exit.*
McGil.

McGil. Tank you Charley, aye, 'tis plain I cannot make myself be heard—Oh! I'm dumb—I have lost my voice, (*bawling*) but it can't be!—This may be a confederacy—hold—if so, my daughter can't be in the plot as no body could have spoken to her since I lock'd her up here within. True, and even the windows are nail'd down—I'll see if she can hear me—(*unlocks the door and goes in*)

Cha. Oh, the plague!—now Moggy will answer him, and overthrow all my magic.

[*MOGGY peeps out of the Press.*]

Mog. Charley—

Cha. You there---why, I believe the black gentleman has been at work in earnest---how the deuce got you there, and the key, which lock'd you into that room, in your father's pocket?

Mog. Hush! I'm dressing--why, you're humming him nicely---but only get him out of the way, and off we go.

Cha. Pop in, here he comes.

Re-enter M^cGILPIN, in a great rage.

McGil. She's gone---I shall go mad---he has got her out, but how? no other way but the chimney, or the key hole---how the devil!---bless us---yes, if Sheltie cou'd carry her off, when here---I found the door lock'd, I can no longer doubt his power to take my speech---Oh, I'm a most miserable old gentleman! (*weeps*)—I'm in grief, and have no body to pity me—I complain, and none can hear my lamentations but hold—as Charley recovered by my getting the dumbness, I can as easily transfer it to somebody else, and so recover my own voice, ha, ha,

ha, ha ! --except his taking Moggy—If this is the worst, a fig for his power—I've a great mind to return it again to Charley, but his voice will be necessary to explain my accounts to Laird Donald.

Cha. Well, Sir, what does Miss Moggy say to her lover's tricks?

McGil. Pshaw! this fool tantalizing me with questions, when he knows I can't make him hear my answers!—who shall I confer this favour on? Eh—ay, stupid Benin, the blackamoor, has little occasion for his guttural sounds—some revenge too for his interrupting my studies just now.

Enter BENIN.

Ben. Sir, here's Laird Donald.

McGil. Oh, dear! I must recover my tongue to talk him over!—Yes, I'll give my dumbness to Benin—I'll bang you into silence, my double dy'd swarthy acquaintance (*takes the stick from the ground*)

Ben. Tank y'ee, Charley. [*Exit.*

McGil. He has hopp'd off like a black-bird—wou'dn't even wait till I shook salt on his tail.

Cha. I see my only method to get master out of the way, is to bring him into disgrace with Laird Donald, which, from the complaints of all the tenants, and the Laird's haughty temper, a little thing will do. (*aside*) Oh, dear Sir, yonder comes the Laird, and I believe the whole clan.

McGil. Then I'll touch Charley, for speak to Laird Donald, I must, and use a good deal of palavar too.

Cha. Now, Sir, what will you do? stay—odso—well remembered; Sheltie told me one virtue of that wand, whilst its held in the left hand, a person

can be heard by every one but the very person they address.

McGil. Eh—

Cha. Now Sir, you've an opportunity of doing what no body does ; to speak your mind to a great man.

McGil. I never spoke my mind to any man.

Cha. And my dear Sir, instead of this fine complimentary speech which you intended, I would speak boldly to him ; by that you may still keep up your own consequence amongst the tenants, without incurring his displeasure, as he will be the only person present that cannot hear you.

McGil. I'll abuse him !—Zounds ! what a great bird they'll all think me ! for a Highland Chief is a Demigod amongst his vassals—ha, ha, ha !—here he marches at their head, like a great turkey.

Enter Laird of Col, SERVANT, and HIGHLANDERS.

Laird Col. Well, Mr. *McGilpin*—(*pauses*) with the remembrance of my person, you seem to have lost all duty for your Laird.

Cha. Hem ! my Laird—Collect yourself, (*apart to McGilpin*) I say, my Laird, I have the honor to be confidential Secretary to your Lordship's Taxman ; and, my Laird, in a most respectful speech, the voice of your whole Island of Col constitute Mr. *McGilpin* their humble mouth. (*bows*)

McGil. Humble mouth ! I didn't think Charley cou'd speak so pretty !—I'm glad I didn't unvoice him. (*holds the stick in his left hand*)—As he can't hear me, I'll give it him on both sides of his ears—in what a superior light they'll all

all look upon me in future—now for it—off I go! hem!—Sir, you Donald here—in the name of the assembly present, and the Island in general, I tell you, you are an oppressive upstart tyrant—in a word, you are a proud old puppy! (*smiling, and the action of servile adulation*)

Laird Col. Hey!

McGil. He's surpriz'd I don't speak! and they are all struck with wonder at what I do—I'll at him again. (*aside*)—And so you've got into Parliament?—a pretty representative of the people, to stand like a puppet, with your leg out, and turn and twist, just as the Minister pulls the wire fastened to your jaws, you stupid blockhead!

Laird Col. How!—this confirms all I have heard—but I could not have believ'd his insolence rose to such a height—lay hold of the ungrateful villain!

McGil. Why my Laird did you hear me?—Charley!—

Laird Col. Apprehend him! (*Highlanders seize him*) I wish, like the ancient Barons, I had the power to hang you on the instant.

McGil. Oh, my Laird!—Oh, you rogue Charley!

Laird Col. On my authority take him to prison; till he renders an account of his charge—away with him!

McGil. Oh that rogue Charley!

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III: *and last.**Before SHELTY's House.**Enter Captain DASH and Serjeant JACK.*

Capt. Ha, ha, ha!—Well, Jack, our success is even beyond my expectation—I think I shall flap my colours, and you sport your halbert in Calcutta: but as soon as we've our compliment of men, we must decamp.

Serj. I've done my best, because I undertook the thing; but under a false hope, trappanning the poor fellows from their homes and families—Pressing in the sea service is a cruel contradiction to our boasted freedom, and a disgrace to humanity!—but we are worse—we have made the Highlander's loyal affection to his Chief the instrument of his slavery!

Capt. Why, Jack, you had none of these fine morals when I found you a drumm'd-out trooper; and on my promise of a halbert, had your consent to join in any scheme that might better your fortune.

Serj. Why I was drumm'd out, though sav'd from lashes by the clemency of my Royal Master; but my only crime was insolence to my officer; I was saucy, and I deserv'd punishment—yet, when a soldier, I never forgot I was a man; and now blush to think, by an act of dishonour, I have sunk beneath the noble character of a Briton.

AIR.—SERJEANT.

Old England, great in arts and arms,
For manly worth, and female charms,

Renown'd

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

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Renown'd has ever been ;
And now the care of bounteous Heav'n,
Has to happy Albion given
A gracious King and Queen ;
In their Royal progeny our blooming prospects smile,
The fair possess'd of every grace,
And in the gen'rous sons we trace,
The guardians of our isle.

On Cressy's plains an Edward fought,
A captive King to London brought,
'Twas there his glories shone ;
Tho' terrible in battle, he
Cou'd shew, by God-like clemency,
He grac'd the wreath he won.
Whene'er ambition tempts the war, we're ready for the field,
To find a Cressy still in France,
A Royal Fred'rick weilds the lance,
And holds Britannia's shield.

Let fame record Eliza's days,
Her trumpet tune to songs of praise,
The grand Armada see,
The Invincible she overcame,
Then Spanish pride was turn'd to shame,
By Britons great and free.
Old Neptune thus exulting, to Royal Clarence spoke :
" If woman once cou'd guard my realm,
What triumph now, when at the helm,
I place a heart of oak."

Capt. This Sandy that I've just now 'listed, is a clever lad—old M'Gilpin shoving him out of his farm, has plump'd him into our net.

Serj. I wou'd certainly fish up men by hook or by crook ; but can't enjoy the prosperity that's built on the destruction of another.

Capt. Pshaw ! nonsense !—what the Devil is come to you ? this Sandy is—oh, have you seen his Jenny ?

Serj. Yes, I have seen her, and wish she was his.

Capt.

Capt. With she was his ! very civil, when you know I love her to distraction—hey ! what's here ?

Enter MOGGY, dressed as a Highlander.

Mog. I beg your honour's pardon, but hasn't your honor 'listet one Sandy Frazer ?

Capt. Yes, my lad, and I'll list you too.

Serj. Yes, we'll 'list you, if you're willing.

Mog. It's for that I'm come, if you'll take me in my brother Sandy's place.

Serj. Why is Sandy your brother ?

Mog. Yes, Sir, he is, and the eldest of eight little brothers and sisters, not one of them but me, able to earn a morsel of bread for themselves ; Sandy and I did tolerably well for them while he had the farm, as he was able to take care of them, because he cou'd manage and provide, and knows ten times more about land nor I, from his having been in England — No, I can never do it : if you take him away, what will become of my brothers and sisters—Yes, they'll be starv'd—oh, merciful good Captain ! take me, and discharge brother Sandy !——(*cries*)

Capt. Ha, ha, ha ! you young dog, do you think I'll exchange an effective man for such a whipper-snapper as you ?—get along, you little monkey !

Mog. I am a little monkey !—oh ! I shall never be able to maintain the family !—oh ! (*cries*)

Capt. Why, Jack, (*to Serj.*) ha, ha, ha ! here is another opportunity for your sentiment !

Serj. Yes, and for your humanity, if you have any. (*walks up*)

Capt. Go home, my boy.

Mog.

Mog. Sir, I have rais'd a little bit of money here, by selling some of our stock ; if this cou'd make up for my deficiency, till I grow bigger ?

Serj. (*advancing*) Hey ! money !

Capt. Money !

Mog. Yes, Sir, if you'll accept this forty pounds and me, in the place of my brother Sandy—Oh, worthy noble Gentlemen ! you'll see what a good fine soldier I'll make in time.

Capt. Forty pounds——

Serj. And this youngster will grow taller.

Mog. Oh, yes, Sir, I intend to grow a deal taller.

AIR.—MOGGY.

Tho' I am now a very little lad,
If fighting men cannot be had,
For want of a better I may do,
To follow the boy with the rat tat too ;
I may seem tender, yet I'm tough,
And tho' not much o'me, I'm right good stuff,
Of this I'll boast, say more who can,
I never was afraid to meet my man.

I'm a chickabiddy see take me now now now,
I'm a merry little he, for your row dow dow,
Brown Befs I'll knock about, oh, there's my joy!
With my knapsack at my back like a roving boy.

In my Tartan plaid a young soldier view,
My philibeg and dirk, and my bonnet blue,
Give the word, and I'll march where you command,
Noble serjeant, with a shilling then strike my hand.
My captain, as he takes his glass,
May wish to toy with a pretty lass,
For such a one I've a roguish eye,
He'll never want a girl whilst I am by.

I'm a chickabiddy, &c.

Tho' a barber never yet has mow'd my chin,
With my great broad sword I long to begin,
Cut, flash, ram dam—oh glorious fun !
For a gun pip-pop, change my little pop-gun.

My

My foes shall fly like geese in flocks,
 Ev'n Turks I'll drive like turkey cocks,
 And where ever quarter'd I shall be,
 Oh, Zounds ! how I'll kiss my landlady.
 I'm a chickabiddy, &c.

Capt. Well, my little-tall boy—(*writes in his pocket-book, and tears a leaf out, which he gives to Moggy*)—there's your brother Sandy's discharge—I take your forty pounds, and there's a shilling.

Mog. A shilling!—generous Captain! thank'ye Sir—this paper—what a present for my poor dear friend Jenny! (*aside*)

Serj. Sir, we are lucky rogues! this forty pounds comes to us most apropos! (*apart*)

Capt. We and us!—In profit I am solus. (*to Moggy*) Now you are the King's man.

Serj. And Sandy is his own.

Enter SANDY (as a Recruit) and SHELTY.

Mog. There's your discharge, Sandy; no more the King's, you're now only Jenny's man.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. Ah, Sandy! how cou'd you forsake me?

Capt. Jenny's man—Hey! the Devil!—what's all this about?—Here, you little busy rascal. (*to Moggy*)—True, my lad, (*to Sandy*) as he says, you're free, but I'll order your pert young brother here up to the halberts—

San. Me!—I've no brother!

Capt. Why, what the devil is all this you've been telling me, firrah? (*to Moggy*)

Mog. Oh! Lord! Sir, I'm the greatest fibber you ever knew,

Capt. Why, you little son of a gun—

Mog.

Mog. No, Sir, but I happen to be daughter to an old great gun!

Enter CHARLEY.

Here's my match, touch! and hey! (*gives him her hand*) I'm off like a sky-rocket. (*runs off with Charley*)

Jen. Sandy, didn't you know her?

San. But, my dear, what has she been about here?

Jen. Oh, Sandy, she's a worthy girl.

Capt. She!—a woman!—have I parted with an Alexander, to make a soldier of a girl!

Sbel. A soldier!—the Captain has been listing Moggy M'Gilpin.

San. Ha, ha, ha!

Jen. My dear whimsical good-natured friend!—may she be as happy with the lad of her heart as she has made me with my Sandy!

Capt. Oh, ho---I see it now---then you have been a confederate in this imposition, (*to Sandy*)

San. Totally innocent; and yet Captain, I'm an impostor, as well as yourself.

Capt. How? Me firrah!

Laird Col. (*without*) This way——

Capt. Damme, I'll—(*threatening Sandy*)

San. Nay, Sir, be cool, here comes an old gentleman that will find us both out.

Enter LAIRD of COL, and M'GILPIN.

Laird Col. (*to M'Gilpin*) Sir, you stand upon your own guilt or innocence—you've turn'd the sword of justice into a reaping-hook, and her balance to a money scale—but it's putting a weapon into the hands of a madman, to give power, where

the mind is base and venal ; so expect no favour from me—And pray, Captain, by whose authority do you enlist men in this island ?

Capt. The King, and my Colonel.

Laird Col. Who is your Colonel ?

Capt. The owner of this island, my friend, young Robert M'Donald.

Laird Col. Well, this is rather odd ; my son a Colonel ! the first time I ever heard he was even in the army.

Capt. Son !—Jack, (*to Serj.*) Zounds, if—can this be the old Laird ?

Laird Col. (*seeing Sandy*) Eh ! is't possible ! Bob !

Capt. Why, Sir, do you know this Sandy ?

Laird Col. What do you mean by Sandy ? This is my son Robert, your friend—Colonel M'Donald.

Jen. Indeed !

McGil. What, Sandy our young Laird !

Laird Col. But son if you are a Colonel, as this Gentleman says, I don't admire the mode of your uniform.

Donald. Why, no, Sir—but this gentleman dubs himself a Captain, his friend Bob a Colonel, and then cruelly degrades me to a private in my own regiment, ha, ha, ha !

Capt. This young Donald ? confusion !—Jack, we are undone—they'll hang us. (*apart*)

Serj. “ We and us !—In hanging you are solus ”——(*mimicking*)

Laird Col. Then Robert, you are the Sandy I've heard so much of for improving the land ; but why disgrace yourself and family, by turning plough-boy yourself, lad ?

Donald. Sir, nothing disgraces any family but a dishonourable action ; and of that I am unconsci-
ous

ous. I came hither, as I told you I should on my shooting scheme; but on the instant of my arrival, a transient sight of this lady inspir'd me with the design, which has made me the happiest of men. In this sequester'd Isle I have found this lovely flower, whose disinterested smiles upon the farmer, have proved she must grace the bosom of the Laird.

Laird Col. But, still your whole conduct to me wears a face of mystery; your turning common foldier—how?—Come, Sir, I insist upon a full and clear explanation.

Donald. Sir, my motives for enlisting were, to secure this gentleman's conviction, for his very impudent fraud, founded on a forgery of my name—and by fabricating imaginary distresses, I have prov'd how far true love wou'd go to alleviate a real one.

Enter Laird of RAASEY. (in his Disguise)

Laird Ra. Well, I am come to bid you, farewell, my Laird.

Laird Col. Going?

Laird Ra. Yes, but where is this lad? I don't know how to find this Sandy Frazer.

Laird Col. Ha, ha, ha!—Oh, Sir, there stands the gentleman (*points to Donald*)

Laird Ra. An honest looking youth—so then young man you purpose to marrying Jenny—

Donald. If she will honor me.

Laird Ra. It is an honor, if you knew all. (*aside*) Here's an hundred pounds with her; don't ask why I give you this—she's wild and vulgar, but keep a tight rein, and you may reclaim her.

Donald. Sir, whoever you are, keep your advice and money for those who want them.

Shel. Want them! then, Sir, give my father the advice, and me the money.

Jen. Sir, tho' I have not the honour of knowing you, and wou'd wish not to deserve the character you are pleas'd to give me, yet I humbly thank you for your generous intention.

Laird Ra. You, madam!—I mean Jenny!

Donald. Well, Sir, this is Jenny.

Laird Ra. This!—why, you are not the young woman that was wanting me to marry you to Sandy just now?

Jen. Me, Sir, to my recollection, I never saw you before.

Shel. The Doctor has been taking his whiskey.

Laird Ra. Very odd this; I must have been impos'd on.

Shel. Oh, yes, they forgot to mix it for you.

Laird Ra. Pray, Madam, who are your parents?

Jen. I know not.

Laird Ra. (to *McGil*) Sir, from you I expect, and must exact, a confirmation of what indeed I scarce now entertain a doubt, (*looking at Jenny*) Tell me what you know of this young woman.

McGil. First, Sir, tell me am I obliged to tell you?

Laird Col. You are. (*authoritatively*)

McGil. Then, Sir, you must know—upon my word, my memory is so very bad, I can't recollect any thing at all of the matter.

Laird Ra. What, Sir, not recollect the 500l. left her by her mother?

McGil. The five pounds! I tell you, were I even on a trial, I never could remember what I was

was determined to forget—however, Sir, if as 'I now find, you are the Laird of Raasey, I'll make a free confession, if 'twill do me any good,

Laird Ra. Well, Sir.

McGil. This is your very neice, the sweet babe that was born in my house.

Laird Ra. 'Tis confirm'd—I saw there the features of my beloved unhappy sister, (*embraces Jenny*) I now, with pride acknowledge her for my neice.

Laird Col. Do you?—then I acknowledge her for my daughter-in law.

Shel. Hard now that I can't turn out to be some body else:

McGil (*to Donald*) I protest, Sir, had I known you were our young Laird Donald, I'd never have turn'd you out of your farm.

Donald. Ha, ha, ha!—Why, I believe you.

McGil. So, Sir, I hope you'll procure my Laird's pardon for the genteel manner in which I had Miss Jenny brought up at Miss Kilcooburry's boarding-school, at Inverness—you know, Miss, what a fuss I made about you when a little fat puppet.

Jen. Indeed, Sir, whatever may have been his other failings, to me he has prov'd an affectionate guardian—permit me, also Sir, to recommend to your favour the worthy serjeant here, to whose unexpected generosity I partly owe my present happiness.

Serj. Thank'ye, Ma'am—I own I came here on a very roguish plan, which, if you can prevail on the young Laird to pardon, let it extend to my friend, the Captain—'twas I that led him here, to help my recruiting scheme—we were partners in the guilt.

Donald.

Donald. Recruiting, call you it---kidnapping---a disgrace to your profession---for in your zeal for the service, remember, that honour shou'd be the characteristic of an English officer.

McGil. But now your justice, my laird, on this curs'd, juggling, conjuring piper Sheltie, who has, without my consent, run away with, and married my daughter.

Enter CHARLEY, and MOGGY in boy's cloaths.

Cha. (to McGill.) Sir, give me leave to introduce Captain McGilpin, (*presenting Moggy*)

McGil. Moggy! hey---turn'd foldier?

Mog. I am, Sir, and under the command of General Charley---the real parson Owen, who is now below, gave the word---'twas love, honour, and obey.

Laird Ra. (looking at Mog) Ay, ay, this is the young lady that is so clever at fibbing; how do you do Miss Jenny?

Mog. Pretty well, I thank you, master Parson!

Laird Col. My dear son, the noble manner in which you have made your choice, with all my family pride, gives me pleasure---Madam, I wish you joy. (*to Jenny*) Your affections have been proved, and you must both be happy---where virtue and innocence reside Heaven is the orphan's friend; and I wish every fond pair, who marry for love, may thus be rewarded with unexpected felicity.

Shel. If I was sure of that, I'd marry for love myself.

Donald. All we want now is the parson.

Parson

Parson Owen (without)—Cot's splutter! hur will see if difinity can hafe lāw, and if law can have justice.

Mog. Ha, ha, ha! Then here comes the Parson.

Laird Ra. What then becomes of me?

Enter Parson OWEN (in a great rage) and TAFFY.]

Parf. Shew him to me you knave.

Taffy. That is the man, Cot knows (*points to Laird Ra.*)

Parf. Yes, here is the wolf, not in the coat of the sheep, but in the fleece of the shepherd—If, in my name you have christened any young couples, or married any little childers, they must pay me—or if you have buried any body, cot splutter! they must pay me!—

Laird Ra. Stop, my good doctor, don't be in a passion—I confess myself an imposter; but you prove your mission by Christian meekness—Here, for the hire of your cloak of sanctity---Here's Peter's Pence (*gives money.*)

Parf. This proves you no churchman---You're not a curate, for you hafe gold to give away---you're not a beelhip, for you do give it away---Taffy, you knave, your master has gold!---Sir (*to Laird of Ra.*) If you're an anabaptist, I'll christen you---if you're a fool I'll marry you---if you were dying, I'd bury you look you, but as you are a wise christian, to keep you alive and merry, oh! for my harp! these fingers shou'd so play, that every one shou'd dance to the tune.

Shel. Doctor, give me half the money, and my pipes to your harp, will make a choice duetto---I'm a conjuror!---these are comical conjurations

rions!---The tenant is the landlord---the poor orphan is the lady of the land---the captain is no soldier---the soldier is a woman---the 'prentice is a master---the master is---nobody---the Welch parson is a laird of much land---and poor Sheltie the Scotch piper, your humble servant to command. This is the happiest day I ever saw in the Highlands of Scotland! and whether I tap the barrel, or tune the chaunter---Hey! let's all be merry.

FINALE.

Don. Come sprightly Lowland lads,
Shel. And Highland
 Lad, trip here in jovial glee,
Fen. Gentle winds from ev'ry island,
Don. Waft hearts merry, blythe and free.
Shel. At Sheltie's house,
 In gay carouse,
 Your hours employ,
McGil. Oh, well said boy!
Serj. Lay supper down, and broach the booze;
 To wish the young folks love and joy.
Chorus. Whiskey, frisky,
 Prancing, dancing!
 Sorrow kick to Nick the De'el,
 Care or trouble who can feel,
 Liltin' up the Highland Reel?
Mog. Mind, dearest lad, I tell you fairly,
 Married, I must have my way,
Cha. I'm sure dear lads, you'll govern rarely,
 Love and honour, I'll obey.
Don. Nor marriage chain?
Shel. Nor bit nor rein?
Mog. The duce a bit!
McGil. A gamefome tit!
Shel. Gadzooks! poor hen-peck'd Charley!
McGil. A wife man I, my child's a wit.
Chorus. Whiskey, &c.

Don.

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

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- Don.* The torch of love by Cupid lighted,
Never shall extinguish'd lye.
- Jen.* True vows at Hymen's altar plighted,
Rosy hours the knot shall tie,
- Don.* Earnest this
- Jen.* Of heavenly bliss,
- Both.* My only love.
- McGil.* Well said, by Jove!
- Don.* Sweet blossom, ne'er be blighted!
- McGil.* She'll coo like any turtle dove.
- Chorus.* Whiskey, &c.
- Cha.* Great Cicero, (*to McGilpin*) this grand occasion,
Since you've now your tongue so free,
Calls forth your finest declamation,
- McGil.* Sir, a pinch of your rapee, (*to Laird of Col.*)
My pate's so full,
My empty mull,
- Don.* As all depend
On each kind friend,
First, last of your oration,
Indulgence hoping lowly bend.
- Chorus.* Whiskey, frisky,
Prancing, dancing,
Sorrow kick to Nick the De'el,
Care or trouble who can feel,
Lilting up the Highland Reel.

THE END.

THE NITELLYND REEL

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ALFRED;
OR,
THE MAGIC BANNER.
IN THREE ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,
IN 1796.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Alfred,	Mr. PALMER.
Hastings,	Mr. AICKIN.
Hubba, ..	Mr. CAULFIELD.
Earl Burhred,	Mr. DAVIES.
Eustace,	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Odune,	Mr. GARDNER.
Anlaff,	Mr. JOHNSON.
Sveno,	Mr. R. PALMER.
Hollybush,	Mr. WATHEN.
Gog,	Mr. FAWCETT.
Ofwald,	Mr. BURTON.
Lady Albina,	Mrs. KEMBLE.
Bertha,	Mrs. HARLOWE.
Blanche,	Mrs. GIBBS.

EARLS, KNIGHTS, SAXON AND DANISH SOLDIERS, PEASANTS, &c.

SCENE, *Dorsetshire.*

A L F R E D;
OR,
THE MAGIC BANNER.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

A Close Wood.

Alarms and shouts.

Enter SWENO, running (with a Standard).

SWENO.

MY head has escaped a thousand uplifted English faulchions, but my heart is pierced by the eye of an English damsel. A poor exploit for a lusty warrior to take my body prisoner, when my soul is already captive to a puny girl. (*retreat sounded without*) The dismal trumpet of our flying Danes.— (*march without*) The exulting clarion of the victorious Saxons. If they make a prisoner of me—the bold Danish standard bearer—our magic ensign shall be safe. (*retires to a thicket*)

Enter

Enter BLANCHE.

Bla. Silly I, in such times of peril, to run about the country seeking Eustace—but my joyful heart tells me he's not kill'd—if so, this precious scarf, presented by my love, will be my only sad remembrance. Now to make my way home, thro' bush and bramble—should any straggling Danes meet me——

1st Sol. (without) Hollo! hollo!

Enter two Danish SOLDIERS (with drawn swords)

2d Sol. Thus far we have brought our lives. Surely our standard-bearer, Sweno, came this way——ha! (*seizes Blanche*)

Bla. Help! help!

Sweno. (advancing from the thicket) The very beauteous girl! (*aside*) How now, brother soldiers!—a rare prize you've got there.

1st Sol. Oh, Sweno! Ay, a prize—won by me. She's mine.

2d Sol. But I first saw her, and therefore she's mine.

1st Sol. 'Twas I that seiz'd her, and by this sword I'll have her.

2d Sol. Oh, if you swear upon swords, I'm there as sharp as you. (*they prepare to engage*)

Sweno. Hold—Here are two curst barbarous brutes, going to fight for this dainty morsel; if I cou'd play the fox and snap it up. (*aside*)

1st Sold. Come this way, damsel.

2d Sol. I say, come to me. (*they lay hold of her*)

Sweno. Stop—Is the poor creature to be drawn to pieces between two wild asses? I'll decide this point——Here

—Here I shoot an arrow, and he that brings it to me, she's his.

Bla. Oh, heavens!

Both Sol. Agreed. (*Sweno shoots an arrow, the Soldiers run off*)

Bla. I see your purpose to save me, kind-hearted generous stranger.

Sweno. Yes, I've sav'd you for myself——*Aye*, you may run, but I win the prize——come.

Bla. In pity spare me! Oh—where—where now is Eustace! (*struggling*)

Sweno. Take Sweno to your arms. (*he clasps her, she winds her scarf round his head, then runs and hides in a cluster of trees*)—Eh! (*takes it off*)—Gone! then our game has been blindman's buff—Oh, you treacherous little pullet—I must give up my character of fox, I've made myself as great an ass as my rival comrades——English! I'm taken.

[*Runs off.*]

Enter Earl BURRHED, OSWALD, KNIGHTS, and ATTENDANTS (as hawking).

Earl B. Is not that a Dane that fled? Bring him back.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

But to return to our sport.

Osw. If your humblest vassal might offer an opinion, when an enemy ravages our country, it is not a moment for a Saxon Baron to give up his time to amusement.

Earl B. Audacious villain! haven't I castles, lady, family, and vassals, as great a stake as any Noble in the land? Besides, the Danes are routed. You, the high priest of my diversions, my head falconer, to prate! At home and abroad to be teiz'd thus
—my

—my wife Albina, hangs upon my arm, with “do, my dear Lord, stay at home with me; why will you prefer the airy swoops and skirmishes of silly birds to my company.”—then she thinks to melt me with her tears—and here you to cloud the bright meridian of my sport—Begone!

Ofw. Then thus I throw up my employment; and while there’s a Dane in England, here’s the implement of my future game. (*draws*) Alfred the King is now my only master. [*Exit.*

Earl B. So now I’m without a falconer; unlucky the defection of this knave.

Re-enter ATTENDANTS, with SWENO.

Sweno. (*kneels*) Mercy, most valiant Baron—

Re-enter 1st Danish SOLDIER, with the arrow.

1st Sol. Huzza! the damsel’s mine—Oh, ho! [*Sneaks off.*

Earl B. What are you? (*to Sweno, fiercely*)

Sweno. A lie is my only shield. (*aside*) Now your prisoner, but formerly I was grand falconer to Hubba, our General.

Earl B. Indeed! this is fortunate. (*aside*) If I lend you life, cou’d you repay it with faith and diligence?

Sweno. Let me take your hawks to the field, my Lord, there lies my approved service.

Earl B. And shall, firrah—

Knight. My Lord, take a Dane into your house! our perfidious enemy.

Earl B. We’ll try his skill in hawking, and if he fails, his flesh shall serve as a breakfast for my beloved birds.

Sweno.

Sweno. (aside) I've left our Danish banner yonder—without it our army will fail—if so, Sweno bid good night to fortune.

Earl B. To our sport, and then for a morning beverage at Gog, the carpenter's cottage yonder. Go *(to Sweno)*—I always keep a rogue before me.

Sweno. And I sometimes keep a rogue behind me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Carpenter's Yard before Gog's House.

Enter Gog, carrying large Timber.

Gog. (throwing it down) Yes, that bit of stick will make two shafts for Gaffer Clump's waggon—*(sits and fans himself with his hat)* I'm a man that's useful and generous—giving up my pretty time, and my handsome labour, to make carts and wheelbarrows, only to oblige every neighbour that will honestly buy them of me—Wife! Bertha! *(calls)*

Bert. (speaking at a window) Is that Gog?—whither hast been, husband?

Gog. How fond these women are of asking questions. What hast got in the house?

Bert. A good wife's in the house when I'm not out of it.

Gog. Come out then, and in good company, with a slice of bread and bacon, for I'm a man that loves delicate fare.

Enter EUSTACE hastily (in Peasant's dress) and BERTHA, from the house.

Eust. How we have fought! Oh, what a golden day!

Gog. And left me to an iron day among my saws and hatchets. Was this your promise when you hired to chop trees for me.—What hast been about?

Bert. I must excuse the poor lad. (*aside*) Why, husband, I sent Eustace——

Eust. Yes, dame, you know you sent me——

Bert. Down to the garden——

Gog. What did you want in the garden? Speak, I'm a man that loves the truth.

Bert. To—to—cut a few cauliflowers.

Eust. Yes, I was cutting cauliflowers. (*a bloody sword drops from Eustace's cloak*)

Gog. (*takes it up*) Cauliflowers! Why you've been cutting red cabbages. You villain, you've been chipping somebody's head off. Oh you most bloody-minded rogue! Get from my house—I wouldn't sleep under one thatch, where there's such a fist as yours, and half a dozen hatchets at your elbow——

Eust. Then the truth is, I've been diverting myself among the Danes.

Gog. Diverting yourself! Pretty morning's pastime this!

Eust. Aye; and you should have been with us.

Gog. Me! I'm an old Briton. As the Saxons came over and took our inheritance, let the Danes come and take it from them—its only one thief robbing another. But I say, how dare you go hack men, when I wanted you to saw deal boards, you great rogue you? (*Eustace throws down a purse, which*

which Bertha picks up, and Gog snatches) how nimble finger'd these women are---what's this my honest boy?

Eust. A proof that the Danes, besides heads on their shoulders, brought money in their purses.

Gog. My pretty lad go out and divert yourself every week day---and we'll all be merry on Sunday. I'm a man that loves to be merry. (*Shaking it*)---Eustace, some poor soul has died for this---ah! it will add another bunch to Blanche's portion.

Bert. Now Gog don't you consent Eustace shall have our daughter Blanche?

Gog. Certainly, no man more willing than I to marry off his daughter, when its the son in-law pays the dowery,

Eust. Thanks my dear, dear Bertha. (*kisses her hand*)

Gog. Be quiet. I want no journeymen at that work. Eustace you shall be a bridegroom; oh, its a pretty thing, how I shou'd like to be a bridegroom.

Bert. What Gog, wish to have another wife?

Gog. Oh! no, dear spousy---one wife is full enough. Come, don't be angry, you know I took you. tho' I might have married the rich young lady that fell in love with my dancing.

Eust. But where's my sweet Blanche?

Bert. Aye, she loves you Eustace---she wou'd go look for you all thro' the dangers---

Gog. Let a handsome young fellow run to the devil, he'll always find a woman to run after him.

Enter BLANCHE.

Eust. Blanche! you seem faint my love---What's the matter?

Bla. Only a little weary. (*She leans on Eustace, they walk up*)

Gog. (*looking out*) Lord, lord, here comes the Earl, and all his train!

Enter Earl BURRHED, attended.

Earl B. My new falconer's skill is beyond what I cou'd have imagined—but where is this gallant Sweno?

Gog. My Lord, you are right welcome to the dwelling of Gog; and your Lordship is come most timely to let the benediction of your Grace shine out on the solemnity of our aforesaid wedding. (*bows*)

Earl B. Aforesaid wedding! who are to be married, Eh?

Bert. Please your Lordship our daughter Blanche—

Gog. Will you hold your tongue wife—Yes, Sir, as I told you our daughter Blanche to—

Bert. My husband's journeyman.

Gog. Shut your mouth, and keep your teeth warm. Yes, Sir, as I said to my journeyman, he's the handsomest—cutler of red cabbages.

Earl B. But is this a time for joy when your country is drowned in sorrow—

Gog. Sorrow! wife bring a stoop of wine.

[*Exit Bertha into the house.*]

Earl B. A hospitable peasant! I consent to this wedding.

Gog. You consent! you might have waited till it was asked: now this blustering Baron I warrant is meek enough before his betters—aye, he that is proud in one house is generally a sycophant in another. (*aside*)

Re-

Re-enter BERTHA, with wine.

Bert. Will your Lordship honour this flagon with your noble mouth.

Earl B. (drinks) You'll make her a good husband. *(to Eustace)*

Gog. Aye, and me a good grandchild.

Enter SWENO.

Earl B. Ha! my trusty falconer, here drink to the happiness of that young couple. *(Sveno drinks)*

Gog. Why this is a Dane—eh, he may cut my throat whilst I've the cup to my lips—Eustace when I drink watch and be my surety and then when you tipple I'll be your guard and pledge you, as is now the custom when Danes and English drink together. *(apart)*

Sveno. By heavens my wood nymph again—the the bride! oh, oh—*(aside)* My Lord in your commendations of my trifling skill you promis'd your favor, and left me to name how you cou'd bestow it: here the means offer; yon fair damsel is betroth'd to me. *(pointing to Blanche)*

Eust. (advancing) How!

Gog. Why you most portentous brock, she never saw you before.

Sveno. Speak my love, is'nt this the dear pledge of your affection that with your own lily hand you threw round my unworthy neck? *(shews the scarf)*

Eust. The very scarf I gave you! oh Blanche!

Bla. My senses are lost in surprise and indignation.

Eust. Treacherous girl! with my own will I'll never see you more.

[*Exit.*

Gog. Will he never come back?

Bla.

Bla. Oh Eustace ! (*weeps*)

Bert. Eustace ! (*calls*)

Gog. Hush wife, I owe him six weeks wages.

Earl B. I'll have this marriage solemnized at Corfe—here is the bridegroom—(*presenting Sweno*)

Gog. That ! my daughter's mine, I've said Eustace shou'd have her, and whilst I've a leg at liberty I'll kick any varlet that dares take her against my will.

Earl B. So ready with your legs. (*aside*) Well, well, I admire your spirit, you certainly have a right to give your daughter to whom you please.

Gog. Your Lordship is very good, I hope you're not offended. (*bows*) I shou'd be sorry that the solid wedge of your genteel kindness shou'd be knock'd away by the mallet of my rusticability.

Earl B. You're a very clever, industrious mechanic.

Gog. His Lordship is mighty civil, (*aside*) why I don't boast of genius, but my foolish brain has hit upon tolerable improvements in my trade.

Earl B. Did you make all those implements yourself ?

Gog. Aye, and moreover invented many.

Earl B. What is the use of this ? (*pointing to a pair of stocks*)

Gog. That, Sir, is to bind refractory people by the legs ; it is to be put before the church porch next Sunday.

Earl B. Compleat, no doubt, but I don't comprehend the principle of the mechanism.

Gog. Oh, very simple ! I'll shew you, my Lord—Suppose most noble Baron, you were a public disturber and I the beedle ; I'd say—" Sit down you vile ruffian"—there he sits, (*sits*) put in your hinder

hinder paw, you noisy dog—(*puts his leg in*) now my Lord you're the beedle—look at me as soft as a hand saw—very well, turn that—there the culprit's fast.

Earl B. So now the offender can't get out?

Gog. Oh no, Gog don't make his work so slight as that. If I was at this moment to see a hawk run away with one of my chickens, I'm the man that here must sit.

Earl B. Very well—now Sweno, take your blushing helpmate. (*to Sweno who seizes Blanche*)

Bla. Oh father! Eustace!

Gog. My daughter!

Earl B. Bear her to Corfe Castle. There the pious Austin, my Chaplain, shall join your hands.

[*Sweno carries her off.*]

Bert. Blanche! my child.

[*Exit.*]

Gog. Murder! thieves! and the devil! The hawk has got my chicken—I can't even get one leg out to hop after. (*struggling*)

Earl B. “Oh no, Gog don't make his work so slight as that—you're a man that there must stay.” So farewell most ingenious mechanic—sit quiet—and contemplate on the vicissitudes of fortune.—

[*Exit.*]

The Scene closes on Gog.

SCENE III.

King ALFRED's Camp, near Wareham.

Enter ODUNE and ANLAFF.

Odu. Well, you like the terms?

Anl. No—but we perforce must subscribe to them.

Odu.

Odu. You Danes have taken rather too much trouble, to sail here merely to be conquered.

Anl. Aye, scoff now, but fortune may yet befriend us.

Odu. Then you design to break the treaty?

Anl. Oh no—not till occasion offers.—
(*Grand flourish*).

Odu. Here come Alfred our victorious King, and Hubba your beaten General, to sign it.—
(*Flourish*).

*Enter at opposite sides, ALFRED and SAXONS—
HUBBA and DANES.*

Alfred. Cruel and pitiless Dane! So thou art beaten, and now come to sue for peace; for thy unprovoked ravages upon our happy island, thy rapine, and thy murders the avenging hand of Heaven hath struck thee down! Yet, vanquish'd as thou art, had the contention been for thine own, I still would say—Hubba, thou hast fought nobly.

Hub. Alfred, when your Saxon ancestors invaded Britain, did they then fight for their own? But possession giveth right.

Alfred. Then why dispute ours?

Hub. We are no usurpers; we come not hither merely to snatch the crown from Alfred's head—we are here against England.

Alfred. Therefore do I oppose you. My enemy I regard not—Supine and passive tho' I bear a private injury, I shall be ever active to revenge a public wrong.

Hub. We march'd to the field for war—but hither are we come for peace—Say, is it granted us?

Alfred. Danes and Saxons hear the terms.

Odu.

Odu. (*reads*) "The Danes shall restore the fortresses they have taken, and instantly evacuate the dominions of Alfred."

Hub. What on our side?

Anl. (*reads*) "The Saxons shall not interrupt the Danes in the conquest of any other part of the Island."

Hub. Take notice, Danes, on these conditions peace is hereby ratified with our natural enemy.

Alfred. Natural enemy! expression most unnatural!—Away with such distinctions among men! If the affections for our families should be exceeded by that for our country, let the circle stretch round the globe. The falacious and execrable policy, couched in such a phrase, is the source of incessant variance. Nay, what is even our shining patriotism, but the centre of a narrow prejudice, that only contracts the mind, and shuts it up from the glorious flame of universal brotherhood.

Odu. Our warlike spirit, King, well might prompt us to sign this bond in blood.

Alfred. But we are Christians, therefore in milk be it subscrib'd—pure and white as my intent to keep it. (*signs*)

Hub. (*signs*) The chance of war compels and here I sign.

Enter OSWALD, hastily.

Osw. Where's the King?—my liege, the sea off Purbeck is cover'd with a new arrived fleet of Danish ships!

Enter 1st Danish SOLDIER.

1st Sol. Joy, noble General! (*to Hubba*) the reinforcements under your colleague Hastings, the
VOL. IV. D D Briton,

Briton, have already landed—some are now on their march to our relief; the frightened Saxons fly before them.

Hub. Alfred, there's your treaty of peace—*(tears the bond)* and thus your beloved England shall we scatter to fragments! where now is your boasted hand of Heaven?—Come Danes—adieu Saxons; farewell gentle King you may sow in peace, but we will reap in conquest. *(flourish)*

[Exit with Danes—Saxons opposite.]

Alfred. Perfidious enemy!

Enter EUSTACE, richly habited.

Eustace!—say how has the coast been guarded—where was Earl Burrhed's care? this his vigilance! his scouts from Corfe did they sleep, or were they bribed to treachery? And Eustace where hast thou been?

Eust. My King! I've basely trifled away the time that should have been devoted to your service—disguis'd, I've labour'd like a servile hind to win a peasant beauty.

Alfred. *(with severity)* Pleasure may be the happiness of vice, but happiness is the sure pleasure of virtue. These are no times for dalliance. *(shouts and alarms without)* The Danes approach Wareham—We must cut our passage thro'. *(going)*

Eust. Hold!—Alfred's hand can only grasp one sword, whilst his life's a shield for millions.

Alfred. And that life shou'd not be resign'd but to the command of Heaven that gave it—Tell Odune quickly to repair to Devonshire; his holds are there strong and impregnable. The Barons too—they must preserve communication from their castles till we can muster strength to oppose our
barbarous

barbarous foe. But hold—Know, Eustace, the hostile leader of this expedition is like yourself a Briton—this is not the moment for doubt—unequivocally declare---do you with me resist Hastings your rebel countryman, now leagued with our invaders, or will you raise a weapon against England?

Eust. Oh Royal Alfred! far dearer to me than my natural parent---the tears for whose death thy kind adoption hath wiped away--thou, the indulgent guardian of my youth---the star of science and virtue that illumin'd my early mind --never will I forsake thee. (*they embrace*) (*shouts encrease*) My liege under the semblance of a peasant---look yonder (*points off*) the garb I wore in my truant ramble---clad in that disguise you may pass the Danish host in safety.

Alfred. Come then---just providence pour every hardship on me, but let me live to save my country!
(*alarms without*)

[*Exeunt Alfred and Eustace hastily.*]

SCENE IV.

The Isle of Purbeck.

Enter HASTINGS and Danish SOLDIERS.

Hast. No—still keep under arms—Oh, Britain! where first I drew my breath, do I come to thee an enemy? as I approach'd thy much-loved coast, whilst that thought drew colour into my face, it seemed that thy pale cliff blush'd with the reflection

from my glowing cheek—ere my impious foot trampled on thy green bosom, why didst not thy stony limits dash my ship in pieces, and thy white virgin mound grow truly red, stained with a traitor's blood!—but I am sworn to assist the Dane.

Enter HUBBA and DANES.

Hub. Oh welcome Hastings! welcome my noble auxiliary; are all your forces landed?

Hast. Yes, every man a phalanx in himself; his soul a flaming brand; his body a mighty javelin—But you have had a defeat?

Hub. Only trading in blows, took more than we gave—you plaguy Britons are pretty liberal dealers in that sort of barter; but all our ill-fortune is owing to that dastard Sweno, who at the first onset disappeared with our magick standard; had this battle been fought under the auspices of the Sacred Reafen, we shou'd as heretofore have been crown'd with victory. (*trumpet without*)

Hast. The trumpet of the enemy.

Enter EUSTACE, HERALD, SOLDIERS, &c.

Eust. I come from Alfred—When he granted the peace you implored, why renew your abhorred work of devastation? Why, (ungrateful to the power that spared, when it might have crushed) do you appear ready again to stain those hands in blood that have been newly wash'd with the tears fallen from the helpless victims of your ruthless fury? Alfred asks, why you have broke the treaty?—and requires, that in compliance with its terms, you'll instantly depart his territory.

Hub. England is ours——

Eust.

Eust. Yours ! by what tenure ?

Hub. This ! (*touches his sword*)

Hast. Inform your King, a Briton, who fled to Denmark from Saxon usurpation, now returns—Say, that Hastings comes to drive Alfred from the field of his fathers.

Eust. I also am a Briton ; but learn, countrymen, from me that the liberal mind expands beyond the narrow bounds of local affection ; what's in a word, a sound of breath—no matter how pronounced—Briton, Dane, Gaul or Saxon ? Alfred is a man, great, because he's good !

Hub. (*surveying Eustace with contempt*) Oh I've heard of this stripling when a babe—found, as 'tis rumour'd, in an eagle's nest ; and foster'd here by Alfred——

Hast. (*agitated*) Indeed !—the peculiarity of this circumstance—So ere my precipitate retreat from Britain, my infant boy, my Eustace, was lost.

Eust. How !

Hast. It may be—I would wish to think it so—Tell me, young man, what truth is there in this story ?

Eust. Do I, at this first meeting with a parent, behold his sword raised against my Sovereign, my youth's protector ?—(*Hastings and Eustace embrace*)

Hast. My son !

Hub. Why waste the precious moments in cant and whine ? Suppose you are son and father—What are kindred ties ?—Knots of straw, to the burning ardor of a soldier's fury.

Eust. Oh, father ! these the monsters you have leagued with, against the generous Alfred ! You are human, this a brutal savage, whose passions are his law. Prevail on them to keep the sacred oath

oath they have taken, rather than become a party in the destruction of that country which nature and justice urge you to protect.

Hub. Eh! why this prating boy has staggered our trusty prop.

Hast. Eustace, prove you are my son, and follow the Danish standard—meet Alfred as a foe.

Eust. Never!—whilst I revere a parent, let me not forget that gratitude is the first bond of humanity!

Hast. He's right—Shou'd the first precept of a father teach treachery to a friend—Eustace, let me not warp your purpose—throw your shield before Alfred; but as I came—I am, his enemy!—Yet hold—father and son oppos'd in battle!—Boy, give me thy helmet; by this exchange we may avoid each other in the field. (*they change helmets*)

Hub. You warriors! giving parting tokens, like a base-born rustic and a dairy wench! Nothing but talk—to action! Instantly set fire to the castle at Wareham! (*to the Soldiers*)

Hast. An example which I'll follow at Corfe.

Eust. My father, you may attack the noble Alfred; but my sword shall teach yon boasting Dane, that to defend the oppress'd is the genuine glory of a soldier! [*Exit.*]

Hub. Come, let us pour like a torrent on the head of Alfred.

Hast. This is losing a wild beast on a man—No—I'll lead my forces against Wareham, you attack Earl Burghed at Corfe. [*Exeunt severally.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*Inside of Corfe Castle.**Enter BLANCHE.*

BLANCHE.

THIS is a fine castle ; but to force one into finery, is putting rich trappings on a filly. That malicious wretch, Sweno, to say I gave him the scarf ! Eustace thinks me false—Oh that I cou'd but see the Lady Albina—she's good, and I'm certain wou'd let me run home again. They may kill me, but marry Sweno I never will.—Eh—here comes my Lord's jester.

Enter HOLLYBUSH, with a Friar's Dress on his arm.

You're the Earl's fool ?

Holly. Yes, I'm the fool, for I live well and do nothing. Very strange, that the only wit in a court should be a fool !

Bla. What's your name ?

Holly. I don't remember being christened ; but let any man say, " Hollybush, take this horn of " wine, and I'm the man that drinks it."

Bla.

Bla. But if any man says, "I want to give Hollybush a beating—where is he?" are you the man that will say, here am I?

Holly. Who'd be fool then—ha, ha, ha!

Bla. How unfortunate that the Lady Albina is absent—she would not suffer her wicked Lord to tear me from my dear Eustace, and my sorrowful parents. What's that?

Holly. The cowl, stole, and all that of Father Austin. Tho' I'm a fool and he's a friar, yet one of us two is my Lady's Confessor.

Bla. How shall I escape?—Eh, isn't that the villain falconer that brought me here?—(*pauses*) By what I heard from Sweno himself, he can't read—ha, ha, ha! I'll try. (*aside*)—(*tears paper from her pocket-book and writes*) Hollybush, give this to Sweno. Mind don't say you saw me; tell him that was sent from Gog's house; this will be doing a very good deed—there's money. (*offers money*)

Holly. It's only a knave must be paid for doing good, but I'm a fool. Keep your money.

Bla. Lend me this cowl; (*takes the dress*) and if Sweno asks you to read that paper for him, be sure you don't. [*Exit.*]

Holly. I'm very kind, really I'm a worthy creature—my generosity is that of the lion; whereas in general human kindness is of a cat-like disposition—Call it, it turns tail and walks away; don't seem to want it, and it comes purring about you.

Enter SWENO.

Sweno. Where the plague is my sweet Blanche?—Hollo! heark'ye, fellow!

Holly.

Holly. You my fellow ! Oh then the Earl has got a new fool ! (*surveying him*)

Sweno. Eh—why, my friend, you're rather satirical.

Holly. Most people would be so, Sir, were they not afraid of Satire. I've been looking for you these three hours, to give you that ; it was sent to you from Gog's house. (*gives the note*)

Sweno. Read it.

Holly. Can't you ? Let my speech teach you—to read naturally, and speak correctly, read as if you were speaking, and speak as if you were reading.

Sweno. But I never learned to read ; I was a natural wit ; now they taught you because you were a fool.

Holly. Then the difference, Sir, between you and me is, I'm a fool and you're a natural ?

Sweno. Why you're clever.

Holly. Am I so, Sir ? Good bye. (*going*)

Sweno. Stop—I want you.

Holly. You do not. When a man extols our abilities in our hearing, it's a sign he does n't stand in need of them.

Sweno. Pshaw ! I want to hear.

Holly. You shall hear, Sir—Hollo ! (*bawls very loud*). [*Exit.*]

Sweno. There's an impudent varlet ! Oh here's a friar ; he shall read it.

Enter BLANCHE, (disguised as a Friar).

Bla. Now if I can but escape, and for retaliation make Sweno himself guard me home. (*aside*)

Sweno. Holy Father, read that for me.

Bla. Invention befriend me. (*aside*) (*reads in a feigned voice*) "Kind Sweno—I ho' hid by my
"terror, my love for you is much"——

Sweno. Why this must be from Blanche—love for me! Excellent! But how could this come from her father's and she here in Corfe?

Bla. (*reads*) "Your castle was so dreadful, I
"found means to get to my father's, where I
"now am"——

Sweno. Fury! How did she escape?——

Bla. (*reads*) "Come to me; there's a friar in
"the castle, coax him along with you. If you
"delay, my father gives to Eustace your affec-
"tionate," "BLANCHE."

Sweno. Oh joy!—I'll be with her, and bring a friar too. (*aside, looking at Blanche—takes the note*) Why my young faint, there seems very little writing for the number of words you read.

Bla. Oh that is because its writ in Laconian character. I am now going to christen a babe.

Sweno. Stop——Marriage should come before christening—therefore, you must first marry me to a beauty.—You must go with me to Gog's house.

Bla. Charming! (*aside*) I cannot go with you—I walk now to a holy well, round which I scramble twelve times on my knees. I shall proceed in fear, lest I be met in my way by any of those pagan Danes, they have little respect for our holy order. Yet the duty of my function calls, and if even murdered, I shall die a martyr.

Sweno. I'll be your defender.

Bla. You are yourself an infidel.

Sweno. On my life I'm a true believer—for I do most sincerely believe, if you refuse to go with me
this

this instant, I shall the next send you up to Heaven, with your head under your arm. [Exeunt.]

Enter Earl BURMED, ALBINA, and ATTENDANTS.

Earl B. But, Albina, why contradict my pleasure, when it is an honorable match 'twixt Sweno my falconer and this rustic maiden.

Alb. Nay, my Lord, think less of your falconer and amusements abroad, and give me your thoughts and your company at home.

Earl B. Very true, my sweet Lady—where is Friar Austin?

Enter HOLLYBUSH.

Holly. Just walk'd out of the castle with Sweno—the damsel, Blanche, has run away with Father Austin's cassock. (*aside*) My Lady, when you want the friar, you'll find him all sanctity—a nut without a shell.

Alb. Reflect, my Lord, the Danes expected every hour to attack the castle—stay to defend your lands, your property—nay more, your wife, who loves you tenderly. You would not at home be exposed to greater dangers than those you daily encounter in the perilous pleasures of the chase. Have I been remiss in tenderests of affectionate duty. Why this cruel indifference? Come, my Lord, prepare to repel the expected invaders—your Albina wou'd be your shield—I wou'd receive the shaft aim'd at the heart I fear no longer mine. (*weeps*)

Earl B. Nay my dear Lady---indeed I love you well---(*kisses her hand*) and so adieu, I'll see you presently, don't be melancholy; here you dull fool, why don't you divert your Lady? [Exit attended.]

Holly. If she's to be diverted only by a dull fool, your ill success makes me afraid to attempt the trial.

Gog. (without) Tell not me of cross-bows and port-cullis's, I will have my daughter.

Albi. Who is that?

Holly. Gog the carpenter.

Albi. Call him hither?

Holly. Hither, no Lady, I'll call him by his name---Gog!

Enter Gog.

What's the matter?

Gog. The matter---I'm angry.

Holly. Angry before a woman---wear my fool's cap till the fit's over.

Gog. Clap me in the stocks! I'm a man that's industrious. Yet like an idle fellow there I stuck in my own work. But, madam, my lord's wife shall know it all---where's the Lady Albina?

Holly. Why that is---(*Albina makes signs*) ha, ha, ha! oh, oh, oh!

Gog. Ha, ha, ha! oh, oh, oh! what the devil do you mean?

Alb. (aside) I may know more by not being known myself---did you want our lady?

Gog. Madam, I've had a heavy loss.

Holly. Heavy! wrong in your phrase; if you have lost, you're the lighter.

Gog. Oh if I had that gobbling turkey, the Baron's falconer, Sweno here, how I wou'd dance upon his breast bone---Madam, I've been so ill used.

Holly. Wrong again, to have people use you well never tell them you've been ill used by others:
your

your first complaint is listened to, your second is thought troublesome, and for your third you are despis'd—Kick'd down stairs.

Gog. What's that?

Alb. Come tell me your grievance, and I'll lay it before my Lady.

Gog. I'll let my Lord know I'm an old Briton—my veins swell like blue ropes with the blood of the great Caractacus—and tho' I'm an humble carpenter I can——

Holly. Throw the hatchet.

Alb. Nay be calm, so much do I know of my Lady Albina's heart that I can assure you she will feel most sensibly for any miseries brought upon her vassals by the misdeeds of an injurious and oppressive Baron.

Gog. Madam, Earl Burrhed took my daughter Blanche from a young man that loved her, how wou'd he like to have his wife taken by another?

Alb. In truth he deserves somewhat of that by way of punishment.

Holly. Lose his Lady! punishment indeed—such a good Lady, so beautiful, so charming!

Gog. I'm a man that loves the damsels myself, but I never thought of such claw work—I'll tell you, Madam—fool listen—one Easter Tuesday, this very Lord's father bringing all the company from the castle down to our green, we danc'd before them, at first they laugh'd in a sort of flour, but at length their hearts got so merry, they couldn't keep their own illustrious timbers quiet, but needs must join in our dance. Here they went, and there they went. (*mimicks*) Swept and swam with such grace and stateliness that they put us all out. However the Lady, my partner, was so taken

taken with my footing it up to her, that soon her languishing eyes said, I wish you and I were partners for life—So Gog never went about the bush, but put the question so plump, that on the spot she promis'd to marry me.

Alb. Well, and she did marry you?

Gog. Oh, no!—my father sent me the next morning to finish a job in the North; and I've never heard any thing of the Lady from that blessed hour to this.

Holly. Madam, join in my joke, and you shall have revenge on your noble indifferent husband. (*apart*) Well, Gog, this is the strangest affair! the Earl has taken your daughter, and you have a most excellent opportunity for vengeance.

Gog. How?

Alb. Ay, how, good Hollybush?

Holly. Why the Baron's lovely wife, our great Madam Albina, is that very identical Lady you danc'd and fell in love with, on the green.

Gog. What's that!

Holly. Come, Ma'am, you're my Lady's favorite confidante—Sure you, as well as myself, have heard Lady Albina mention this circumstance.

Alb. Excellent fool! (*apart*) Is it possible this can be the charming youth, her rural partner, that my Lady so often speaks to me of with such rapture?

Holly. It is this very clumsy, awkward, stupid looking dolt: but the fancy of women! every eye makes a beauty—Come, Ma'am, now do tell poor Gog what the Lady Albina said of him——

Gog. (*ruminating*) That sweet young creature Lady Albina—then after dancing with me she must have married my Lord.

Alb.

Alb. "Oh friend"—said she to me no later than yesterday—"though my person is wedded to the Baron, my soul is united to my first and only love."

Holly. Then Gog she really promised to marry you?

Alb. Yes; but what are promises.

Holly. By King Alfred's new law, they are solemn contracts.

Gog. (*pauses*) Solemn contract!—Was her bare promise so very binding!—it was—The Baron has married my wife—She's my betrothed.

Alb. Oh, no no——

Holly. I say aye, aye—Lady Albina is—Mrs. Gog.

Gog. You're right, fool, she is Mrs. Gog—to all intents and purposes. Aye, one of the Mrs. Gog's, I was forgetting my poor Bertha. I'll have my Lady—I'll claim her of the Baron.

Alb. Delightful! (*apart*) Now, Hollybush, what wicked mischief are you raising. Don't think of such a thing. (*to Gog*)

Gog. I will—What do you presume to advise a man about his wife! Go brush your Lady's toiler, Madam Prattlechops.

Holly. I'll lay this noble, that if you do claim her, she quits the Baron, and goes home with you.

Gog. He took my child, and I will have his—no, my wife—And as for my old spouse, Bertha, she shall be my besom; I'll sweep the house with her, if she dares to talk. (*traverses*)

Alb. Well, I'd wish to see my Lord punished for his slights, and also my Lady happy; but after so long a separation, she should see you better attired.

Holly.

Holly. She shall too—I know the way to the wardrobe, tho' a yeoman you shall look a Knight.

Gog. Alfred is a just King, he'll give her to me—if he's beat out by the Dane, the Dane will give her to me—if the Dane's beat out by the fortune of war, I'm a man that will beat the Baron, and take her herself. *[Exit.*

Alb. Ha, ha, ha! thanks for this device—it may reform my negligent Lord into an affectionate husband.

Holly. Aye, my Lady; when he fears to lose, he'll strive to hold you.

Alb. That Gog may not know me again, I'll dress most magnificently; and as a pretext, a banquet must be ordered.

Holly. And shou'd the Danes visit us, nothing like jovial cheer, to put ill tempers into good humour. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*A wild Country, and distant View of the Coast.—
Scattered Cottages on fire.*

Enter ALFRED (in EUSTACE's Peasant Dress).

Alf. In this humble garb I am thought too mean a prize to be pursued—no gems or studded arms to tempt the spoiler. Those ruffians that fell like wolves on yon defenceless village, must have been an harassing party, detached from the main body of brutal Hubba's force—Ha! I knew not I was wounded—my limbs fail me—*(leans against a tree)*

Enter

Enter HASTINGS, with a drawn sword, and Danish SOLDIERS.

Hast. Disorderly, shameful conduct! This is not the march of an army, but the irregular rambling of freebooters. On pain of death, no Dane set fire to another cottage. In chace of the lion Alfred, and delay in the slaughter of sheep!—See! the unhappy peasants fly their blazing hovels!—I've work'd myself into a fever, by hastening to their rescue—and this burning desolate plain affords nor shelter from the scorching ray, nor spring nor refreshment—Oh, you have found water.

Enter Danish SOLDIER (with water in a helmet).

How difficulty creates value. The most sparkling juice of the richest grape never look'd half so tempting—now for luxury—every drop's a liquid gem. (*going to drink*)

Alfred. (*not seeing them*) Oh—I—faint——

Hast. (*in a low tone*) Who's this?—a Saxon peasant.

1st Sol. One of the base herd that dar'd to prevent us from plundering their mud-built hovels.

Hast. Soft! (*puts the Soldiers aside*)

Alfred. The torments of extreme thirst!

Hast. Thirst!—poor fellow—his greater necessity has banish'd mine—I'll first allay—but hold; my flinty companions wou'd deride my weakness, and call pity cowardice—(*aside*) March on, whilst I question this wretched boor; by promises or threats I may extort some useful information.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

(*Hastings looks after them, then turns, raises Alfred's head, and holds the helmet to his lips*). Here, slake thy parched throat. (*Alfred drinks*) Don't thank me, 'tis I that have receiv'd the greater pleasure.

[*Exit.*

Alfred. A Dane!—Kind, generous barbarian!—That a friend to man should be an enemy to Alfred.—Now refresh'd, I may find shelter from the storm that overwhelms my unhappy subjects. I'm uncertain as to the fate of Eustace. Can he have deserted me! Those Barons too, my intimates, who shared with me the cheerful ray of courtly sunshine—where are they now? In the height of our jocund moments, when we chose our gay companions, it were well to throw a thought on the real friend, who would also partake with us the trying hour of sorrow. [*Exit,*

SCENE III.

A Banqueting Room in Corfe Castle.

Distant Alarms.

Enter HOLLYBUSH.

Holly. Very many dangers without—there they are—Many comforts within, here I am.—Well, these are rare times, when a hundred wise men are sent out to fight, to keep one fool at home in safety, ha, ha, ha! Sweno takes Blanche home, without knowing he's so kind—Eustace, sword in hand, flourishes in here, to protect the damsel,
little

little thinking that he only defended my all worthless Lord, who ran away with her. But Eustace beating the Dane from the castle, has left me and my lady a clear stage for our merry play upon the Baron. Oh, here he struts, crowing at the victory, tho' he hid himself whilst the work of death was going on.

Enter Earl BURRHED, KNIGHTS, &c.

Earl B. I think we gave our uninvited visitors such expressive hints of their no-welcome, that they'll not again come here till sent for.

1st Knight. Eustace pursued the routed troops too far.

Earl B. If he falls, I'll take the merit of the victory. (*aside*) Yes, Eustace was indeed fool-hardy.

Holly. You had it between you, my Lord, he was hardy, and you were—tol, lol, lol. (*sings*)

Earl B. Ha, my Lady wife! (*looking out*)

Holly. And bravely attired. I think Gog can't know her again. (*a splendid banquet served*)

Enter ALBINA (richly dress'd) and ATTENDANTS.

Alb. My dear Lord, are you safe?

Earl B. Why how now, Lady mine! did you predict, that my simple efforts in your defence, were to give a most brilliant occasion for feast and splendour?

Holly. Yes, my Lady, in fight my Lord is a most valiant—looker-on. (*aside*) Here's to the honor of my victory! (*drinks*)

Earl B. Why, 'twas I that beat the Dane.

Holly. Well; didn't I drink to the fool's victory.

Earl B. How, firrah!

Holly. I'm silent—Those who are empty of ideas talk much and very loud—a drum makes a great noise.

Earl B. Let's have music.

Holly. I'll give you the vocals.

Earl B. You!

Holly. Nay, my Lord, I'm sure I've as fine a voice to-day—as I shall have to-morrow. (*they sit—musicians play*)

Holly. Stop—let's have morality—The first glass of wine we drink, after what is necessary, is a sin against heaven (*drinks*)—the second against nature (*drinks*)—and the third against reason (*drinks*)—that's my morality.

Earl B. Eh! Where's my new falconer, Sweno? (*rises*)

Holly. (*apart to Albina*) Madam, here comes Gog; havn't I dress'd him very fine, and to give him courage, I've printed him with a couple of bottles. Now if he stands but buff to the claim we have made him believe he has a right to make, my Lord will know how to value you, my good Lady.

Enter Gog, (drest ridiculously sumptuous)

Gog. Every man sit down by his own wife (*sits by Albina*) eh!—Lord, she's very grand, I am almost afraid—but an't I grand myself. (*aside*)

Alb. How now, Sir Knight who are you!

Gog. Who are you!—why you're my Sunday wife!—master Baron, you set me down this morning leg-lock'd in the stocks; this evening I set myself down hand-lock'd to my Lady. (*takes her hand*)

Earl

Earl B. If this is gambol mummery, it affords but coarse diversion—be gone!

Gog. Man and wife are one, he bids me, and consequently you go, Lady—Come.

Alb. Who are you that dare accost me with such insolence?

Gog. Look at this face—no recollection of the charming youth?—true, 'twas my dancing struck her—Here, don't you remember this (*dances*) for a hop on the grass that foot is the daisy cutter.

Alb. Heavens!—can it be—my early long lost love! (*affecting surprise*)

Gog. I thought that shuffle cou'd never slip her memory. (*dances*) That's the caper for the mutton—that cuts up your feather. (*lays his hand on Earl Burrhed's head*)

Earl B. Retire!

Holly. Retire!—Oh my Lord, to a merry guest; where's your hospitality?

Earl B. Well, regale in the buttery with my servants.

Gog. In the bedchamber with thy—my wife; for mine she is—and before you and all I claim her.

Alb. Ah! my Lord who cou'd foresee this heavy hour? Noble Knights mark!—this man, I must confess, had my plighted faith, ere the Baron woo'd and won me; therefore, on this unexpected sight of my true husband, I consider myself now but as the Baron's widow, free to return both heart and hand to my first lawful lord; here he stands. And however griev'd I must be to tear myself from you, (*to Earl Burrhed*) I am only his, if he demand me. (*pointing to Gog*)

Gog.

Gog. I do demand, and I command thee. What the devil, isn't a man to be master of his own wife?

Earl B. Ha! now I know thee, slave.

Gog. I am the slave of—dimples. You shou'd consider, Sir, that for this time back you only borrowed my wife; you might have had the manners to ask whether I would lend her or not?

Earl B. (*suppressing his resentment*) A pleasant jest this.

Knight. Jest call you it, my Lord! A most serious affair. And if this man was actually, as the Lady Albina declares, betrothed to her before your marriage, I doubt not but the King, from his strict love of justice, would ratify the claim.

Alb. Oh, yes; Alfred, ever impartial in his decisions, where equity is the point, 'twixt the peasant and the noble knows no distinction.

Earl B. Why, true; yet though he exacts obedience to the laws with much rigour; and to keep the common herd honest, even hangs golden bracelets on the trees, which no passenger dares touch; yet the sacred right of a Baron to his own property—Alfred meddles not with that—Oh, no—this is but talk.

Gog. My Lord, your own will shall settle this affair.—Either my buxom dame shall trot up here to you, and your Lady walk home with me; or you go live in my house with Bertha, and I stay here in your castle, with the sweet Albina.—That's all fair, I give you your choice—Isn't it fair?

Holly. Oh very, very fair.

Earl B. But, Albina, why not mention to me this promise—Pshaw! its all nothing.—The King
would

wou'd never take my wife, and give her to a base scum—

Alb. How, Sir! (*offended*)

Gog. Neither scums nor dregs—I'll shew you a pedigree, a tree of genealogy stems and branches, lineal and collateral, ramifications of uncles and aunts; and I myself hanging from it like a golden pippin.—I'll venture a scratching with the Danes and bring my genealogy. (*going*)

Alb. Permit me to see you to the gate, dearest love. (*takes his hand*)

Earl B. Shameless woman!—tremble miscreant!

Gog. Stop—an angry man th t ca d t m le his passion has a glais face, thro' which the devil stares and frightens every body.—Come Albina—my Lord, till I return, don't dare even to kiss her little finger; and I assure you, I won't give one kiss to Bertha—I won't upon my honor.—Wife shew me to the wicket of the great portal, at the outward gate—tol, lol, lol—good bye.

[*Exeunt Gog, Albina, and Knights.*]

Earl B. Seize them! Close the gates there! (*calling off*)

Holly. I'll tell you the cause of this important change.

Earl B. Well, quick—speak.

Holly. What a set of busy idlers were the philosophers, to take and give so much trouble and after all, tell us that the end of knowledge is only a beginning to know that they know nothing.

Earl B. Insolent caitiff! (*draws*) (*Hollybush runs off*) Keep up the draw-bridge there. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Inside of Gog's Cottage. A fire on the hearth.

Enter BLANCHE, *(in Friar's dress)* and SWENO.

Sweno. Hot fighting work yonder—lucky our Danes didn't know me—Well, holy friar havn't I brought you safe to the house of Gog, my father-in-law! now you must marry me.

Bla. Marry him! Sure he does n't know me *(aside)*—Son, a bride is necessary on these occasions.

Sweno. Oh, I've one already at hand; but where is my sweet Blanche.

Bla. I'm confessor to her mother Bertha, and at her shrift yesterday, I left my breviary in that room. *[Exit.*

Sweno. The friar, Blanche, and I ready at the castle, yet she must scamper off here to be married: so whimsical, in one wife, I shall have all the charms of variety. *(Blanche in her own dress unperceived re-enters from the closet and goes off at the side)*

Enter EUSTACE, *(unseen)* with bow and quiver.

Eust. I've almost spent my quiver, but many a Dane hath bled. By the fools account of Blanche's escape from Corfe, I must have wrong'd her in my surmise of her preferring Sweno. My love is here—*(sees Sweno)* what the falconer too; and here she trips towards him with smiles. *(retires)*

Re-enter BLANCHE.

Bla. Oh Sweno!

Sweno.

Sweno. Ah, my love, as your dear letter order'd me, here I am, and have brought a pretty little holy friar too.

Bla. I fear you think me very forward in sending for you.

Eust. Sent for him! (*aside*)

Sweno. That you couldn't help—a little love is in your heart, a great deal in mine; and the needle must fly to the magnet. (*embraces her*)

Eust. Shall I with one shaft unite them for ever. (*aside*) (*points an arrow then drops it*)

Sweno. Come my dove now for your promise you know we're to be married immediately.

Eust. Promise to marry him! she's lost! then Love for a worthless girl give place to affection for my King.

[*Exit.*

Bla. But a priest is usually present on such an occasion.

Sweno. Egad that's just what the little friar said about a bride. But to business—Hollo! little priest, have you got your book? (*calling in*)

Bla. That's my mother's room.

Sweno. Then it contains a holy man, that shall make me father to the children of your mother's daughter—Hollo!—Oh but I'll bring you out—stay praying in there. (*goes in*)

Bla. (*runs and locks the door*) Now stay you in there and say your prayers; I'll teach you to run away with young girls against their will. (*aside*) Heavens, my dear Sweno! here's my father and Eustace, they have such an aversion to a Dane, they'll kill you, so don't come out. I'll call you when they are gone, ha, ha, ha! (*runs off*)

Enter ALFRED.

Alfred. (*calls*) Ho! who dwells here?—my wound is staunch'd, I feel somewhat stronger, and cou'd go on; but where?—My rude enemy has scared peace even from the cottage, yet she seems still to have a dwelling beneath these oaten eyes. When the man is weary this indeed is a seat for a King. (*sits*) Of life the past has faded into nothing; the future we know not; the present is ours, but that in a moment, becomes a past, nothing, or future uncertainty; what then is all our anxious preparation for enjoyment; climbing to the height of a pinnacle, which no sooner gain'd than we slip from it

Enter BERTHA, (with a large dough cake on a plate.)

Bert. Very well, Blanche—(*speaking off*) so glad the child is return'd safe—My husband shall have a comfortable supper, and some sweet new wheaten bread. My poor Gog to run about out of the house in such a fury.—If any of the Danes meet him—(*sees Alfred, lays down the cake*) Eh! who are you, pray?

Alfred. That's not a question to be answered. (*aside*)

Bert. Who bid you walk in and sit down here?

Alfred Nay, Dame, I came in, for your door was open—fat, because weary.

Bert. Marry then, if my chair gives the traveller rest, I thank my door for being open.—Whither going? want a place? have you a trade?

Alfred. Yes; but they won't let me follow it now.

Bert. What trade?

Alfred.

Alfred. Its called a Sovereign. I make laws, and work by rule.

Bert. Rule! a carpenter, mayhap? Since our lad Eustace runs about among the battles, my husband Gog wants a man; he shall employ you: Eh, what sayst thou?

Alfred. I would willingly be employ'd---I'll stay with you but I'm poor.

Bert. If poverty don't sink you in the opinion of the good, never mind what the rest of the world thinks of you. (*trims the fire, and lays the cake on the hearth*) I'll run and see if husband's coming; but, d'ye hear, don't let that cake burn; watch and turn it till I come back. [*Exit.*]

Alfred. But for the trifling check I gave the Danes, they might also have pillaged this cottage. Should they yet come, I have no weapon, and I'm now bound to defend this hospitable abode, for the shelter it has so timely afforded me. Here is genuine kindness. What, when I had power, have I done for the poor?—Alas!—Benevolence is man's work; riches are his tools; and, with such tools, woe to the idle!—Eh! a bow and quiver. (*takes them*) The emptiness of the one proves the other has done service.

Re-enter BERTHA.

Bert. Husband Gog comes, and merrily too.

Alfred. Without any sword in case of attack—this may do something; but then for a supply of arrows. (*sits and adjusts the bow*)

Bert. Bless me! (*looks at the fire*) my cake all burn'd on one side! Sat down to divert yourself! Is this the way you mind what I set you to? I

warrant, when nicely baked, you wou'd be ready enough to eat the cake; and yet cou'd not give a hand to turn it. You'idle lazy dolt, get you gone out of my doors. (*pushes him*)

Enter Gog, behind.

Gog. Ay, here's my poor every day wife. I hope she hasn't yet heard that I've got a Sunday wife.

Alfred. Pardon this my first offence, kind dame—my good woman. (*takes her hand*)

Gog. Who are you that dares call my wife a good woman? She's not a good woman—that is, to any body but me.

Bert. La! *Gog*, how fine you are. (*surveying him*)

Gog. I'm fine enough without your ornamenting my forehead.

Bert. Go along. (*to Alfred*)

Gog. He shan't go along.

Bert. Then stay, honest man.

Gog. He shant stay; I dont know what the devil you mean by these compliments, honest man and good woman; yes, I see its a love affair, by their telling lies to one another.

Alfred. Friends, rather than occasion any contention I'll depart. My only request is these weapons.

Re-enter EUSTACE hastily.

Eust. Where, where's my bow and quiver?

Gog. Here's another; so when I catch them coming about my wife, the excuse is—my bow and quiver.

Eust.

Eust. (*sees Alfred*) My gracious Lord!

Alfred. My friend! my warrior!

Gog. Lord! Warrior! ay, they're come for no good, by their telling lies to each other.

Bert. Husband, look, its Eustace!

Gog. Our son-in-law.

Eust. Not so, good master, I flatter'd myself Heaven in me gave Blanche a husband; but she wou'd chuse one for herself from the other place.

Gog. Yes, that falconer Sweno certainly was the hell of a fellow: but eh, boy killed one of those foreign beasts, and roll'd yourself up in his skin—But, oh dear! true, my dear lady wife, I must get my pedigree. Ay, here in the black oak chest.

Bert. Stop, stop, husband, Blanche says Father Austin is there saying his prayers.

Gog. I will go in.

Bert. You sha'n't. (*they retire wrangling*)

Eust. Oh! my Liege, how rejoic'd to find, and give you notice that the Danes repulse from Corfe brings no safety here.

Alfred. Can I reach again the Isle of Athelney; whence like an enrag'd tyger I may dart upon my cruel hunters; but, no, I've proved the success of a disguise—(*pauses*) Yes, under the appearance of a wandering minstrel, I'll this night enter the Danish camp, and take a survey of their operations.

Eust. But, my Lord——

Alfred. Assemble the Barons, and our scattered forces in Sellwood forest; keep my design upon the Danes a secret—Eustace, you may think me a boaster, but vanity becomes glorious enterprize when effort is crown'd with success—I yet will drive the spoilers out of Britain.

[*Exeunt.*

Gog

Gog advances.

Gog. Now I will talk to Father Austin (*kicks open the door, enter from it SWENO, with Friar's Dress in his Hand.*) Another for the bow and quiver.

Sweno. If the friar went up to Heaven by the window, he cast his gown, to make him fly the lighter.

Gog. Where's my daughter, firrah?

Sweno. Come, don't be so rough with your son-in-law, for such I will be, and with Blanche's consent too. (*searching his pockets*) Eh! where is her letter that the friar read for me? There, there's your daughter's promise to marry me, under her own hand. (*gives the note*)

Gog. (*reads*) "I thank you, good Sweno, for bringing me home; and now that I have no more to say to you, you may go about your business." And this you call a promise of marriage?

Sweno. I see it—For this trick I'll bring a bevy that shall fire your house about your head.

Gog. (*snatches up a hatchet*) I'll make your head fly out at window, if you don't this instant march out of my door.

Sweno. Then know me! I'm not the scoundrel falconer to your cowardly Baron, but chief standard bearer to the Generalissimo—

Gog. Well, you are a very great General I believe; but for the present I'm your trumpeter, and sound a retreat (*trumpets thro' his fingers*) March!

Sweno.

Sweno. Tremble ! I'm a Dane ! And if I had but any sort of weapon——

Gog. You've no weapon, and a Dane ? Come, I see the point of a broad sword peeping so sly from under your doublet——

Sweno. I havn't so much as a penknife.

Gog. You're my prisoner—resist, and I'll demolish you—fellow.

Sweno. (*aside*) So Blanche has trap'd me here completely. No hopes of the young jilt—If I do not return to my post, and am taken, I shall be hang'd for a deserter—What had I best do—If I can but again find our magic standard in the bush where I hid it——

Gog. I'll secure him in the stocks, till I bring help—but I fear they won't fit him. How dare you have such big legs, you villain ? I have him here in the net, like a great fish, and I don't know what to do with him—Can you ransom yourself, fellow ?

Sweno. I once took a Briton prisoner, and was generous enough to release him without ransom.

Gog. Generous, indeed ! Released him without ransom ! Why, your conduct was inimitable—Pay me this instant, fellow. Lady Albina, my new wife, has presented me with fifty pieces of gold, I must make it up a hundred. The other fifty, and you're free—Your ransom, fellow !

Sweno. Well, Sir, there's the money. (*gives money*)

Gog. (*reckons*) Now you're at liberty, fellow.

Sweno. (*pauses*) Sir—in my way to my own camp, some other Briton may meet and take me again. See me back, Sir—'twill be but kind.

Gog.

Gog. Well, I will just see you to the skirts of your camp. But I must first get my genealogy, and other credentials, to strengthen my claim to Lady Albina. A long way, I must ride. Boy, saddle old Bengy—Fellow, I'll give you leave to walk by my horses side all the way.

Sweno. Thank ye, Sir—you're very good, Sir—Eh! cakes well toasted, faith.

Gog. (*taking it from him*) Stop—in eating, as well as drinking, I'm toast-master here—Come, fellow.

Sweno. Yes, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

Out skirts of the Danish Camp.

SWENO. (*without*)

THIS way, Sir—let us walk about a little.

Gog. (*without*) Stay you there safe tied to that tree, old Bengy.

Enter GOG and SWENO, with the Standard.

Gog. Well, haven't I brought you safe within the very lines of your own camp—eh, fellow?

Sweno. Thanky, Sir, I'm now safe in my own camp.

Gog. And wasn't it fortunate that a man of so much honor as I took you prisoner? because your money is so well bestowed upon me—eh, fellow?

Sweno. It was Sir.

Gog. Well, there I leave you; good bye fellow. (*going*)

Sweno. Hold—my dear Sir, you took me prisoner on your grounds, to return the compliment I now take you prisoner on mine: I honestly paid you a ransom for my liberty now you must pay me a ransom for yours—fellow!

Gog. Pay! pho! pay you ransom! what the devils sort of talk is that—here I've brought you, and here I leave you. (*going*)

Sveno. Stop—how will you like to be hung up on the next tree; eh, fellow? hollo! piquet guard—here's an English spy in the Danish Camp.

Gog. Hush, Sir, oh my poor precious life! (*kneels*) there Sir is my ransom—(*gives money*)—let me go Sir—

Sveno. This is only mine that I gave you—instantly pay your own, fellow—

Gog. 'Pon my soul, Sir, I haven't another bit of coin about me, gold, silver, or brass.

Sveno. You have the latter, by denying you have the first—Come, come, I remember the fifty pieces Lady Albina gave you.

Gog. Oh curse your fine memory!

Sveno. Guard! (*calls*)

Gog. (*terrified*) Here, here, Sir; I must be so polite as to see him safe back and the black devil to my manners.

Sveno. Now you may go fellow, and “fortunate that you fell into my hands your money is so well bestow'd.”

Gog. It is Sir, good bye, Sir (*going returns*). But you know, Sir, how civil I've been to you; be so kind, in return, as to see me safe back.

Sveno. No, “for your conduct was inimitable”—go fellow.

Gog. I thought you woudn't, then you'll own Sir that my politeness exceeds yours—that's one comfort for my empty pocket. Now I'll ride home; Old Bengy will find me lighter by some pounds—good bye, Sir.

Sveno. Dare to touch that brute fellow—and—

Gog.

Gog. What isn't a man to ride home on his own horse?

Sweno. No fellow. I've contracts to make for the army; this affair is just in my way I'm a kind of horse-dealer.

Gog. You're a kind of horse-stealer—Suffer myself to be robbed! This my British valour! but I'm a man that has courage when put upon—return me my money this instant or I'll murder—

Sweno. What?

Gog. Myself—but I had better not—this would be an empty world if at every huff we receive, we might open the door and walk out of it. (*going returns*) Give me my money—(*bullying*)

Sweno. Guard! (*calls*) [*Exit Gog terrified.*]

Ha, ha, ha! so I have made a purse by my English excursion—But never again to behold that lovely girl! ah no. I must forget the girls and return to my duty. I have been a sad truant, but delightful, that thro' all perils I've preserv'd our precious banner this will procure my welcome and pardon—what Blanche here again! fortune befriends me. (*retires*)

Enter BLANCHE.

Bla. Where can my father have gone?—I wish my mother had come to look for him herself—my danger this morning might have warn'd me not to ramble so far from home, Here are tents and soldiers, but they don't seem dress'd like ours.

Sweno. (*advancing*) Then blessings on you, holy father Austin!

Bla. The falconer again! undone if I can't dissemble. (*aside*) My dear Sweno! Lord I'm so glad to see you—

HH 2

Sweno.

Sweno. Glad—ha, ha, ha!—that's very good—Whatever brought you, I have, and shall not part you again.

Bla. Oh, Sir—had I thought you would have parted with me, I shoudn't have come after you, I can assure you.

Sweno. With your cowl and beads, to play me such an infernal heavenly prank! Then to throw me under your father's hatchet!

Bla. Lord, how can I help my crusty father? But are not you and he good friends? and didn't you leave our cottage together?—Why bless you, Sweno, I only brought you home that time, that we might be wedded there, and with father's consent—If without it you had married me at the castle, you wou'd have lost so much money, that he has laid by to give with me as a portion.

Sweno. Oh then you are a fortune?—that is the reason Eustace, your father's man, courted you.

Bla. To be sure it was. I despise him, I hate him, I detest him for it. I'm a girl of spirit.—Why do you know, Sweno, that I was the belle of the village.

Sweno. Yes, and your tongue's the bell-clapper.

Bla. How shall I get away from him? (*aside*)

Enter HOLLYBUSH, in helmet, breast plate, &c. short swords and daggers stuck in his belt.

Holly. (*not seeing Sweno*) Blanche, my Lady Albina is your father's wife—she's gone from her old castle to your new cottage, and has sent me after to protect you—Eh!—(*lays his hand on his sword, and blusters up to Sweno, who stamps and frowns*)

frowns—Hollybush starts back)—Now shou'd I draw a brace of swords—What a pity it is a man can't conquer without fighting. (*aside*) Blanche, yonder is your horse tied to a tree.

Sweno. Aye, my love; and as he's yours, I'll prefer him from the waggon. Old Bengy shall be my war horse.

Bla. No hope in my protector's sword or wit—Oh, for another stratagem—Hollybush! (*they whisper and point to the standard*)—Sweno, dear, what is this fine flag?

Holly. On the fine pretty flag! (*walks round it*)

Sweno. The Danish magic banner, wove by Hubba's three sisters, fair ladies, famous in the black art: that raven work'd on it is our oracle; whilst we follow this banner we're invincible.

Holly. Invincible! I thought so by your being cudgelled from Wareham, and switch'd from Corfe.

Bla. Hollybush! (*makes signs*)

Holly. Hem! but, Sir, can all your soldiers see this fine raven at a distance?

Sweno. From any part of the field, in the heat of action, they must keep an eye upon that. Stand you both there, I'll take a leap on Bengy, and you'll see me flourish the flag with a noble flip and a flap——

Bla. Let me give it a flip and a flap——

Holly. I'll stand here and judge.

Sweno. What, mount horses and break your neck?——

Bla. Dear—Bengy knows me very well; I have so often fed him out of my hand.

Sweno.

Sweno. Well, I'll hold the bridle—Hollybush stay there, and bawl out how fine you see it.

Bla. No love, if the poor fool is left alone some of your soldiers may surprize and kill him, and I wou'd not have the poor fool hurt, as he came to guard me.

Holly. Do, Sir, stay and take care of the poor fool.

Sweno. What! a coward with all your fwords and daggers!

Holly. Every man is a coward, Sir, the valiant fight for fear of shame—Go, child, and let us see you——

Bla. Now behold how famous I'll flourish it. *(takes the standard, and exit; they look after her)*

Sweno. There, girl, sit up boldly—Why, old Bengy is as tame as a cow---now walk him towards me---that's from me---turn, don't trot him.

Holly. Try a canter. *(calling off)*

Sweno. Why, she gallops——

Holly. Yes, Sir, for old Bengy is as tame as a cow.

Sweno. She will be out of fight in five minutes. *(going)*

Holly. Stop, Sir, *(holds him, pauses)* there, Sir, she is out of fight.

Sweno. Blanche! the standard! ruin, undone-- But you, cursed varlet, I'll murder you!

Holly. Dear Sir, what sympathy between us---I was that moment thinking of murdering you---ay, good wits jump---*(Sweno seizes Hollybush, who shrieks)*

Enter HUBBA and DANISH SOLDIERS.

Hub. Thou caitiff! *(to Sweno, who kneels)*

Holly.

Holly. Oh, "you cursed varlet!" (*draws and flourishes his sword over Sweno's head.*)

Hub. Where hast thou been, miscreant?---Deserted!--ran away!

Sweno. No, Sir, I only retired.

Hub. To you I owe my defeat---where's your precious charge, the sacred banner? Speak slave---

Sweno. It is---its---

Holly. Flying about the ears of old Bengy.

Hub. Bear him to instant death!

Sweno. Don't let a man perish that esteems you, noble Hubba---

Hub. Esteem me!

Sweno. I swear I do, as I hope to be saved.

Hub. You've given me just cause---let him die!

Sweno. But more generous, to let me live; and if generosity is to be admired, you shou'd rather applaud me, for giving you an opportunity of shewing it. (*Trumpet without*)

Hub. There victorious Hastings returns triumphant; and I covered with eternal shame---

Sweno. Hastings has conquered without the magic ensign.

Hub. Hang him on the next tree!

Holly. That spreads over the river; and if the poor fellow falls in he'll be drowned.

Hub. Away with him.

(*Exeunt Soldiers, hurrying off Sweno—Hubba opposite.*)

Holly. Wise men use swords, fools have other weapons. (*pointing to his forehead*) [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE II.

HASTINGS's Tent, in the Danish Camp.

Enter HASTINGS and ANLAFF.

Hast. Stop to breathe, victorious Danes. Now let the Saxon know what the Briton felt, when they rudely disturbed the tranquility of our happy Isle. That was a brave and tough Captain who struck me down, but for you Anlaff I had been taken—I saw not Eustace in the field. I am sorry I've lost his helmet. I feel somewhat fatigued, sleep may refresh me. (*harp without*) A minstrel! call, and let him touch the instrument gently. (*sits on a couch*)

Anl. A miserable wretched looking old man.

Hast. Send him hither.

[*Exit Anlaff.*

No matter for his playing—he is poor—Kindness exercised at a venture is most likely to promote the ends of benevolence. By looking out for proper objects, we may, from self-interested motives, make it the price of pitiful adulation, or the wages of corrupt services. (*reclines as to rest*)

Enter ALFRED, disguised as a Minstrel, cautiously.

Alfred. Well performed, my minstrel's habit, to bring me safe through the Danish camp. (*takes out a paper*) I have here made a tolerable plan of their disposition, and the number of their forces. (*looks round*) This tent must belong to one of the Danish Generals—but which? I know the person of Hubba—Hastings I never saw—Ha! there lies the

the owner. It is not Hubba, it must be the Briton Hastings. The Danish hope now rests on him alone. Here were an opportunity, by the opening of a single vein, to restore health to England—*(goes over to him)* This the dreaded warrior!—Where the ferocious lineaments that speak the man of blood? If in sleep the soul wanders from the body, by that countenance his must be now with angels—or does it hover round to wrest the uplifted arm of his murderer—*(taking out a dagger drops the paper)* for such I stand, to slay the helpless—Yet his death brings peace to Britain—Hold! here are no odds—I'll wake, fight, and perhaps fairly kill him. But his guards catch the alarm, before I have time, I'm overpowered, and occasion is lost for ever—Then for a coward act, to free Albion, and stain the name of—*(going to strike, starts back)* Ha! by Heaven! it is! the generous soldier, who suffered the rage of burning thirst, rather than see his humble fellow creature perish! Then England down, ere Alfred props thy fall by base ingratitude. *(puts up the dagger, retires playing on his harp---Hastings wakes)*

Hast. Where is he? The minstrel.

Enter ANLAFF and SOLDIERS.

The sweetest strain!—My dream was disturbed, yet methought I was in Heaven. *(Harp heard without, the sound dies away by degrees)*

Anl. Why, he does indeed play and chaunt most excellently.

Hast. Ha! what's this *(picks up the paper)* a plan of our camp! *(aside)* who was in my tent while I slept?

Anl. None, Sir, but the minstrel.

Hast. Where is he? call him—I wou'd wish to hear that air again. [*Exit Anlaff.*]
 most correct (*looking at the paper*) here has been some stratagem of the enemy.

Re-enter ALFRED, playing.

Oh most wily harper. (*shews the paper*)

Alfred. My plan lost! by negligence undone—then England feels no loss in Alfred. (*aside and agitated*)

Hast. Honest Saxon, small occasion thus to hazard your life by prowling thro' my camp in the dangerous character of a spy; had I known your master Alfred's mind, wou'd myself have sent him the model of our plan, and number of our force—But here you take it to him—walk thro' our lines in safety, reckon our men, and let Alfred come to-morrow and conquer if he can.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.

Inside of Gog's House.

Enter ALBINA.

Alb. So now I'm in the dwelling of my new husband—I wonder will my Lord follow me; his fix'd insensibility compels me to carry my plot beyond my first purpose. Tho' he thought he had lost me—his mind to turn again upon his hawks and hounds! But I'll not upbraid him, any expedient

pedient is preferable to domestic bickerings—as words once left us, can never be recall'd—it is well to preserve the privilege of reproach still in our own power.

Earl B. (without) Albina!

Alb. (looking off) Sure that is my Lord. Come after me—have I at length, by this innocent whim of running away with Gog, rouz'd him into jealousy—that is the shadow that proves the substance of love; till one comes, the other may be doubted.

Enter Earl BURRHED.

Earl B. Albina!

Alb. (not minding him) Here I shall have a poor, but then a loving husband. Let me trim up my dear little cottage, to cheer his return. The furniture is neat, but placed without order or symmetry. *(misplaces the things)*

Earl B. Elope—fly from your home!

Alb. The Earl!—Pray, my Lord, retire. Its not consistent with my reputation, for Gentlemen to come into my house in my husband's absence.

Earl B. Pho, pho! this trifling is very silly.

Alb. Most likely, Sir—but now I must conform in mind and manners, to my present humble situation.

Earl B. Madam, I desire and command——

Alb. Sir, were my husband at home, you might command whatever the house affords.

Earl B. Come, come Albina, I intreat you to give up this ridiculous jest, and instantly return with me to the castle.

Alb. Oh here comes Gog's real wife, to heighten the jest. (*aside*) (*Takes work, sits and sings—Earl Burrhead walks up in a rage*)

Enter BERTHA.

Bert. My husband running after his prisoners and state affairs—the work all neglected—even the stocks here that he broke pulling his handsome leg out, not finished mending yet. (*looks round*) Eh! the things seem all in confusion! (*Albina sings*) What fine Lady is this?

Alb. Any business here, good woman?

Bert. Ha, ha, ha!—why yes, Madam; every body has some business in their own houses.

Alb. Then your are at home here?

Bert. I think I am at home.

Alb. Oh, my husband's servant maid, perhaps, (*sings—still working*)

Enter GOG.

Gog. Plague of my politeness—lose my horse and my money!

Alb. What, my dear husband come home.

Gog. My perplexities made me forget I was married to a Lady—Come to my arms, my charming wife. (*to Albina—Bertha runs to him*)

Alb. Well, upon my word, this is pretty decent before one's face!

Gog. Oh, true—I forgot my every day wife—Bertha, it was my Sunday wife I spoke to then.

Earl B. Madam, it is my desire you come instantly to Corfe. (*takes her hand*)

Gog. Let go my Sunday-wife, my Lord, or by Heavens, I'm a man that will be highly affronted.

Bert.

Bert. Oh! my poor husband is certainly mad.

Gog. Hark ye master, my Lord Baron, any one can know when to use us ill, but its only ourselves can teach him when to stop.—You come making a noise here; go to Selwood forest, with the rest of the Nobles, to meet the King, as he ordered you.

Earl B. Slave!—What use for such reptile trash!—We have castles to defend us, Heaven's noble work—but a good deed for the Danes to fire such grubs as you, like vermin, from your nests.

Alb. Even then, Sir, we shou'd be rather smothered like industrious bees, to rob us of our honey.

Gog. Well said, my queen bee. Get thee gone, swaggering drone.

Bert. Husband, are you crazy? Where is our daughter Blanche, that I sent after you?

Alb. And where is the fool, Hollybush, that I sent after Blanche?

Gog. (*stopping his ears*) Dear, dear two womens tongues to one pair of ears. My Lord, you seem distrest for a wife—here I have one to spare. (*presents Bertha*)

Bert. (*curtsies*) My Lord, at your Lordship's service.

Earl B. (*stamps*) Hell and fury! prefer a base-born wretch to her wedded Lord!—(*throws himself on a seat near the stocks*).

Enter Boy.

Boy. Oh Master here's Blanche come safe home on the back of old Bengy!

Gog.

Gog. (*looking out*) My horse and my daughter! oh joy—but for revenge in kind, to frighten my noble guest—(*aside*) I have it——(*unseen by Earl Burrhed shuts down the upper part of the stocks on his leg*) What's that you said, Boy? the Danes set fire to my house!—undone!—oh terrible!—Come sweet wives, don't let us be fired like grubs and vermin from our nests. (*see the thatch blazes*)

Earl B. How!—release me, firrah! (*struggles*)

Gog. Oh no, sit still and quiet—we do such few things well, that there is very little time mispent in doing nothing.—This way dear wives! There stay and contemplate on the vicissitudes of fortune.

[*Exit with Bertha,*

Alb. My husband! (*runs and kneels to free him*)

The Scene closes.

SCENE IV.

A Forest.

*Enter ODUNE, OSWALD, and Saxon SOLDIERS.
HOLLYBUSH walking before them.*

Holly. Come, follow me.

Odu. If this is the place, why is not Eustace here, as he promised to meet us.

Osw. How think you, Nobles, may not the Royal Alfred now reap in death, the glorious harvest of his wintry life!

Knight.

Knight. Aye, if the King is dead, what for us but again to shrink, like rabbits, into our burrows, afraid to peep upon the light, lest we be devoured by those Danish dogs.

Odu. But friend are you sure this is Selwood forest? *(to Holly.)*

Holly. You know here I met you all, you were all astray. You said you'd reward him that wou'd bring you to Selwood forest—If you thought you were there already, the honest man would lose his reward.

Osw. Certainly—we shou'd not pay for knowledge we had already.

Holly. No—Then you are some miles from that same forest; so follow me, I'm your guide—tho' by the Lord, I am quite astray myself. *(aside)*—*(Goes round the trees, and brings them to the same place).*

Odu. Were not we in this spot but just now?

Holly. Very well—I'll please you if I can—follow me. *(Leads them round, and again to the same place)* Ha, ha, ha!

Osw. Why, you laughing miscreant, you only bring us round and round!

Holly. Then I'll be square and square with you—How shall I get home? *(aside)* Gentlemen, if you don't like to follow me, I'll follow you—that's all fair.

Odu. You a guide—you're a rascally rogue.

Holly. You're right, Sir, to put your bad words out of your mouth—for if you swallow them, they may poison you.

Osw. We deserve this for taking a clown for our guide.

Odu.

Odu. An impudent villain, to pretend to what you know nothing about.

Holly. Impudent villain!—if you're in the mind to scrutinize, pray, Sir, convert your window into a looking glass.

Odu. Ha!

Holly. Lord, Sir, why should you be angry?—Have not I walk'd you about so neatly on the grass? I believe you don't consider what grass is—Grass is man's carpet, the earth's cloak, the lark's house, the lamb's couch, the horse's breakfast, and the bees workshop. Come, give me the money, the honest man's reward—Come, I beg, my noble Earl, you'll give me something, if its only a groat.

Odu. It doth not become a noble Earl to give a groat.

Holly. Well then, give me a piece of gold.

Odu. It doth not become a beggar to ask a piece of gold. (*harp heard without*) A roving minstrel.

Enter ALFRED, in his Disguise.

Holly. Come, prithee play—divert us: (*Alfred plays*)

Osw. Is this a time to trifle with our griefs? And the radiant sun of all our hopes, our beloved Alfred, is perhaps set for ever.

Holly. Stir your fingers nimbly, a tripping strain, to set even our hearts a dancing. (*Alfred plays*)

Odu. (*strikes the harp out of his hand*) Begone! thou trembling dotard— (*Alfred discovers himself*) Royal Alfred!—the King—

[*Hollybush sneaks off.*
Alfred.

Alfred. Yes—your King, partner in your misfortunes, sharer in your joys—joys that now shine at distance thro' the gloom, to guide our doubtful steps strait to the cheerful hall of sweet domestic peace.

Enter EUSTACE.

Oh thanks, Eustace, for thus collecting our scattered forces—My sword, my shield, my best counsel, my staunch defender, my friend!

Eust. But, my Liege, what success? Have you obtained a plan of the Danish camp? Saw you Hastings?

Alfred. Yes.—He has withdrawn himself from the barbarian Hubba's riotous crew, who, returned from Pagan rites, are at this moment wallowing in wine—sunk in swinish debauch. Little glory thus by night to steal a victory—but their superior numbers, their treachery, justify the act. We must take them at this.

Eust. Should my father be still amongst the Danes, he falls amidst the general carnage—Shall I acquaint Alfred that I'm Hastings's son?—No—then he doubts my faith. (*aside*)

Alfred. Up with our tents, like serpents, dart and sting the foe. But let us be secret as our purpose—Be it proclaimed, on pain of death, that no lights appear throughout the camp. [*Exit Officer.*

Eust. (*not attending*) Yes, with all truth to Alfred, Heaven and Nature bid me preserve my father. [*Exit.*

Odu. My Lord, Eustace seems strangely agitated—

Alfred. Why I thought he did not take my orders with his wonted alacrity. Odune, do you

immediately prepare——Ha! where got you that helmet?

Odu. My Liege, tho' it is British, as you see, yet 'tis the spoils of a very valiant Dane, whose sword, in our last engagement, play'd adroitly among our men. He fell on his knee, was rescued, but lost this, his crest in the scuffle.

Alfred. A Dane!—this belonged to—(*examines it*) This is the very helmet I presented Eustace—when I frankly gave him his choice did he then only seem to take my part, the better to assist my enemy—Impossible!—No matter—I'll conceal my suspicions, they may wrong him. (*aside*) (*Sprightly music and singing at a distance—Alfred lets the helmet fall*) Hark! the Danes in choral joys of ruffian clamour—This awful moment is the crisis of England's freedom—the word is silence, darkness, caution. [*Exeunt softly.*

Re-enter HOLLYBUSH. (eating fruit)

Holly. Now here might I, by presenting my duty to my Sovereign, in the shape of a few blackberries, have received high honors—but be humble, Hollybush—Humility is the safest path, for none will attempt to shove you out of it. Honor is walking on the top of a wall, from which you may tumble—It gets dark—I must not lose sight of them.—Isn't that my friend Gog the carpenter yonder? (*stumbles over the helmet*)—Eh! a fine helmet—was the owner under it, thus wou'd I put foot to head. (*treads on it*) Here now some great warrior's crest-fallen, Sure I may for once wear a general's cap, as many

a general wears the fool's cap. (*puts it on*) Now
am I arm'd cap-a-pee—Hem!—(*struts—drum*
without—he shrinks terrified) [Exit.

SCENE V.

The English Camp—Night.

EUSTACE in Tent—writing.

Enter ALFRED wrapt in a Cloak, and ODUNE.

Alfred. (*In an under tone*) Has the proclamation been made, that whoever brings in the Reafen, the Danish magic banner, shall be rewarded to his own wish, and our power?

Odu. It has my liege.

Alfred. Whilst the Danes possess that, their enthusiastic ardor baffles all efforts to subdue them—but the time approaches for our momentous enterprize—I'll continue my walk thro' the tents, and see myself how we are prepared—All darkness hitherto. (*walks*)

Odu. A light in yon tent!

Alfred. My orders disobeyed! who can the traitor be? (*advances*)—Eustace!

Odu. 'Tis my Lord (*Alfred beckons Odune, who goes off cautiously*)

Eust. With whom should I entrust this letter to my father, now I've written it. (*aside*) (*reads*)
—“Keep your purpose—to night join not the
“Danish carousal—let Hastings take this warning
“from

"from one, who, whatever be the event of battle,"

Alfred. Dies this hour—(*hastily takes the letter, Eustace rises*)—Ho, there! (*calls*)

Re-enter ODUNE and GUARDS.

This puts the circumstance of the helmet beyond all doubt—Eustace! the hope of my adoption—Child of my heart! (*turns, and conceals his face*) his holding a secret correspondence with my enemy—is a crime so black it shall not stain his memory—Disobedience only be the pretext (*aside*) look (*points to the tent*) 'twas proclaim'd through the camp, that whoever had a light shou'd suffer instant death—strike the tents, begin our march—but let him die within the hour. [*Exit.*]

Eust. So firm! where duty of office obliges one man to inflict punishment upon another, the occasion instead of hardening the judge to severity should melt him into sorrow. Disclosing the truth to any other might save me, but justice is Alfred's only counsellor. Odune cannot you for a few hours suspend my doom?

Odu. You heard the King. (*looks out*)—Our army is already in motion, and that swift too—let him be guarded close, till the morning determines if even Alfred lives to see the execution of his sentence. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter HOLLYBUSH and a PEASANT, with a Light.

Peas. Aye, let's follow our men.

Holly. Yes, for a little plunder, when the Danes are

are dead, they'll not want money, but we do, because we are alive.

Peaf. Lord Eustace going to be executed, I wonder for what.]

Holly. I'll tell you, hold your light man for the poor soldiers to see their way thro' the briars—Lord Eustace's only crime was—he was seen, and by the King himself, he was guilty of—don't hold your torch so near me.

Peaf. Well, there.

Holly. His crime was—having a lighted candle in the camp.

Peaf. Are we not now in the camp, eh, Hollybush?

Holly. In the middle of it.

Peaf. My good friend hold that flambeaux in your hand whilst I garter my stocking.

Holly. I think my stocking too is about my heel. (*Peasant puts out the light*)—What the devil, what a selfish thing to leave a body in the dark among pegs and tent-ropes; but we have brilliant glow-worms, and the pure flame of our own clear consciences, an honest man may see his way if it was as dark as the devil's pocket (*knocks against a tree*)—A tree's but a wooden judge of honesty (*shouts without*) those are English roarings, we're victorious; huzza! huzza!

Peaf. Come warrior Hollybush, with your swords and pikes let's join the battle. [*Exit groping.*

Holly. Pikes! Danes and Saxons are the belligerent powers. I am the arm'd neutrality.

[*Exit at the opposite side.*

SCENE

SCENE VI: *and last.**Wareham—Dawn of Morning.**Shouts, and Martial Music without.**Enter ALFRED in triumph; Trophies, Banners, Spoils, &c.*

Alfred. Joy, my countrymen! victory is ours! the tempestuous flame that, in its raging course, swept destruction to the palace and the cottage is at last extinguished: yet, whilst the heart rejoices in the glorious event of battle, let us lament that white-robed peace cou'd only be led to us but by the blood-stained hand of war; the soul of many a Dane hath this night thro' the wide portals opened by our swords fled to its great master—from him may they find mercy.

Enter Gog.

Gog. Sacred Sir, by my approaching grandeur you'll never win another victory, because—you will have nobody to fight with. Come Blanche, flourish your conjuring flag about in a magnificent manner.

Enter BLANCHE with the Standard.

—Shower honors on your father; already I have the Lady Albina's heart as to being a comely man; but when I've dignity!—Child make me a Baron—

no,

no, I'll begin with Knighthood—I'll be Sir Gog Magog.

Alfred. (examining the standard) It is the magic banner, on which the Danes rested all their hopes of conquest, the possession of this delusion is, indeed, the very summit of England's happiness.

Gog. Out with your royal blade, Sire, and dub me. *(kneels)*—*(Dead March without)*

Knight. Eustace on his way to death.

Enter EUSTACE (led to Execution)

Bla. Sir, it was by your order proclaim'd, that whoever took this standard from the Dane shou'd, if in your power to give, have what he asked.

Alfred. Demand, and it shall be granted.

Gog. Stand out of the way, will you, let his highness have room to draw his sword with a noble flourish over my head.

Bla. Royal Sir—

Gog. Well said, child.

Bla. The reward I require is that you'll grant life to Eustace.

Gog. What's that you huffey—mind all of you, I don't care what she says, by the Lord I won't rise till I'm dub'd.

Alfred. (to Eustace) Take your life, but be assured not from the heart of Alfred.

Eust. Perhaps the King knows not yet that my fault proceeded from an attempt to preserve my father's life?

Alfred. Father!

Eust.

Eust. Left in the heat of battle a son shou'd fall by his hand, or I become a paracide—to know and avoid each other we exchange'd helmets——

Alfred. Indeed! then it must be this father he speaks of that Odune engag'd—(*aside*) but who is your parent?—where—how discover'd?—Came he to England in the train of Hastings?

Eust. My Lord, to Hastings himself I owe my being.

Alfred. And have I condemn'd a son to death for endeavouring to save his parent! and he, the generous chieftain whose self-denial recal'd my fleeting spirits—this my gratitude too to Eustace for his attachment to me contrary to the original ties of nature? Take comfort boy, your parent, as he propos'd did not join the Danes, by my care he lives—Again, my friend (*takes his hand*) without a partial breach of the laws, your miraculous escape from death has awakened in me, the godlike privilege of genuine legislation. A man's life is too sacred to depend upon the capricious breath of an individual (*pauses*)—Alfred decrees, that henceforth none shall be deemed guilty till convicted by twelve of his peers; and from this happy moment let posterity date the glorious blessings of an English Jury (*all kneel—Grand Flourish*)

All. Long live Alfred, the father of his people!

Enter HOLLYBUSH, SWENO, and BERTHA, hand in hand.

Holly. Now step forward, and open your affair to the King.

Sweno.

Sveno. I will, but I'm rather awed— (*apart*)
Sir— (*advancing timorously*)

Holly. (*apart*) What, are you afraid to go near him? Why he's only a man—Gads-bobs, do you take him for an elephant?

Bert. Sire, my husband Gog is dead—

Gog. Eh! am I—

Bert. To me—He has left me a comfortable house and farm, but now a lonely widow, I have chosen a help-mate. (*pointing to Sveno*) But as the man is a Dane, I must beg your sacred leave to marry him.

Sveno. Sir, our hot-headed General, Hubba, ordered me to be hanged in the cool of the evening, this good widow-woman had me cut down; so, out of gratitude, I take herself and all her chattles.

Gog. (*starting up*) I forbid the banns.

Bert. Gog alive!—Lord! in this world one is sure of nothing.

Gog. Ah, I see Bertha has been— (*makes signs of drinking*) This comes of shutting yourself up in the closet.

Holly. Friend Gog—a woman that retires to tippie in secret, has an assignation with the devil.

Gog. So you're there again, fellow—marry my every day wife, you villain. I saw you hanging up, wou'd have cut you down—but as the tree was at the edge of the river, I didn't know but you might have fallen in, and hung yourself up to dry—fellow.

Alfred. I heard of this pleasant stratagem of the Lady Albina, to recal the affections of her careless Lord—

Holly. That pleasant stratagem was mine, Sir, it has melted the snow of neglect into tears of remorse. He promises that my Lady shall no more be rival'd by a hawk; and she engages never to quit her jay's nest for the roost of an owl.

Gog. So I'm a man that's an owl—my Sunday wife say that!—Well then, here I give my chick to you young Chanticleer. But mind, you must cut me some more red cabbages. (*Giving Blanche to Eustace*)

Bla. Ah, Eustace! much you wrong'd me.—When I thought you but a simple peasant I was yours; and even till death still your faithful Blanche.

Alfred. Eustace, you shall have a wedding-cake, and I promise dame Bertha to give a better watch towards the baking it.

Bert. Why the gracious! (*looking at him*) Oh, Gog! let's run for our lives; it was the King himself I set to turn the cake.

Enter Earl BURRHED and ALBINA.

Earl B. My Liege, congratulate me on my new created title to the affections of my Albina.

Alb. The joy is mine, in regaining what I fear'd I had lost for ever.

Earl B. Oh! you're there— (*seeing Gog*) Dread Sire, justice on this slave—

Gog. What the devil's sort of noise you make. Hadn't you justice—didn't I put you in the stocks!

Holly. Yes, Sir—this honest carpenter wanted a job, so became a stock-jobber.

Earl B. I say, you miscreant— (*to Gog*)

Eust. Peace, peace, my Lord.

Gog.

Gog. Aye, hold your tongue.—I'm a justice, and have a right to do what I please. I built a gibbet once for your amusement, my tender-hearted Baron, just before your castle—employ me to cut it down; I'll take the timber off your hands, and make a rare pair of stocks, for you and your falconer to sit together, to see which way the wind blows.

Alfred. Eustace—we'll have your wedding solemnized here at Wareham; by difusing those comforts we enjoy ourselves, the wishes of a happy people shall be ratified by the Heavenly Disposer of all earthly blessings. [Exeunt.

THE END.

"Oh, Ay, hold your tongue—I'm a justice,
 and have a right to do what I please. I hold a
 ribbon once for your amusement, my tender-
 hearted Baron, just before your castle—employ
 me to cut it down; I'll take the timber off your
 hands, and make a rare pair of stocks for you
 and your falconer to sit together, to see which way
 the wind blows."
 "My Lord, I'll have your wedding so-
 lemnized here at Wycham, by blessing those
 courtesies we enjoy ourselves, the wishes of a happy
 people shall be ratified by the heavenly Disposer
 of all earthly blessings."

THE END.

DRAMATIC PERSONS

THE

FARMER.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1787.

THE MUSIC BY MR. SHIELD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Valentine, Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Fairly, Mr. BOOTH.
Total, Mr. FEARON.
Farmer Blackberry, Mr. DARLEY.
Jemmy Jumps, Mr. EDWIN.
Counsellor Flummery, Mr. ROCK.
Rundy, Mr. BLANCHARD.
Farmer Stubble, Mr. THOMPSON.
Landlord, Mr. LEDGER.

Louisa, Mrs. MOUNTAIN,
Betty Blackberry, Mrs. MATTOCKS,
Molly Maybush, Mrs. MARTYR.
Landlady, Miss PLAIT,

WAITERS, TRADESMEN, PEASANTS, &c.

SCENE, *Kent and London.*

THE

FARMER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*A Rural Prospect—VALENTINE's House at a Distance.**Enter FAIRLY and TOTAL.*

FAIRLY.

YOUR master's a rascal!—unknown to me marrying my daughter, then leaving her behind him at Canada, and here stepping into all the vices of London. A single Gentleman, forsooth! Deny his marriage!—but I'll strip him of his new got wealth.

Total. Hush! that's likely to happen without your help. You know that old humourist his uncle, Colonel Dormont, wishing to avoid the bustle and etiquette of rank, gave my master here the enjoyment of his fortune; but of which hearing he makes so ill a use, he has absolutely advertis'd in

in the news papers, to find if he has not some other relations living to transfer it to.

Fair. Then he has another relation, hereabouts too, and to find him is what brought me now into Kent.

Total. What's his name?

Fair. I won't tell.

Total. Me you may! I'm Captain Valentine's steward to be sure; but I was placed here by his uncle merely as a guard over him; and harkee, Mr. Fairly, you know the Colonel, from being so long abroad, hasn't seen him since the height of a pen case; I told him tho' of his deserting your daughter, and all his profligate exploits! He's so much incens'd that—here's a letter in his own hand, commanding my master to resign every shilling's worth belonging to him, without beat of drum this very evening to march out of his house yonder, and for the first time appear before him on the Parade, St. James's Park, to-morrow morning.

Fair. (*with joy*) Then he's ruin'd! ha, ha, ha! good Captain Valentine! Isn't that he, (*looking out*) cajoling some simple country girl? And his wife—my poor child, Louisa!—Oh! how I should like to break his bones; but no sword or pistol work for me; no, I'll find the honest farmer that's to supersede him: I'll teach a Captain to wrong a Lawyer.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter VALENTINE and BETTY BLACKBERRY.

AIR.—VALENTINE.

Charming village maid!
If thou wilt be mine,
In gold and pearls array'd,
All my wealth is thine.

If

If not shar'd with thee,
 E'en nature's beauties fade,
 Sweetest do but love me,
 Charming village maid !

Had I yon shepherd's care,
 Yon lambs to feed and fold,
 The dog star heat I'd bear,
 And winter's piercing cold ;
 Well pleas'd I'd toil for thee,
 At harrow, flail or spade
 Sweetest do but love me,
 Charming village maid !

This morn at early dawn
 I had a hedge rose wild,
 (Its sweats perfum'd the lawn,
 'Twas sportive nature's child,)
 My lovely fair for thee,
 Transplanted from the glade,
 Sweetest do but love me,
 Charming village maid !

Enter Farmer BLACKBERRY (with a Milking Pail)

Farmer B. Where is this daughter of mine ?
 Ah ! hey !

Betty. I vow, your honor, all these fine things
 shou'd make me vastly conceited.

Farmer B. Ah ! ha ! he won't have much trouble
 to do that. (*aside*)

Val. My adorable angel,

Farmer B. I've heard say Fairies are good at it,
 but now I'll see an angel milk my cow.

Betty. La ! father, talk of a cow to a gentleman !

Farmer B. Yes, and I'll keep my heifer from a
 gentleman. (*Gives her the pail, and puts her off*)

Val. Stop farmer ! Yes, I'll propose—he dare
 not refuse his landlord, (*aside*). Blackberry, I shall

deal with you fair and open : your daughter Betty pleases me ; name any settlement, or I'll sign a Carte Blanche. You know the world, and I dare say understand me.

Farmer B. Why, yes, Sir, I think I do understand you.

Val. I'm inclin'd to be your friend—I've company waiting at home, so your answer will oblige.

Farmer B. Pray, Sir, did you ever feel the weight of an English cudgel ?

Val. A what !

Farmer B. Only a twig of oak like this, laid on with an old tough arm, pretty strong from labour, and a heart stung by honest resentment.

Val. Why, fellow ! I fancy you forget who you're talking to.

Farmer B. Sir, you may yet be a parent, then you'll be capable of a father's feelings, at the cruel offer to make him a party in the prostitution of his child.

AIR.—FARMER BLACKBERRY.

Ere around the huge oak, that o'ershadows yon mill,
The fond Ivy had dar'd to entwine
Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill
Or a rook built her nest, in the pine,

Cou'd I trace back the time, a much earlier date,
Since my fore-fathers toil'd in this field ;
And the farm I now hold on your honor's estate,
Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

He dying bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which unfullied descended to me ;
For my child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd with shame,
And it still from a spot shall go free.

[Exit

Val.

Val. Cudgel ! A reptile sting ! A weed dare to raise its insolent head, and wag defiance in my face.

Total. (*advancing*) My good Sir, hear your poor steward : instead of ill-will to the farmer, as a gentleman you should cherish his spirit of a yeoman.

Val. I hadn't a thought clowns had any feeling.

Total. Clown !—he's a man and a father. For the affront you offered, your honor wou'dn't at all suffer by making him an apology.

Val. Apology ! Dem'd impertinent this ! (*aside*) *Total*, will you take it ?

Total. That I will, Sir, and as an atonement, I suppose present him from you an acquittance for his rent, as this is quarter day.

Val. A pretty proposal ! but, ha ! ha ! ha ! fit my busy steward (*aside*). Come, I'll write a few lines of apology, you draw out a receipt, I'll enclose it, and you shall take it to him immediately—but his daughter, my bonny Bet !—*Total*, can you blame me ?

AIR.—VALENTINE.

No more I'll court the town bred fair,
Who shine in artificial beauty ;
Her native charms, without compare,
Claim all my love, respect and duty.

O my bonny, bonny Bet, sweet blossom !
Were I a king, so proud to wear thee,
From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
To grace thy faithful lover's bosom.

Yet ask me where those beauties lie,
I cannot say in smile or dimple,
In blooming cheek or radiant eye,
'Tis happy nature, wild and simple.
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

THE FARMER.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
 And sigh in numbers trite and common;
 Ye gods! one darling wish be mine,
 And all I ask is lovely woman!
 O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
 Like thy bright eye, with pleasure dancing;
 My heaven art thou, so take my soul,
 With rapture every sense entrancing.
 O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Farmer BLACKBERRY'S House.

Enter Farmer BLACKBERRY and BETTY.

Farmer B. There, stay within doors, since you can't walk out without having Gentlemen after you.

Betty. La! Father, the Gentlemen are so tempting, ha! ha! ha!

Farmer B. I command you not to let him speak to you.

Betty. If a Gentleman's going to speak, wou'dn't it not be very rude in me to stop his mouth.

Farmer B. Then always get out of his way.

Betty. That I certainly shall, if he's on horse-back.

Farmer B. Huffy! cou'dn't you turn and walk from him?

Betty. So I did, and he turn'd and walk'd from me; but both walking on all round the field, 'till we came to the opposite side, there we met face to face you know, and then; ha, ha, ha! oh precious!

AIR.

AIR.—BETTY.

To hear a sweet goldfinch's sonnet,
 This morning I put on my bonnet,
 But scarce in the meadow, pies on it!
 When the captain appear'd in my view,
 I felt an odd sort of sensation,
 My heart beat a strange palpitation,
 I blush'd like a pink or carnation,
 When, says he, "My dear, how do you do?"

The dickins thinks I here has pop'd him,
 I thought to slip by but I stop'd him,
 So my very best curt'sy I dropt him;
 With an air then he took off his hat,
 He seem'd with my person enchanted,
 He squeez'd my hand, how my heart panted,
 He ask'd for a kiss, and I granted,
 And pray now what harm was in that?

Says I, Sir, for what do you take me?
 He swore a fine Lady he'd make me,
 "No, dem him, he'd never forsake me."
 And then on his knee he flop'd down,
 His handkerchief, la! smelt so sweetly,
 His white teeth he shew'd so completely,
 He manag'd the matter so neatly,
 I ne'er can be kiss'd by a clown.

Enter Farmer STUBBLE.

Stubble. Hey! Betty! my step-son your sweet-heart Jemmy's without.

Farmer B. What Jemmy Jumps! ecod now I'm happy.

Betty. Pray has London made him very like a Gentleman?

Stubble. Was'nt it for that, merely to please you, that I sent him there? (*Jemmy sings without*)

Farmer B. Here he comes, gay as a lark, fine as a butter-fly, and merry as a cricket.

Betty. Ay, here comes the London beau!

Enter

Enter JEMMY JUMPS, dress'd in the extravagance of Fashion.

Jemmy. Gemmen I'm yours! Mem I'm your most, Dad (*apart to Stubble*) hope you did'nt tell them you had me 'prentice to a stay-maker in London.

Betty. Lud! he looks quite rakish. (*admiring him*)

Jemmy. Betty Blackberry, my dear, I kils your hand.

Farmer B. Ecod, if you go no nigher, your dear must stretch a long arm.

Betty. Why that was only compliment, what they say in London.

Farmer B. Oh, then, in London saying and doing are two things.

Stubble. But, Jemmy, here's neighbour Blackberry.

Jemmy. Eh! ah! (*looking at Farmer B. through a flat eye glafs*)

Farm. B. Oh! ho! (*takes out a large key, and looks at Jemmy*)

Betty. Oh, Jemmy, you can tell us all the new fashions in town!

Farmer B. Ah, what price does corn bring at the London market?

Jemmy. Corn!

Farmer B. How are oats?

Jemmy. Ask my ponies. Oats! think I'm from Bear-quay? I'm a Gentleman of—ha, ha, ha! —Canaile!

Betty. Indeed, Father, you ask such uncouth questions. Pray, Jemmy, what makes you a Gentleman?

Jemmy. My share in a Pharaoh bank, my boots to fling over the benches in the play-houses; a
glafs

glafs to fquint at a face not fix inches from mine ;
my nag to kick up a duft in Rotten row ; fhort
waiftcoat, long breeches, two watches, twenty-
inch cane, umbrella hat, chin beau-dafh, and fhoe
ftring.

All. Ha, ha, ha !

AIR.—JEMMY JUMPS.

Look, dear Ma'am I'm quite the thing,

Natibus hey, tipity ho,

In my fhoe I wear a ftring,

Tied in a black bow fo ;

Cards and dice I've monftrous luck,

I'm no drake yet keep a duck.

Tho' not married I'm a buck.

Lantherum fwafh qui vi.

I've a purfe well ftocked with—brafs,

Chinkity hey, tinkity ho ;

I've good eyes, yet cock my glafs,

Stare about, fquintum ho ;

In two boots I boldly walk,

Piftol, fword, I never baulk,

Meet my man and bravely—talk,

Pippity pop, coupee.

Sometimes I mount a fmart cockade,

Puppydum hey, ftruttledom ho,

From Hyde Park to the Parade,

Cockymacary kee,

As I pafs a centry box,

Soldiers refit their bright firelocks,

Each about his mufquet knocks,

Rattledum flap to me.

In the Mall Ma'am gives her card,

Cafhady me, kiffady fhe,

Sit before the ftale yard,

Leggorum, lounge a row ;

Pretty things I foftly fay,

When I'm ask'd our chairs to pay,

Yes, fays I, and walk—away.

Pennybus, tartum ho !

Rotten

Rotten Row my Sunday ride,
 Trottledum hey, tumble off O !
 Poney eighteen-pence a-side
 Windgall, glanderum ho !
 Cricket I fam'd Lumpey Nick,
 Dadles smouch Mendoza lick,
 Up to all I'm just the kick
 Allemande caperum toe.

Betty. Oh, Lord! he's quite rakish! (*enraptured*)

Stubble. Then, Jemmy, I warrant on your going to London you soon got up stairs into Gentlemen's company.

Farmer B. Ay, and I warrant you he soon got down stairs out of Gentlemen's company, ha, ha, ha! (*making a motion with his foot*).

Jemmy. Sir, I belong'd to a coterie.

Betty. La! what's a coterie.

Jemmy. Ma'am, it's a club, a thing we establish'd—fitted up a house in stile—select—to be by ourselves for the purpose of play.

Farmer B. Oh, then there was a gang of you?

Jemmy. Gang! What, do ye call——? Party?—Men of fashion—deep play—Egad the rouleaus flew about like shuttle-cocks.

Betty. And what's a rouleau?

Jemmy. A parcel of—shillings—neatly rolled up like—a—

Farmer B. Ay, like a pennyworth of tobacco, I suppose!

Jemmy. Tobacco! 'gad, Sir, you suppose the strangest—what—eh?

Stubble. And, Jemmy, who was of your party?

Jemmy. I and Sir Bruin Vickery, Marquis Del-pini, Colonel Pimlico, and my Lord Piccadilly.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Jemmy

Jemmy. (*apart to Stubble*) Must bounce a little; Betty's so upish—likely wou'dn't have me else.

Farmer B. Right neighbour, we'll have Betty and Jemmy married this very night—then she'll be out of the way of this wicked devil of a landlord. (*aside*) (*Pipe and tabor without*)—True, we have won our cricket-match to-day, the lads and lasses are all in such high glee, so your wedding shall add to the joy of the day, ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt all but Jemmy Jumps.*]

Enter MOLLY MAYBUSH.

Molly. Jemmy, you shan't marry Betty Blackberry, you know afore you went up to London, you was book-sworn to me.

Jemmy. I went a clown, and I'm come home a German.

Molly. I'm sure all the difference I see is, that going you had brown hair, a round face, and an honest heart; and you've come home with a white head, lank cheeks, and an ill-natur'd soul.

Jemmy. As to the head and face—and head—I'm just the—tippy; and as to soul—that is with us, Gents. like our honor, a thing we know nothing about, only to swear by; as "'pon my soul," "Sir"—"'pon my honor, Mem,"—just as you country folks say, "odsbodikins," "gadzookens," and "by the living gingo."

Molly. For fartin my father can't leave me quite so well as Betty, we han't so much corn in our granary, but I've ten times as much love in my heart, Jemmy.

Jemmy. Piping for me, Molly, is—I'm not come-at-able.

Molly. But your promise—

Jemmy. Keep a promise! What do you take me for?

Molly. Did I think you ever cou'd forget the day you left our village? Don't you remember, as you were stepping on the coach roof, as I stood crying, you with one foot on the little wheel, and 'tother just on the boot; your right hand you stretch'd to the coachman, and your left as I held in mine, washing it with my tears, the postman at that moment sounding his horn:—Gee! up! says the coachman, and I soon lost sight of my *Jemmy*.

Jemmy. I protest I've such an absence of mind—that—

Molly. You must remember your promise to marry me—you can't forget the horn.

Jemmy. Horn?—A damn'd odd marriage memorandum you've hit upon, *Molly*.

[*Exit.*

Molly. Oh *Jemmy*!

AIR.—MOLLY MAYBUSH.

My daddy, O, was very good,
To make me fine he spar'd no pelf,
And scrape up money all he cou'd,
He'd give it to my bonny self.

My handsome cap from Dover came,
Some thought from France, so gay to see,
Tho' sigh'd for by each maid and dame;
'Twas not my cap was dear to me.

Blythe Johnny, O, upon his mare,
Adown the dell his horn rang sweet,
To me presented pufs, the hare,
That o'er the wild thyme ran so fleet.

Tho' Ned a nosegay for my breast
Had brought no flower more sweet than he;
And warbling Will a linnet's nest,
Nor flowers nor birds were dear to me.

So

So, softly, O, to yonder grove,
The moon so kind the while did blink,
I stole to meet my own true love,
Yet on false love I fell to think.

The rustling leaves encrease my fears,
A footstep falls! who can it be?
Oh joy, my Jemmy now appears,
And he alone was dear to me.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

*A Green before Farmer BLACKBERRY's House.—
Music without.*

Enter Farmer BLACKBERRY and JEMMY JUMPS.

Farmer B. Ah! ha! fearly done! Jemmy, why don't you take a dance!

Jemmy. Me sport a toe among such clodhoppers! Ah! ha! dance away my Vestris and Vetchelli's!

Farmer B. Well, my boy, you shall have Betty; then no fear of our Squire (*aside*)—Hey! what can his steward want! (*looking out*)

Enter TOTAL.

Total. My master is now sorry, Farmer, for the affront he offered you, and requests you'll accept here enclosed a receipt and full acquittance for your quarter's rent.

Jemmy. Something towards Betty's portion—(*aside*)

Enter RUNDY.

Rundy. Why, Lord, Farmer, the Squires men are got driving your cattle away, and they say it's for your rent.

Total. What!

Farmer B. On quarter-day—this his receipt!

Total. Oh! some mistake of that scoundrel the bailiff!

Enter BAILIFF.

Harding, what do you mean by this outrage?

Bail. To obey Master's orders.

Total. Orders! Farmer, open that—or here, you young fellow—*(to Jemmy)* read aloud that paper, if your scholarship reaches so far. *(Gives the letter exultingly)*

Jemmy. Scholarship! *(Conceitedly. Opens, and reads)*

“For golden grain I bring you chaff,

“So neighbours at the bearer laugh!”

Ha, ha, ha! *(looking at Total)* how d'ye like my scholarship? *(reads)*

“If this for quarter's rent won't pass,

“Why then the reader is—

Rundy. *(Who had been looking over him, reads)*

“An Afs”—ha, ha, ha! *(looking at Jemmy)*

Farmer B. Does he make a jest of his cruelty?

Tot. And me the tool—be assured, Farmer, his uncle will do you justice; the Captain won't be long a landlord. *(walks up)*

Enter BETTY BLACKBERRY.

Betty. Oh, Father! Where's Jemmy?

Farmer B. Jemmy, I must borrow this rent from the portion I thought to pay down with Betty.

Jemmy. Borrow! eh! 'odso!—it happens so unlucky, but I now remember I promised to marry Molly Maybush, and dinner's ready. | *Exit singing.*

Betty. There now, if Jemmy han't gone from me!

Farmer

Farmer B. And a good riddance of such a fordid rascal: but there's your London gentleman.

Enter FAIRLY.

Fair. Ay, this shou'd be the house, and you the master: let's see my instructions, (*peruses a paper*) Blackberry, Mother's name—yes—I hope here my search is at an end, your name is Blackberry, your mother was niece to Edward Timber-top, Esq.

Betty. Yes, Sir, we have had 'Squires in our family. (*curtsies*)

Farmer B. Ay, but I never knew any good on't, but to make you conceited.

Fair. I have authority to inform you, that by this descent, you're likely soon to be master of those very lands from whence your cattle were drove by your worthless landlord.

Total. Eh, what, Mr. Fairly, is this true, Farmer, are you really related to Colonel Dormont?

Farmer B. Why I did hear of some relation that made a huge fortune in America by army contracts, or so, but I know nought about'n.

Fair. To prove your affinity to the colonel, and hear what he intends, you must go to London; ay, and appear in splendour as his adopted heir; I'll have such a triumphant revenge on that puppy your master, for his usage to my poor Louisa. (*To Total.*)

Total. But had we not better first apprize the colonel?

Fair. What d'ye talk, I'm a person of property, and if he disapproves of what I've done, let my pocket answer.

Total.

Total. Well, since you're resolved, I'll instantly deliver to my master the Colonel's letter of dismission—take charge of every thing yonder, and if you'll undertake to get the Farmer and his family to town, I transfer to them my duty of steward, and shall be there in time to have lodgings prepared for their reception.

Fair. My good fellow.

Farmer B. I live in town 'mongst smoak, noise, and back-bitings! no, no, no.

Fair. And instead of Blackberry, you must take the name of Timbertop.

Total. But, Farmer, why didn't you acquaint the colonel with your distress?

Farmer B. Distress I never knew before to day; so I never thought of brushing up a grand relationship for sake of a dinner or so, while here I could enjoy my homely meal with the sweet sauce of independence; but come in and take a bit of mutton over a glass of my home-brew'd we'll hear this story, and before I turn a gentleman, you shall see what a jolly fellow is an English farmer.

AIR.—FARMER.

Let Lords invite the courtly guest,
And powder'd lacqueys wait;
Where friendship seldom crowns the feast,
I scorn to ask a man to dine,
I cannot pledge in honest wine,
Or flatter where I hate.

No gold, or marble, deck my room,
But solid English oak;
And solid fare, with me step home:
A pair of fowls, or may be three;
A chine and turkey, you may see
Perhaps a sirloin smoak.

Tho'

Tho' plenty greets you at my board,
 An hearty welcome too;
 And if you'll take a farmer's word,
 To every jovial honest guest,
 The honest farmer gives his best,
 Without a venal view.

[*Exeunt, manent Betty.*]

Betty. To London!—yes—instead of Betty Blackberry, I shall be Miss Eliza Timbertop.

Enter JEMMY JUMPS.

Jemmy. (aside). Old Blackberry fall'n into this house! and great fortune! Oh, I must tack about.

Betty. Yes, we shall have a coach.

Jemmy. A coach! (*aside*).

Betty. Precious! I shall be so tasty this summer; round my neck I'll have a charming thick barcelona handkerchief, with a beautiful double gauze one over it; a marsella quilted petticoat, stout and white as a counterpane; over that a rich paduasoy gown that shall stand an end; and over that again, my choice long sattin cardinal, furr'd with cat's skin.

Jemmy. (Aside) A cool summer's dress!

Betty. In my calimanco shoes, I'll have such a thumping pair of silver buckles, and in my pink hat, a bunch of cherry-colour'd ribbon!

Jemmy. Ha! my Betty.—I'm come to wish you joy!

Betty. Joy! oh, the bellman!

Jemmy. Bellman! my dear, your own Jemmy Jumps.

Betty. Jumps! now what is this person talking about?

Jemmy. Hem! Mem! may I presume to beg—

Betty.

Betty. Beg! I havn't got no small change.

[*Exit stately and affected.*]

Jemmy. (*Whistles*) Beg!—small change! take me for a beggarman! Yes, I must tack about again—Molly Maybush—she's a hundred pounder—that, and a little credit at Manchester, open a smart shop—Yes, get to town, and buckle to business—Eh, here's Molly, how rejoiced she'll be at my coming back to her.

Enter MOLLY MAYBUSH and RUNDY.

Rundy. And, Molly, ben't you a sham'd to leave such a true loving boy as I be?

Molly. Yes, I now see Jemmy courted me all along only for the lucre of gain: Yonder he is, let's laugh at him—I'll pretend not to see him.

AIR.—MOLLY MAYBUSH.

Send him to me,
Let him woo me,
Softly breathe each tender Vow:
Why forsake me,
Come and take me,
Take me in the humour now.

In my cheeks full roses blowing,
Wishes twinkle in my eyes;
Oh, what joy when joy bestowing,
Yet my careless Lover flies.

Girls don't hear him,
Mock him, jeer him;
He'll deceive you,
Kiss and leave you.

Send him to me, &c.

Jemmy. Your most devoted, lovely Molly. (*bows*)
Rundy what brings you here? (*fiercely*)

Rundy. To see a little fun, Sir.

Jemmy.

Jemmy. Fun!

Molly. Ha, ha, ha!

Rundy. Ha, ha, ha! (*they stand each side of him*)

Jemmy. Molly, I left you crying. Methinks I find you wond'rous frisky.

Molly. Yes, Sir. (*curtsies*)

Rundy. Yes, Sir. (*bows*)

Jemmy. Amazing civil!

Molly. Rundy, sure this is a gentleman!

Rundy. Is it, indeed!

Molly. Oh, yes, for his soul is only a thing to swear by, as, "'Pon my soul, Sir! 'Pon my honor, Mem!" just as us country folks might say "Odfbodikins! and by the living gingo!" Ha, ha, ha!

Rundy. Ha, ha, ha!

Jemmy. (*disconcerted*) Ha, ha, ha! again, if that's what you're both for; indeed Molly, as second thoughts are best, I'll return to my first design and have you.

Molly. No, Sir; sure you wou'dn't be so good? (*ironically*)

Jemmy. Do you think I'd break my engagement! Molly, I claim your promise.

Molly. "I keep a promise! what d'ye take me for"?

Rundy. What d'ye take us for?

Molly. Jemmy, my father has engaged me to Rundy here, so, "I am not comeatable." There —(*gives Rundy her hand*) and thus let every girl serve the fortune-hunting chap that courts the heart, while his eye is on her pocket.

Jemmy. Have I figur'd in London for this? the tulip of Kensington Gardens to be ousted by a cabbage-stalk! Oh, ye gods and goddeffes, tags, laces, whalebone, busks and bodices.

TRIO.—JEMMY, MOLLY, RUNDY.

JEMMY.

Dear madam, how you clack away,
King George's English hack away :
Go press your cheefe,
And feed your geese,
Tuck up your duds, and pack away.

MOLLY.

Go hop my pretty Pet along ;

RUNDY.

And down the Dance lead Bet along ;

MOLLY.

But Rundy's flick,

RUNDY.

Your back shall lick,

MOLLY.

You faucy monkey, get along.

JEMMY.

Ma chere Ami tout autre chose,
Tho' gentleman, of bully knows.
Lord, nothing yet,
Before my Bet,
I'd kick a Shin or pull a nose.

MOLLY.

Your love is incompatible,
Since I am not come-at-able ;

RUNDY.

For dance we're ripe,
D'ye hear the pipe,
And tabor how rattatable,

JEMMY.

JEMMY.

Dans votre lit, sweet Moll adieu,

RUNDY.

And if so be what's that to you;

JEMMY.

If e'er we meet

In London Street

I'll honor you with how d'ye do.

RUNDY.

A fig for you and your how d'ye do.

MOLLY.

That for you and your how d'ye do.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

LOUISA's Lodgings in London.

Enter TOTAL and LANDLADY.

TOTAL.

THE apartments, Ma'am, are for a family from the country.

Land. Well, Sir, the Lady here moves to-day to her own house in Kent;—Will you please to see the other rooms, Sir.

Total. Ma'am. *[Exit, following Landlady.]*

Enter LOUISA.

AIR.—LOUISA,

Winds, softly tell my love
You have brought home his dove,
Say poor Louisa flies to her mate;
Smooth was the ocean,
And swift was our motion,
He was my haven, and absence my fate,

Yet

Yet the lambs straying,
 Thro' the meads playing,
 Cropping wild flow'rs on the precipice' brink;
 Joys surrounding,
 Sporting, bounding,
 Nor on fond Phillis the Wanton will think.
 Wind, sofly tell, &c.

Total. (Without) They'll do exceeding well,
 Ma'am; but—*(enters)*
 I must apologize to this lady for my intrusion before she had given up her apartments. *(bows)*

Louisa. Sir. (curtesies) *(A loud knocking without)*

Total. Hey! they are here! 'Squire Timbertop and his whole family!

Fair. (Without) Then Mr. Total is here?

Louisa. Heaven's! my father!

Total. What! Mr. Fairly Madam!

Louisa. Oh, Sir! shut the door! I'm lost if he sees me.

Total. Then, Madam, I presume you are Mrs. Valentine?

Louisa. Sir, since you know me—Dear Sir, I dare not see my father until acknowledged by my husband.

Total. You're just from Canada, Madam? And is this the amiable woman he has deserted! Don't be alarmed at my discovering you, I'm your Steward.

Louisa. Perhaps my husband's, Sir! Oh! bring me to him!

Total. He's now in disgrace with his uncle, colonel Dormant, who is one of your very odd sort of persons; means well, but always doing something that nobody else wou'd think of; and I'm convinced

vinc'd he won'dn't have you see your husband before he tries the success of a scheme he has plann'd for his reformation.

Re-enter LANDLADY.

Land. Sir, here's your country family arrived; Ma'am, won't you make use of my parlour, 'till your chaise comes—Jenny! [*Calls, and Exit.*]

Total. Madam, you had better remain here, if you can keep out of your father's sight; in the evening I'll give you convincing reasons for postponing your journey to Kent. The colonel, Madam, has heard of your wrongs, and is determined to punish his nephew; he'll teach him in the school of poverty, the use of riches.

[*Exit.*]

Louisa. Ah! my Valentine, to forsake, to deny me: but I'll not encrease the colonel's displeasure by seeing him; and yet——

Enter LANDLADY.

Land. Madam, where's that old gentleman? Here's an officer below saw him through the window, and desires he'll follow him into the park.

[*Exit.*]

Louisa. An officer! If it shou'd be—(*goes to the window*) it is Valentine! Discarded by his uncle—perhaps distress'd—Yes, the steward said the colonel was determined he should learn in the school of poverty; No, my Valentine, I cannot see it. (*Rings*)

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Richard, that gentleman—the officer—follow, watch where he goes, and instantly bring me word—Quick!

[*Exit Servant.*
Cruel Uncle! to abandon him: and this unfeeling steward advise me not to see him—in want! Heavens!—Ah! Valentine, though unkind you have been, you are still my husband.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

St. James's Park.

Enter TOTAL.

Total. Follow you to the park! but where—
(*Looking round*) Eh! Isn't this the young fellow that read the curious receipt for me?

Enter JEMMY JUMPS, with a parcel.

Jemmy. Eh! it is—Master steward, who thought to have met you in London! Well, how have you left Ploughman Blackberry and his clumsy family?

Total. True, I thought you were to have had his daughter and her clumsy fortune.

Jemmy. Have me! certainly they were all upon the scramble for me, as if I was a tit bit for a city feast, I was such a neat—tol lol! hey! Betty dressed at me—Jenny skimm'd the cream—Molly robbed

bed the hen roost, and Susan baked the round little hot loaves for my breakfast—Beck^v sung to me; Sal hopp'd, and Pol bobb'd at me; but poor things! it wasn't on the cards—cou'dn't be—

AIR.—JEMMY JUMPS.

Gad a mercy! devil's in me,
All the damsels wish to win me;
Like a maypole round me cluster,
Hanging garlands fus and fluster.

Jilting, capering, grinning, smirking,
Pouting, bobbing, winking, jerking,
Cocking bills up, chins up, perking.

Kates and Betties,
Polls and Letties.

All were doating gentle creatures,
On these features;

Pretty damsels,
Ugly damsels,
Black hair'd damsels,
Red hair'd damsels,
Six feet damsels,
Three feet damsels,
Pale-faced damsels,
Plump-faced damsels,
Small-legged damsels,
Thick-legged damsels,
Dainty damsels,
Dowdy damsels,

Pretty, ugly, black-hair'd, red-hair'd,
Six feet, three feet, pale-fac'd, plump-fac'd,
Small-leg'd, thick-leg'd, dainty, dowdy.

All run after me, Sir, me;
For when pretty fellows we,
Pretty maids are frank and free.

Gad-a-mercy! Devils in me,
All the ladies wish to win me.
For their stays taking measure,
Of the ladies, Oh the pleasure!

Oh,

Oh, such tempting looks they gi'me,
 Wishing of my heart to nim me!
 Pat, and cry, you devil Jemmy!

Pretty ladies,
 Ugly ladies,
 Black-hair'd ladies,
 Red-hair'd ladies,
 Six feet ladies,
 Three feet ladies,
 Pale-faced ladies,
 Plump-faced ladies,
 Small-legged ladies,
 Thick-legged ladies,
 Dainty ladies,
 Dowdy ladies.

Pretty, ugly, black-hair'd, red-hair'd,
 Six feet, three feet, pale-faced, plump-faced,
 Small legged, thick legged, dainty, dowdy,
 All run after me, Sir, me;
 For when pretty fellows we,
 Ladies all are frank and free.

Old one, in the country I was a gentleman—In
 town I'm a staymaker. (*Points to the parcel*)

Total. A staymaker!

Jemmy. I never saw 'Squire Valentine—but
 hear he is a fine flashy fellow! one of us—ha!
 ha! I'm about setting up in business—want only
 a partner with a little ready—Molly's penny would
 have been apropos—raising capital is difficult—
 I'm going now after a person who advances mo-
 ney—but, my old steward, you're among the
 monied men, you cou'd put a body in the way of
 raising a little cash—I can give undeniable secu-
 rity.

Total. (*pausing*) I'll try it—yonder he comes
 —it may bring him into great embarrassment;
 and if any thing can reclaim him, extreme neces-
 sity must be the means. (*aside*) Why—I do know
 a gentleman that does these things

Jemmy. (*with joy*) Where does he live?

Total. This happens lucky enough—See that gentleman coming strait from Storey's Gate.

Jemmy. What! he in the brown coat?

Total. No.

Jemmy. Oh! in the smart little buckled wig.

Total. Psha! what think ye of that red coat!

Jemmy. That officer! ha! ha! ha! a Captain lend money! a good joke!

Total. He is agent to fifteen regiments.

Jemmy. Is he! then he can lend me the king's money.

Total. There—you see with what authority he leans against the Treasury Wall.

Jemmy. Like a prop to the Treasury; a rich fellow, I warrant: If you know him, my dear boy, will you propose it?

Total. Well, I'll speak to him.

Jemmy. Much obliged to you—here he is!

Total. Be you in the way.

Jemmy. I've only to drop this in Fludyer-street—two hundred will just fit me—I'll do the hand-something—Housekeeper's security---Premium to you, and the neatest pair of dimity jumps for your girl—mum!

[*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Total, when did you get to town? Whose house was that I saw you lounging in in Suffolk street?

Total. Then he has'nt seen his wife. (*aside*)

Val. Here have I been parading this half hour, and no uncle as his letter appointed.

Total.

Total. You don't know his person, Sir; perhaps he has been parading too, and surveying you.

Val. I'll wait no longer—I discard him—talk of me! he's made up of caprice and uncertainty.

Total. Why, faith he is a little queerish, Sir, but no caprice—no, no; curs'd inflexible in what he thinks right—yes he'll certainly settle his fortune on this new-found relation—your conduct to your wife—that affair of distraining Farmer Blackberry—

Val. Give me a taste of life, and now turn me adrift, only for a few fashionable gallantries! I got a dinner party to pass dice too before I left home—hav'nt one guinea in my pocket—if I could but raise a little money just for an outset.

Total. Cou'dn't some be raised on your commission?

Val. Eh—but I don't know any of those money brokers.

Re-Enter JEMMY JUMPS, smiles at TOTAL, then walks up.

Total. Sir, d'ye see that gentlemen?

Val. That fellow that nodded to you?

Total. Fellow! You've seen an advertisement of a person that has twenty thousand lying at his banker's; that's he! X. Y. the most liberal money-lender in town,

Val. Why he gave you a very familiar nod, Total; see if he'll advance the cash to me.

Total. I'll try—about two hundred will do?

Val. Capital!

Total. Sir, (*goes over to Jemmy, and speaks apart to him*) He'll do't.

Femmy. My dear friend! does he know the sum I want and the security I can give?

Total. All: Step to any tavern hard-by and I'll bring him to you.

Femmy. Eh—the Rummer—the Landlady is a customer of mine.—D. you think he'll have the money about him?

Total. Isn't Drummond's over the way? Have you a purse or good strong pocket for the cash when you get it? for he always lends in cash.

Femmy. I've a good pocket, but no purse.

Total. Take my glove—it is stout Ramskin—the guineas will lie there so snug in the fingers.

Femmy. And the half guineas drop so pat in the little one.

Total. You'll have your cash between finger and thumb.

Femmy. Snug as a pinch o'snuff.

Total (*aloud to Valentine*) Sir the gentleman will see you at the Rummer over the way.

Val. (*bowing to Femmy*) Sir, I shall attend you.

Femmy. Sir—Oh Sir.—(*apart to Total*) A country family just come to town, over in Suffolk-street, must step and take measure of a young lady, new customer, be with you in five minutes.

[*Exit bowing to Valentine.*]

Total. Yes, he'll lend you the money.

Val. You're a dev'lish good fellow, Total.

Total. But then he's so curs'd fond of the table; nothing to be done with him without giving him a dinner, and he drinks Burgundy, I assure you.

Val. I'll give him a bottle and a bird with all my soul. Yonder's Supple and Captain Palaver! they

they must have heard of my misfortune, for they seem to avoid me.—My friends!

Total. Ah! my good Sir, the civility of the world hangs on the success of the moment: and let your empty pocket now convince you that distress is the touchstone of friendship. Suppose to cut a flash, I ask 'em to the dinner you'll be obliged to give this gentleman; ha, ha! Sir, to carry it on I'll desire Mr. X. Y. before them, to seem as if you were the lender.

Val. Ha, ha, ha! well done Total! ha, ha, ha! Hey Counsellor Flummery, too! (*looking out*) True: I owe him twenty guineas.

Total. Well, Sir, you'll now be able to pay him: 'Gad, Sir, he can draw up the necessary writings between you and the gentleman. I'll invite him too.

Val. Run—bespeak a good room, and order dinner for six. (*pushes Total off*) This supply will set me going—I'll let uncle see I can shine without his dirty acres, but without house, cheerful home, ability to entertain, and enjoy the social hour——

AIR.—VALENTINE.

How bright are the joys of the table,
I mean when the cloth is remov'd;
Our hearts are fast held by a cable,
While round the decanter is shov'd;
The ladies all rise to retire,
We stand up and look very grave,
A bumper, then draw round the fire,
Determin'd like souls to behave.

My servant, he knows I'm a toper,
Clean glasses! of wine a recruit,
He brings in a fix bottle cooper,
And places it close at my foot;

I gin-

I gingerly take up a bottle,
 The sawdust I puff from his coat,
 The cork out he sings in the throttle,
 But sweeter than Mara his note.

What gentleman coffee now chuses?
 The compliment comes from the fair;
 No gentleman coffee refuses,
 But not a man stirs from his chair;
 Tho' Frenchmen may do so, I bar it,
 With British politeness I think,
 While Monsieur we thank for his claret,
 He never shall teach us to drink.

Gay Hebe now shews in Apollo,
 A struggle 'twixt claret and wit,
 For Bacchus insists he shall swallow
 Six bumpers before he may sit;
 Ye fair, why so ill should we treat you,
 To part ere the battle is won?
 At supper Apollo shall meet you.
 And Shew you what Bacchus has done.

[*Exit,*

SCENE III.

FARMER BLACKBERRY'S *Lodgings.*

Enter FAIRLY,

Fair. What accommodations has old Total
 provided for the farmer and his family here?

Enter RUNDY in a Livery.

So Rundy you've got to London.

Rundy. Yes, Sir.

Fair.

Fair. Well, and how d'ye like it?

Rundy. Oh, hugely, Sir; I think s it a deadly fine place.—Master thought I should not come with him, but he was so good to me, that to shew my kindness and gratitude, I comed up here to town with him, because I know'd I cou'dn't better myself.

Fair. Well, and you're preferr'd from the plough to the coach.

Rundy. Ay, Sir, Miss Bett would make master and she go all round the town in chairs. I walk'd afore, he, he, he! Master's so grand, and Miss Betty's quite my Lady; my Molly is her maid, and I am my own gentleman.

Fair. Tell your master I am here.

Rundy. Tell! why in London one can tell a body from the top of the house to the bottom, and from bottom to top, without opening one's mouth, (*rings the bell*) that does it.

Fair. Ha, ha, ha! why sure you don't ring for your master?

Rundy. Whv, Sir, he rings for me, and one good turn deserves another: Lord you can't think what a beau I intend to be here in London.

AIR.—RUNDY.

A flaxen-headed Cow-boy, as simple as may be,
And next a merry Ploug-boy, I whistled oe'r the Lea,
But now a faucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,
And soon I'll be a butler, and wag my jolly face;
When steward I'm promoted, I'll snip a tradesman's bill,
My master's coffers empty, my pockets for to fill;
When lolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled o'er the Lea:

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the pelf,
I'll stand poll for the Parliament, and then vote in myself;
Whatever's

Whatever's good for me, Sir, I never will oppose,
 When all my Ayes are sold off, why then I'll sell my Noes;
 I'll joke, harrangue and paragraph, with speeches charm
 the ear,
 And when I'm tir'd on my legs, I'll then sit down a peer;
 In court or city honour, so great a man I'll be,
 You'll forget the little Plough-boy that whistled o'er the
 Lea.

[*Exit.*

Enter FARMER BLACKBERRY and BETTY, *dressed.*

Fair. Ah, ha! who comes here.

Betty. Sir, I have the honor to be monstrous proud to see you.

Farmer B. Yes, Sir, you see she has the honor to be monstrous——

Fair. She's fashionable!

Farmer B. What with her coal-black hair full of brown dust, and her hat all on one side, as if she'd got fuddled.

Betty. Fuddled! oh, fashion; ay, Sir, and Mrs. Fallal, the milliner says, I shall soon set the fashions; she'll be ask'd for the Eliza cap, the Timbertop bonnet, la! we improve so! Sir, mustn't I learn to dance! (*dances*) and play music on the harp? that gentleman in the Hay-Market is to send me all the new songs, and the last opera in score.

Farmer B. Score! No, you shall not run in debt, daughter!

Betty. He, he, he! Oh, Mr. Fairly, d'ye hear?—we have been shopping! bought such beauties!

Farmer B. By Gad but I believe I've forgot all your trinkums in the chair that brought me home—you Rundy!

Enter

Enter RUNDY.

Rundy, where's the chair? (*Rundy reaches a chair, places it behind Farmer Blackberry, then bows*)
Pho! you Blockhead! I mean the glass cupboard they swung us about the street in.

Rundy. Oh, Lord, Sir; the two Irishmen run away with that.

Betty. How provoking!

Fair. You know, Rundy, I desired you, whenever you took a chair or coach, to take the number.

Rundy. Oh, I did; here it is your honor, and in nice brass; I cut it off when they went into the ale-house. (*shews a chair number*)

Fair. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter LANDLADY.

Land. A person from Tavistock-street, Miss.

Betty. Oh, la! it's the stay-maker Mrs. Fallal promised to send me. Do send him in.

Land. You may walk up, young man. [*Exit.*]

Enter JEMMY JUMPS.

Jemmy. Hem! Mem! please your Ladyship, Mrs. Fallal, of Tavistock-street, sent me to take measure of your Ladyship for your Ladyship's new stays: I'll fit your Ladyship with a waist neat as a topsy-turvy sugar-loaf.

Betty. Turn me topsy-turvy! la! is that the fashion?

Jemmy. (*preparing his measure*) Now, Ma'am! (*advances*) Betty Blackberry!

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Betty.

Betty. Jemmy Jumps! What, our London gentleman only a stay-maker!

Jemmy. I protest this is the most immensely strange! I came to one Miss Timbertop.

Betty. Then I am she, Master Timbertop. (*patting him on the head with her fan*)

Farmer B. So this is your Rouleaus and your Coteries! a stay-maker! oh, you make no stay here.

Jemmy. Then I'll go—hey! my—Mr. Jumps's carriage—lal, lal, lal! [*Exit singing.*]

Betty. La! what an impudent fellow.

Farmer B. Ay, girl, beware of the fops, tho' while you've youth be merry.

AIR.—FARMER BLACKBERRY.

Lovely ladies, sprigs of fashion,
Smile the youthful hour away;
Welcome now the tender passion,
In my sunshine I made hay.
Musty age forbids soft wooing,
What themselves are past the doing,
But sage reason, to each season,
Pleasures suiting, age recruiting
By full glasses, tho' life passes
Wine restores the lamp of day.---
The sun's love potion,
Just hits my notion,
To set in ocean,
Next morn rise showing,
A broad face glowing.
In youth my girl, in age a glorious flask,
So live so die is all I ask.

Enter TOTAL.

Total. Farmer, the Colonel desires me to conduct you to him. He has sent his coach.

Betty.

Betty. Coach ! Oh, if Jemmy Jumps was but to see us now !

Fair. And pray what has become of his hopeful nephew, my good son-in-law ?

Farmer B. Ay, where's the Squire ?

Total. Now at the Rummer tavern, and soon in the hands of the bailiffs.

Fair. Now, Farmer, you and I will have a compleat revenge.

Farmer B. Aye Sir, you shall see an honest farmer's revenge. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room at the Rummer Tavern, Charing-cross.

(Loud laughing without)

Enter JEMMY JUMPS, HATTER, and 1st WAITER with wine.

Jemmy. Very well, I think my hat and boots will do, so step down and call for a glass, and I'll send the cash down to you presently.

[*Exit Hatter.*

Oh, the gentleman desired you'd call me out from the company, and he'd settle the affair with me here ?

1st Wait. Yes.

Jemmy. Now, I shall pocket the cash, Oh ! and Jack, if your mistress sends me up her stays, I'll take them home with me, and alter them to her liking.

[*Exit 1st Waiter.*

That will shew this gentlemen I'm a man of business, then he wo'nt be afraid to lend the cash. I hope he has it about him, though I should like he'd send me over to Drummond's, it's so prett^e

see those Bankers' clerks shovel up the gold! with a back paw slide a handful of guineas along the counter, then tip, tip, tip! reckon so nimble. (*mimicks*) With this money such a smart shop I shall open.

Val. (*without*) Push about, lads! the gentleman and I will return to you instantly.

Femmy. Oh, here he is!

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Well, Sir, are not my friends jolly fellows?

Femmy. Very jolly, Sir, and we'd a choice fine dinner! but there will be a monstrous great bill to pay!

Val. A vulgar fellow this; I'll touch his cash, and then get rid of him. (*aside*) Won't you please to sit, Sir?

Femmy. Now, if he isn't as condescending as if he wasn't worth a guinea. (*aside*)

Val. True, Total said he loved his bottle. (*aside*) Waiter, a batch of Burgundy here.

Femmy. More Burgundy! my shot will make a vast hole in the money I'm to get. (*aside*)

Val. Sir, I esteem myself so much obliged.

Femmy. Sir, (*bows and smiles*) what genteelness to me that's going to borrow his cash from him. (*aside*) Sir, it's what I never shall forget the longest day I have to live.

Val. The civilest money-lender I ever met with. (*aside*) tho' I flatter myself the security is unexceptionable.

Femmy. Security! Sir, I'll have two of the warmest housekeepers in Norton Falgate.—

Val. Norton Falgate! really, Sir, I don't know any body in that quarter of the town.—

Femmy.

Femmy. Lord, Sir, it's one of the most substantialists and the most opulentist places——

Val. I hav'n't a doubt, Sir—but had hopes of giving you up a Lieutenant's commission.

Femmy. Give me a commission, ah, ah, ah!

Val. Oh, well, Sir; since that is not agreeable—if Mr. Total joins in a bond——

Femmy. Sir, I've no objection to a bond, if you think that requisite; asking Mr. Total to join, in it is a liberty that I cannot expect, oh, no!

Val. My dear Sir, if he dare refuse, I'd break every bone in his body.

Femmy. Oh, lord! what! force him to join? Oh, Sir, by no means. He's almost a stranger to me, tho' he has so kindly brought about this business.

Val. Oh, well, Sir, if you think it can be done between ourselves.

Femmy. Sir, (*bows*) how good! the sum I suppose you understand is——

Val. Two hundred pounds.

Femmy. Just.

Val. Sir, won't you take a glass of wine? (*fills*)

Femmy. Sir, won't you take another? (*fills*)

Val. Sir.

Femmy. Sir. (*They touch glasses*)

Val. Here is X. Y. against the whole alphabet.

Femmy. A new toast among the money-lenders. (*aside*) Sir, here is X. Y. in the alphabet. (*drinks*)

Val. Now, if you please, I'll call in my friend, the lawyer, and we'll settle the affair at once.

Femmy. Sir—now I shall touch—that for Molly Maybush's fortune. (*aside and snapping his fingers*)

Val. This two hundred will make a man of me.

me. (*aside*) Counsellor Flummery, come into court.

Enter COUNSELLOR FLUMMERY.

Flummery. Well, gentlemen, if you're quite agreed——

Val. and Femmy. Oh, yes, we're quite agreed. (*Flummery takes out a bond, and begins to read.*)

Val. Psha! (*snatching it*) we both know the sum and terms, so here goes to sign and seal, and all's settled. (*writes and gives the bond to Femmy*)

Femmy. (*signs*) I deliver that as my hand and pen.

Flum. Your hand and pen! oh, my dear Sir, it's your act and deed you mean. Valentine, I've drawn out a bill and receipt for that twenty guineas. (*apart*)

Val. My dear fellow, I'll pay you this moment. (*apart*)

Flum. Then, now, gentlemen, nothing's to be done but down with the gold. (*Valentine and Femmy stand some time looking at each other with expectation*)

Val. Here's a repository for the two hundred. (*takes out a purse*)

Femmy. And here's my ramskin budget. (*shews the glove*)

Val. What's that for, Sir?

Femmy. To put the money in, or if you'll give me a draft, I'll step over to Drummond's.

Val. What draft, Sir?

Femmy. To receive the cash.

Val. To receive! True, Total told me he had always twenty thousand at his banker's (*aside*) Then, Sir, I'll wait here 'till you bring the money.

Femmy.

Jemmy. Then you'll wait a long while. (*aside*) Lord, Sir, Drummond wou'dn't give his daddy money without your order.

Val. Really Sir, I know nothing about Drummond, or his daddy; I wait for the money that you——

Jemmy. Sir!——

Val. The two hundred pounds you're going to lend me.

Jemmy. I going to lend you!

Val. Why, Sir, you know that's what brought you here.

Jemmy. Oh, Lord, no Sir; no, no. I came here for you to lend me two hundred pounds.

Flum. Ha! ha! ha! 'Pon my honour here's a fine Irish bargain; all borrowers and no lenders.—But who's to pay costs? As you don't want the receipt, Jonn Doe and Richard Roe.

(*apart to Valentine and exit.*)

Enter 1st WAITER.

Val. Sir! who are you? (*to Jemmy*)

1st Wait. (*giving stays to Jemmy.*) Here my mistress desires that you'll add two bones to her stays, and bring them against to-morrow.

Val. Stays and bones! Pray, friend, do you know this gentleman.

1st Wait. Oh, yes, Sir; that gentleman is Mr. Jemmy Jumps the Stay-maker. [*Exit.*]

Jemmy. Yes, Sir; and if your lady should want me, I have the neatest stitch.

Val. Pray, Sir, are not you X. Y.

Jemmy. No, Sir, nor P. Q. Pray Sir do you prop the Treasury? Oh! I suspect here has been a hum.

Val.

Val. Total has either played me a trick, or made some cursed blunder here ! (*aside*) Retire.

Femmy. Retire.

Val. Withdraw, you rascal.

Enter 2nd WAITER.

2nd Wait. The other gentlemen are stepp'd out, and desired me to bring the bill up to you, gentlemen. (*offers it to Femmy.*)

Femmy. Bill ! lord, a bill to me ! I'm no gentleman.

Val. (*to Femmy*) Withdraw you rascal !

2nd Wait. It's twenty two pounds, ten—

Femmy. Twenty-two pounds ten (*looking at it in the Waiter's hand.*) "Withdraw, you rascal !"

Enter HATTER.

Hatt. Sir, (*to Femmy*) as my master keeps no accounts with ony body, you'll be pleased to pay for the hat.

Femmy. Eh—oh—the hat.

Hatt. Yes, Sir, I'd be glad you'd let me go home.

Femmy. Do go home, my lad, you shou'd not stay out so long from your business.

Hatt. My business is to be paid for my goods, ay, and I will too.

Femmy. To block a new beaver and jump into such costly cordovans on the strength of—borrowing !

Val. This infernal old badger to draw me into a tavern bill, and not a guinea in my pocket. (*aside.*) Is Counsellor Flummery gone too ?

Wait. Yes, Sir, but he has left a bailiff below. (*ringing without*) Coming up, Sir !

Val.

Val. A Bailiff!

Jemmy. A bailiff! oh, lord!

Val. Well, I'll go with him.

Enter LANDLORD and WAITERS.

Land. You won't go I hope, Sir, till the bill is settled.

Jemmy. But I will if I can tho'. (*runs off.*)

Val. Confusion! Now I am punish'd for my cruelty to my amiable wife—is it possible, my Louisa in England!

Enter LOUISA.

Louisa. Here, Valentine; (*gives him a pocket book*) nor blush to receive liberty from your affectionate Louisa.

Val. My kind! my generous love!

Enter FAIRLY and TOTAL.

Louisa. My father!

Val. Mr. Fairly, I have wrong'd you, but shall make atonement here. (*to Louisa.*)

Fair. Do, Sir.

Val. Total! ah! you old humming good natured fellow, but now all's forgiveness—love and liberty! here! (*calls*)

Enter 2nd WAITER.

Send up Counsellor Flummery's bailiff.

Wait. Sir, he's gone: the country gentleman that came with you, Sir, (*to Total*) paid the debt,

and costs, and discharged the Bill of the house.

[Exit.

Total. Old Blackberry do this!

Enter FARMER BLACKBERRY and BETTY.

Farmer B. There Squire is a different sort of receipt from what you sent me for my rent. (*gives a paper*) Mr. Fairly, you're a wise lawyer; but a simple Farmer thinks good for evil is the most complete revenge.

Total. Ah! ha! what say you to Colonel Dormont's heir?

Val. What was the Farmer my successor to the Colonel's estate? Blackberry—you're the King of spades! *Total*, now where's my uncle? (*slapping Total on the shoulder*)

Total. You needn't hit your uncle quite so hard Valentine.

Val. How! *Total* Colonel Dormont! it must be—a thousand circumstances crowd upon my recollection.—Oh, Sir! have you been all along the witness of my follies—

Colonel D. Follies! Vices and by corrosives I attempted cure—

Louisa. Which I hope by lenatives to perform.

Farmer B. If you are the Colonel, Sir, thank ye; but take your grandeur from me again, I find my hands are too hard, and my head too soft for a gentleman.

Colonel D. Well, my honest kinsman, if you can enjoy more happiness in your farm, I'll take care your stock shall never again be seized by a landlord.

Farmer B. Then! come child, from our little sample of fashion, we shall return with double relish for peace, happiness, and Blackberry farm.

Betty.

Betty. I don't love peace and happiness, I won't leave London—I won't go home again—oh! oh! (*cries*) to leave London without a beau! (*cries*) oh! oh!

Enter JEMMY JUMPS, RUNDY, and MOLLY MAY-BUSH.

Jemmy. How d'ye do all! Squire Timberhead a gentleman would ask a thousand with Miss, I'll take her with half the money, and set up a smart shop without the help of your money-lender. (*to Col. D.*) and I hope your friends will drop their guineas into my ramskin budget.

Colonel D. Mr. Fairly, I thank you for the concern you have taken in my affairs; proud of my generous new relation. Nephew, henceforth the honest man in distress shall be my kinsman.

FINALE.

FARMER. BLACKBERRY.

Welcome joy, and hence with sorrow,
Laugh to day, and cry to-morrow;
Smiles succeeding fortunes frowns,
All the world is ups and downs.

VALENTINE.

Joy and truth in generous wine,
Friends sooth the cares of life,
Joy, friend, truth, in you combine,
My faithful wife.

BETTY.

Four in hand I'll spank away,
Harp tinkle, twang my bow,
To a circle read a play,
When I know how.

R R 2

RUNDY.

THE FARMER.

RUNDY.

Sweet to kiss upon the grass,
'Gadzooks ! I can't in town
Give my merry willing las
A neat green gown,

MOLLY.

Farwell fields and sweet hay-mow,
No more my lambs I'll see,
Rundy says I must be now,
A gay lady.

JEMMY.

Pretty girls, who fine things lack,
All come and deal with me,
I'm myself, a nice knick knack,
Your own Jemmy.

CHORUS.

Welcome joy and hence with sorrow,
Laugh today, and cry to-morrow ;
Smiles succeeding fortune's frowns,
All the world is ups and downs.

THE END.

THE
MAN-MILLINER.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1787.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Harry Fangle, Mr. BROWN.
Coeffeuse, Mr. WEWITZER.
Faggot, Mr. FEARON.
Galen Dobbin, Mr. QUICK.
Frank Dobbin, Mr. DAVIES.
Bob Dobbin, Mr. EDWIN.
Postboy, Mr. SWORDS.
Waterman, Mr. ROCK.

Lady Dolphin, Mrs. BATES.
Mrs. Coeffeuse, Mrs. WEBB.
Miss Polly Gunnel, Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Mrs. Chainstich, Miss PLATT.
Fidget, Mrs. GREY.

SCENE, *London.*

THE
MAN-MILLINER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Parlour behind a Milliner's Shop.—(Laughing of Women without.)

Enter Mrs. COEFFEUSE.

Mrs. COEFFEUSE (calling).

WHY, Harriot, Mary, Betsey; Mrs. Chainstich!

Enter Mrs. CHAINSTICH.

Mrs. Chainstich! how can you suffer those girls to make such a noise?

Mrs. Chain. Ma'am, don't be angry, but—ha, ha, ha! you know we've got two new work-women to-day, and the girls have made them pay their footing in a bottle of raisin-wine and two or three pound of maccaroons.

Mrs. Coef. Merry and wise!—This giggling may become Mr. Coeffeuse's shop at St. James's, but this

this is the city, Mrs. Chainstich. This shop was another sort of place in my late husband's time.—Mr. Bombazeen was an honest haberdasher, but since I've married this frippery French man-milliner, I'm like a fine gauge-mob, trim'd with a three-penny edging.

Mrs. Chain. Oh, Ma'am! I've had a letter from my cousin, Miss Polly Gunnel; she says her guardian brings her up to town to-day. (*laughing without*) Be quiet, will you? [*Exit.*]

Enter COEFFEUSE.

Coef. Here I am, my dear, I fly thro' de City, dart thro' de mob and de mire, boue de Londres; nimble as de eel to come to you—first one shoulder, den the other shoulder, den hey, I skip de kennel. In my haste to come to you, my sweet wife, I did overturn two Mademoiselle de barrow Gentlewoman, vid de green cucumber.

Mrs. Coef. Yes, my dear; and see how you've rob'd little Master the chimney-sweeper. (*pointing to his coat, which is blacked*)

Coef. Ah pauvre, little fellow— (*unseen by her, wipes his coat with her apron—both laugh*) ha, ha, ha! We are the two pair of happy couple. Besides my great love, my dear, I had your interest, and my interest a mon cœur, in our match—You was de grande Widow Bombasin, vid your substantial haberdashery shop here in Cheapside—I vas de elegant Monsieur Coeffeuse, vid de nice millinary shop in de St. James's—I did see it plain dat we shou'd make de money. I have fortune at my foot, like dis silver shoe-buckle; I am de fashion, and you're de weight, mafoy.

Mrs.

Coef. Ah, you were de charming widow ! So beautiful your—rolls of silk ; so fine your—cambric ; so white your—dimity ; so bright your—fide-board ; and such a ravishing polish on your—wooden tables——

Coef. I'd be glad to see a girl dare to kiss me—I only wish I could catch them at that work.

Coef. Bon—I expect Sir Harry Fangle; you know, as I was Sir Harry's valet, and he did bring me over to England, and did set me up in my shop, I am bound from gratitude, to do every thing for him dat can serve—myself; so as he is now almost ruin his estate by pleasure, and ton and life——

Coef. Rich ! oui—he has lodge his gold in de faro bank, and run his silver into Newmarket plate—ha, ha, ha !—he's all up done—so I've promise to help him to dis Plymouth heiress, Miss Polly Gunnell, dat your broder's guardian to, and he promise to give me de good sum for dat.

Mrs. Chain. Sir, Mr. Sprig the mercer, has sent
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about the lad, the apprentice; and Ma'am, there's a Gentleman in the shop, enquires for you by your former name of Bombazeen. *[Exit.]*

Frank. (without) Ne'er mind, sweetheart.

Mrs. Coef. Why its Frank Dobbin, an old country friend of my late husband's.

Enter FRANK DOBBIN.

Frank. Mrs. Bombazeen, by Jove I'm glad to see you. *(to Mrs. Coeffeuse)* But where's your good man?

Mrs. Coef. There he is, Mr. Dobbin *(pointing to Coeffeuse)*

Frank. I don't mean your footman.

Coef. Footman!—diable, Monsieur, vat is dat?

Frank. Where's your master, you ugly monkey?

Mrs. Coef. Mr. Dobbin, why that Gentleman is now my husband.

Frank. What! have you buried old Ralph?

Coef. Oui, Monsieur, old Ralph vas pretty funeral.

Frank. Dare say you thought so—a Frenchman too!

Mrs. Coef. Yes, Frank—our match is the commercial treaty; it qualifies prejudice and partiality thus—Monsieur here, sends me a faded out-of-date French affair; which being thought English in my shop, it at once goes off amongst the patriot citizens here, ha, ha, ha!

Coef. Oui—and Madame my wife, coming to see me t'other day, at my shop at Bond-street, did leave her umbrella upon de counter—in totters Lady Upstart—"Ah! Monsieur Coeffeuse," says she, "the very thing I want—a parapluie!"
Madam,

Madam, says I, I am happy, I can accommodate you with a hundred right-genuine English work, from my wife's neighbour, in Cheapside, at six shillings a piece—"Six shillings!—English!" exclaims my Lady Upstart—"Ah! 'tis de clumsiest"—most abominable—what you mean, Monsieur? "I might as well carry the roof of a hackney-coach in my hand."—C'est vrai, Madame, 'tis very bad indeed—I vill take it out of your sight, and will bring you de true Parisian rage—"Ah, ah! Monsieur Coeffeuse—dis is indeed elegant, 'vat is de price?" Out, vid de purse—"tree guineas, Madame," he, he, he! Be gar I did bring her back de very same Cheapside umbrella, dat she did flout at six shillings, masoi—ha, ha, ha!

Frank. Then all who prefer the work of foreigners, to the manufacture of their own country, may they never be master of a shilling to purchase it. But I see now how it is—poor Ralph! And pray what's your name now, Mrs. Bombazeen.

Mrs. Coef. That is Monsieur Coeffeuse. But, Frank, how have you left all friends at Brambleton? How long have you been in town?

Frank. Only since Wednesday—ha, ha, ha!—I'm in as choice a hobble.—You remember my brother Galen, an apothecary; and tho' my younger, yet I'm as much afraid of him—The fellow took care of what he had, and stuck to business; while I kept a poney to run for saddles, and if I cou'd have but a friend and a fiddler, call'd for t'other bottle without a thought of tomorrow. So now, by Jove, I think myself well off to tie papers round the necks of his bottles,

and at two o'clock have a napkin under my chin, at his table.

Mrs. Coef. But what brought you to town now, Frank?

Coef. Oui, vat brought you here?

Frank. Why you must know this apothecary brother of mine because he's the doctor for three miles round our village, will have his only son Bob a regular bred surgeon. Ha, ha, ha! and here he sends him up to town in my care to bind him 'prentice to surgeon Touraiquet of-what-d'ye-call-'em street there, one o' your tip-tops by Jove, his fee with a 'prentice three hundred pounds, and this pretty penny, brother Galen, trusts to my pocket for this purpose.

Mrs. Coef. Very well.

Frank. Ay, so far you'll say all right and tight, but getting into our inn, after supper out comes cards and off walks fifty of Bob's 'prentice fee, to—(I don't believe he was a Caprain tho' for all his cockade) so suspecting how things went, I cuts with my loss—tumbles into bed with the blue devils dancing on my pillow, takes my remaining two hundred and fifty this morning to my grand surgeon, "No—cou'dn't take less than three hundred—own table!—chariot!—walk the hospitals!—reputation!—no, no!—co'udnt—So now must poor I in disgrace face brother, and bring Master Bobby home again—his own master.

Coef. I've de tought. (*aside*) I vill be dat Master Bobby's maitre! vat a Jackysnap, a surgeon refuse two hundred and fifty Louis! Madame Coeffeuse, I do respect this noble Gentilhomme, because he is your late husband's friend; and tho' there be de new 'prentice—Indenture now waiting ready to sign—
grande

grande fee, how much is dat other garçon to give?
(*apart to Mrs. Coeffeuse*)

Mrs. Coef. An hundred pound. (*apart*)

Coef. Oui, de grand fee of three hundred pound, yet mon cher amie—I'll do myself de honour to take dat two hundred and fifty you've left and maitre de Bob shall be my 'prentice boy! dat for de great surgeon.

Frank. Hey! what is all this?

Mrs. Coef. Upon my word I don't know what he's at; why what is the matter with you Monsieur Coeffeuse?

Coef. I vill to oblige you, take maitre be Bob vid only all de money you have left.

Frank. You! why, are you a surgeon?

Coef. No—but I am a milliner.

Frank. A milliner, oh, oh, ho! why by Jove, this is the highest fun—ha, ha, ha!—Bob—make Bob a milliner.

Mrs. Coef. Oh, I see now what my husband means (*aside*). Upon my word, friend Dobbin, such an offer is not to be laugh'd at; Monsieur Coeffeuse speaks very handsome.

Coef. Oui, I speak very handsome.

Frank. But seriously, my good friends, do you think I'm mad, or what an opinion have you of me? pho! nonsense! bind him to you! that wou'd be making a hopeful journey of it indeed!

Mrs. Coef. Oh, very well—But, ha, ha! I'm thinking what a hopeful figure you'll make, walking again into your brother's shop, with Bob in your hand and Galen's fifty guineas in the Captain's pockets.

Coef. Ha, ha, ha! you vill lose de napkin from under your shin, I think you vill never flourish

flourish de ving of a goose in dat parlour again.

Mrs. Coef. You're right, my dear, for I know his brother Galen is one of the churliest temper'd old fellows——

Frank. Yes, but if I shou'd take your advice—when he come to know it—as in time he must.

Mrs. Coef. Ah, but what time—what do you talk of know? Can an apothecary leave his patients and come galloping up here near three hundred miles?

Frank. Eh, if he cou'd have conveniently laid down the pestle now, he wou'd not have trusted me with his three hundred pounds.

Coef. Fort bien! and in a littel time ven he hears dat Bob is de flourishing genteel young fellow, and bring vid him de fashions to spread over, and be de admiration of de whole country vil he dare tink be angry vid you?

Frank. Eh, by Jove I don't know what to think! I shall certainly cut a most silly figure to go back with Bob in my hand. But really have you such things as men-milliners.

Coef. Sans Doute.

Frank. Ha, ha, ha!—and encourag'd? Good business?

Coef. Oui.

Frank. Since the surgeon won't take him, I don't know but I might do worse than bind him to you. A milliner! I'm sure of no objections from Bob, for you must know, tho' his father has been teaching the boy to blister and plaister, puffing him up with the hope of seeing him one day at the head of his profession, yet a few nights before our coming, finding out that he'd been at a cock-match, he swore he never shou'd have the honor of being a surgeon

surgeon; yet tho' he repented of this, still to punish him, he laid a strict injunction upon me, when he determined on our journey, not to let the boy know for what business he was intended 'till every thing was concluded! Oh! by Jove, it will make a most capital joke in our parts, Bob figuring about as a milliner.

Mrs. Coef. 'Twill be delightful!

Coef. Charmant!—But vere is dis Bob?

Frank. I left him without there in the shop amongst your girls.

Bob Dobbin. (*without*) Where's uncle Frank?
—Oh! (*crying*)

Frank. Ah! there he is—here boy.

Bob. (*without*) Oh! o—(*crying*)

Frank. By Jove there's something the matter, poor Bob's crying. (*laughing of women without*)

Enter BOB DOBBIN (*with a woman's hat, pocket-hoop, and short apron, put aukwardly on*).

Bob. Oh uncle Frank, what did you do that for?

Frank. Why by Jove!

Bob. Only you're my uncle, I'd Jove your head against the wall! to leave me there amongst a parcel of strange women.

Coef. Vat afraid of de girls, maitre de Bob.

Mrs. Coef. Ha, ha, ha! upon my honor ladies, your raisin wine has done duty, ha, ha, ha! Come, come young man I'm sure you're too good natur'd to be put out of humour by the girls, ha, ha, ha! they've only made you free of the shop; but you got behind the counter I suppose?

Bob. Yes, I did, but they bid me, and then a little boy coming in for a yard of tape; he said it
was

was for his mammy, and so they made me measure it for him, and upon that, they all gather'd about me, pull'd me into that parlour, and—oh! (*cries*)

Frank. And what did they do to you there Bob? ha, ha, ha!

Bob. Do to me—O dear——

Mrs. Coef. You shou'd have sent up to Horton's for some rasberry tarts and whips to pay your footing.

Bob. Then I shou'd have eat the tarts myself, and given them the whips to teach them better manners.

Coef. Monsieur attendez. He vil make de grand fortune in de millinary; de Ladies vil have no occasion for de looking-glass, dey can try dere caps on him, and then see how dey look.

Frank. We'll have a bottle on the business however, Monsieur, over that we shall be all clear—Consider, and see what we are about; but now, Bob, that I've got you safe to London, I may venture to tell you, that the business your father desired me to bind you to, is a milliner, and there's your mistress (*pointing to Mrs. Coffeuse*)

Bob. A what! me—a milliner! why, ma'am, I'm a boy!

Frank. You are; and a bad boy, and that's the cause of your father's disposing of you in this manner—you know he swore he'd punish you.

Bob. Oh! so because I went to a cock-match, I'm to be made a milliner—very well—so then, he won't let me be a doctor—no matter: when I go down, if I don't doctor his gallipots, see if I don't——

Sir Harry Fangle. (*without*) Are you here, Coeffeuse?

Coef.

Coef. Mon dieu here is come, Sir Harry Fangle !
dis way monsieur—ventre blue, Sir Harry arrive,
and Miss Polly not come to town yet—

Frank. Ah ! he's a fine flashy spark by Jove.

Enter Sir HARRY FANGLE (speaking to a footman)

Sir Harry. Turn the horses.

Footman. Towards St. Paul's, Sir ?

Sir Harry. Eh !—Paul—aye !— [*Exit Footman.*
Coeffeuse, is that Lady arriv'd ?

Coef. Every hour she will come, Sir Harry.

Bob. Now I wonder if the girls wou'd serve any
body else so, I believe they've been at him too, for
he looks like one of the dolls in the toyshop over
the way (*aside*) I'll ask him ; pray Sir when you
sold the penny-worth o' tape.

Sir Harry. Hey ! true, I'm near the mansion-
house ; this I presume is, my Lord Mayor's fool.

Coef. Ah ! payfan (*aside*) dis way Maitre de Bob.
(*apart*)

Bob. Stop, till I ask this chap—pray my fine
fellow ?—

Sir Harry. Talking to me ?

Bob. Yes, how did you get off your hoop, Sir ?
for I can't untie mine.

Sir Harry. Hey !

Coef. Diable m'emporte, vat you mean, Maitre
de Bob, affront a man of fashion in my parlour !
—Ve shall be ruin, take them out, Madame Coef-
feuse. Allez !

Mrs. Coef. Step this way, if you please, Gen-
tlemen. (*to Bob and Frank*)

Frank. True ! the indentures ! Bob, where's
your manners.

Bob. Your servant, Sir. (*bows*)

[*Exeunt Mrs. Coeffeuse, Frank, and Bob.*]

Sir Harry. Oh! this is the Tower—Coeffeuse, any more Lions?

Coef. I'm ashamed, Monsieur dat——

Sir Harry. Yes, you blush like an orange lilly; extreme vulgar people you're got amongst here Coeffeuse.

Coef. Canaille!

Sir Harry. Your city wife not over delicate.

Coef. Oui, Monsieur, but consider, her broder is guardian of de delicate rich Plymouth heiress, and so dat my marriage brings about your marriage; Madame Coeffeuse is a little big—Over de en-bon-point; but to oblige your honor I wou'd marry Madame Magog. (*bows*)

Sir Harry. Was the young Miss Polly—what?—to have been in town to-day? If the girl is tolerable, I shall marry her. Her thousands will clear off some incumbrances. Coeffeuse—You do millinary for Lady Dolphin?

Coef. Oui, Monsieur—we have made fine things for her Lady Dolphin is to be married dis morning.

Sir Harry. Do you know to whom, Coeffeuse?

Coef. No, Monsieur; the marriage is all private—some cog affair.

Sir Harry. It's to me—This moment she waits for me—expects, languishes!—Friends—ring—parson—all bespoke! I use her ill—But, no—the Dowager certainly is rich—but your heiress, this Miss Polly, is young —Ha—she's for my money.

Coef. You're for her money, masfoy. Eh!

Sir Harry. Ah! ha! ah!

Coef. Ah! dere is the Plymouth coach stop—
Here

Here she is come—It must be de very Lady—
Oui, 'tis Miss Polly Gunnel, and her guardian
Faggot my broder-in-law, de buiscuit-baker.

Faggot. (without) Curse your coach, I'm almost
crippled; crack my boots.

Sir Harry. Well, I'll lounge here while you
prepare the matter—the guardian seems a slovenly
sort of a scoundrel—ha!—but the girl is bullion,
and on her receiving stamp from me she may pass
sterling!—on the instant of our marriage, I'll take
her abroad, to avoid Lady Dolphin's reproaches.
(retires singing)

Enter FAGGOT.

Faggot. Very well child, talk, gabble away to
your cousin Chainstitch, ah! when these women
get together!—now wou'd I hold ten pound from
the cut of your phiz, that you're my new French
brother-in-law, *(Coef. bows)* and how do you do?
Crack my elbow! *(shakes him heartily by the
hand)*

Coef. (aside) Pardie—he has crack't my hand
and my elbow too.

Faggot. Monsieur, well you see I'm come to you
at last.

Coef. Monsieur you give me great pleasure—He
break all my finger. *(aside)*

Faggot. Is sister well?—I've brought up my
wa d, Polly, but where is this broken beau that's
to marry her—Polly. *(calls)*—Miss Polly Gunnel!
your forewoman here, Mrs. Chainstitch, is a cousin
of Polly's.

Coef. Ah vel, Monsieur, I have settled all vid
Sir Harry Fangle, he is wait here vid joy and
expectation for her coming.

Faggot. She's as full of joy as any girl that ever come out of dock.

Coef. Did she come out of a dock?

Faggot. Don't you know she was brought up at Plymouth, that her father Captain Gunnell on his death left she and her fortune to my care?

Coef. But I hope she have good breeding, for Sir Harry is a man of fashion.

Faggot. As well bred a girl as ever sow'd a sampler.

Coef. Because, if she is to be Lady Fangle, as Sir Harry is a man of elegance and ton—

Faggot. I tell you she has tongue enough for twenty men of fashion—why I'm never without a Captain of a man of war, or an India-man lodging in my house, ha, ha, ha!—She has made tea for a dozen of 'em, and had clack enough for 'em all—by being brought up at Plymouth her language is all made up of sea phrases—she don't know that she talks so—Caught it naturally when she was with the officers. I was always by; for tho' Polly's a virtuous girl and your sea Captains are for the most part men of honor, yet oh, I was always by, yes, yes, I took care of that—crack my knuckles!

Coef. Charmant, Sir Harry will be rejoiced—there he is.

Faggot. Stop, I hope he understands that I'm to get two hundred pound for my consent?

Coef. Oui! I have made de bargain sure. Monsieur dis is de Gentlehomme. (*Sir Harry approaches*)

Sir Harry. This Gentleman I presume is the ironmonger, from Portsmouth. (*affectedly*)

Faggot. No, but if you please, I am the biscuit baker from Plymouth—(*mimicking*) Ironmonger!—Does he mean to affront me. (*apart to Coef.*)

Coef.

Coef. Non, he's a man of fashion, and can't remember. (*apart*) Ah, Monsieur dis Miss Polly is the most amiable, elegant—

Enter GIRL.

Girl. Sir, my mistress and the gentleman are waiting for you to sign the indenture with the new 'prentice.

Coef. Ah! I forgot maitre de Bob—I come.

[*Exit girl.*

Excuse me one moment.—I must make his uncle bind de boy to secure de 'prentice fee, Bon? Madame Coeffeuse, (*calls*) here is your brother arrive—

[*Exit.*

Sir Harry. Pray friend is the Lady—

Faggot. She is—that is the very Lady—

Enter POLLY GUNNEL.

This is Miss Polly Gunnel.

Sir Harry. A showy figure. (*aside*)

Faggot. Polly! this is the Gentleman that is to make you Lady Fangle. (*apart*) I dare say, you'll both agree while I go see if sister has got a drop of cherry in her corner cupboard.

[*Exit.*

Sir Harry. Tolerable deportment for a girl bred at Plymouth. Ma'am, you are welcome to town.

Polly. Sir, I'm yours, from the sprit to the mizen.

Sir Harry. More lions!—Quite at a loss how to address a Portsmouth Lady. (*aside*) Pray, Ma'am, how is the wind?

Polly. Wind! Sir! I came up a cabin passenger in the coach.

Sir Harry. Cabbin passenger, hem!—I hope, Ma'am, you had a good voyage.

Polly.

Polly. Let's see, Sir, from the time the coachman weigh'd, till he dropt anchor without there, at the shop door, we were about—Yes, cou'dn't have come less than seven knots an hour—I wonder if there's a toilet in this birth; (*looks round*) for you must know, Sir, happening to pop my head out of the cabbin window of our carriage, in order to hail a young lady, an acquaintance of mine, that sail'd by, a board a first-rate phæton, a true Jack, one of our outside passengers, heaving his leg over the companion, it came right athwart my upper works, and kick'd all the powder out of the larboard side of my Tafferel.—Look, Sir. (*turns the back of her head to Sir Harry*)

Sir Harry. Very fine indeed, Ma'am.

Polly. Fine!

Sir Harry. Yes, Ma'am—I mean—that is—Demme if I know what to say to her. (*aside*)

Polly. I see, he likes me as little as I like him. I'll ply him with a volley of stories, and who knows but he may sheer off, and then I'll slip cable from my guardian. (*aside*) Now, Sir, pray do you know the occasion of my trip? My father brought me up to town to be spliced,

Sir Harry. Spliced!

Polly. I'll pretend not to know him, he, he, he! (*aside*) Yes, Sir, to one Sir Harry Fangle.

Sir Harry. Pleasant! ha, ha, ha!—Have you had no description of Sir Harry Fangle's person, my dear?

Polly. O yes, I was told he was a shocking fish.

Sir Harry. Shocking!—Then I don't wonder at her not knowing me. (*aside*) But you mention'd your father, my love; your father, Captain Gunnel has been dead some years,

Polly.

Polly. My father a Captain, Oh Lord, Sir; that's only the false colours they've hung out to make this Sir Harry bring to——

Sir Harry. Indeed!

Polly. Now for a fine story to set him off. (*aside*) Yes; I'm own daughter to old Faggot, the biscuit baker; and their setting me out as a fortune was only a plan laid between him and my aunt, the milliner here, to have a Lady in their family. But, Sir, between you and I, I'd rather have my own little Dick Lobscouse, the Midshipman, than this piece of gilt gingerbread I never saw, he, he, he!

Sir Harry. Then you may be spliced to Dick Lobscouse, for you'll never nibble the gilt gingerbread.

Polly. Lord, Sir, you need not be so scornful, for tho' I'm only daughter to a Plymouth baker, yet I'd have you to know that I danced at dock with the Royal Sailor. Oh, my gallant William Henry!

Sir Harry. A pretty scheme of this rascal Coefseuse. Who's there?

Enter Mrs. CHAINSTITCH.

Please Madam to order my carriage. (*walks up*)

Mrs. Chain. Yes, Sir.

Polly. Oh my dear, dear cousin Chainstitch! now is the nick to get me out of this house, then good bye guardian. A wretch to make a mere traffic of myself and fortune! but the very first lad that asks me the question, tho' possess'd only of an honest heart, and a handsome face, my hand is his by Jingo—Nay never stare, for if you won't go in my company I'll sail by myself—Come—let us cut and run. [*Exeunt Polly and Mrs. Chainstitch.*

Sir

Sir Harry. 'Sdeath I've nothing left for it now but to return to Lady Dolphin, tho' if my affair here has got wind I shall lose her too; since I'm in the City, I'll pick up a licence at the Commons—and—yes now I must marry the Dowager—this puppy Coeffeuse!

Enter COEFFEUSE and BOB.

Coef. Now maitre de Bob you are bound my 'prentice boy, and I will take you to my shop at St. James's.

Bob. Yes, Sir.

Coef. Learn to be polite and elegant, good boy.

Bob. Yes, Sir, I will be a good elegant boy.

Coef. De milliner is a fashionable profession; it lies all amongst people of ton, and to deal with dem, you must be yourself fashionable in your manners. Regardez, look there's a man of fashion, observe, do as he do, and you vill be right. (*points to Sir Harry*)

Bob. Oh I shall, Sir, I'll do as he does; for I'm a famous taker off at our club.

Coef. Sir Harry where is Miss Polly?—how d'ye like the young Lady?

Sir Harry. I shou'd like to cut your ears off—play your tricks on Dick Lobscouse you scoundrel. (*strikes him and Exit*)

Bob. If this is fashion—Let's see, how was it—Lobscouse you scoundrel. (*gives Coeffeuse a box on the ear, and exit imitating Sir Harry*)

Coef. Sacre Dieu—dog!—Madame Coeffeuse! (*in rage calls*)

Faggot. (*without*) Come sifter, let's see how things go on here.

Enter

Enter Faggot and Mrs. COEFFEUSE.

Mrs. Coef. What's the matter?

Faggot. Hey! where's Polly?

Enter GIRL.

Girl. Mam, the young lady and Mrs. Chainstitch, stept out in a hackney coach.

Faggot. Hey! my ward, why Miss Polly Gunnel! —Which way child? Stop them—Polly!

[Exeunt Faggot and Girl.]

Mrs. Coef. What, what's the matter?

Coef. I vil quit dis vulgar bourgeois Cheapside haberdashery; dat is de raison Sir Harry treat me vid such missries and contempt; I vil go and take my 'prentice boy Bob to my own fashionable shop at St. James's; dere I vill teach him better manners than to hit his master's ear.

Mrs. Coef. Yes, Monsieur Coeffeuse I see you want to get amongst your own forward, flaunting shop girls.

Coef. Ah! you sweet fine vife (*kisses her*), dat von kifs is dearer to my gout den soup or falladde; allons! Sir Harry shall pay me my bill, or make me Member of Parliament.

[Exeunt.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Street before another Milliner's Shop.

Enter POLLY and Mrs. CHAINSTICH.

POLLY.

WELL, cousin Chainstich, thanks to our hackney-coach, I'm out of gun-shot of that old pirate my guardian; now let him barter me off to his fine Sir Harry Fangle.—But my sweet, dear, best of cousins, I assure you, I am very well at my needle, and if you will, as you promised, but recommend me to some reputable shop of your trade here, in this part of the town, only to weather it out for a few months, 'till I am of age and out of my guardian's power: then, when in full command of myself and fortune—I'll make you my Chaplain.

Mrs. Chain. Ah! Miss Polly, this is a mad step—However, to get even to work in a reputable shop, must be attended with less danger than a young creature, like you, to go by yourself into lodgings.

Polly. Upon my honor this is a very tasty-looking shop. Oh, my dear cousin, now if you knew the people—

Mrs.

Mrs. Chain. I think I do. Ha, ha, ha;

Polly. Then perhaps, on your recommendation, they'll employ me—come. (*going to the door, stops*)—But, avast; we had best knock at the hall-door; shou'd not chuse to plump in like a forty-pounder among the girls.

Mrs. Chain. Little thinks, tho' so far from the place she left, that she's going to a shop belonging to the same people. (*aside*) (*The door opens*) Step in, Miss.

Polly. Steer up, little coxen. [*Goes in.*]

Mrs. Chain. This may prevent her ruin, and even cou'd she escape, by her guardian keeping her so scant of pocket money, she'd find but a cold reception any where. I'll restore her safe into their hands, and so I'm clear of the business.

[*Goes in.*]

SCENE II.

A Parlour.

At the Back a Milliner's Shop, terminating with a View of the Street through the Glass Doors.

Enter COEFFEUSE.

Coef. Allons, Maitre de Bob, come—my 'prentice.

Enter BOB DOBBIN, dressed ridiculously.

Fort bien, vous avez une tres beau figure, en verité—You are to consider, dis is not Cheapside shop you were in just now; dere you were at de tail of fashion

fashion—Now you are at my own shop, in de vest end of de town, at the very head of fashion.

Bob. Yes, Sir, I've a head of fashion.

Coef. I am so vext, Miss Polly Gunnell run away from her guardian, my broder; and Sir Henry to beat my ear; and dere he's gone to Doctor Commons, for licence to marry Lady Dolphin dis morning. But she will want her head drefs—You girls (*calls at the side*)—make haste with Lady Dolphin's cap. Bob, my 'prentice boy, I must teach you how to sell my goods to my customers. Let's hear how you wou'd talk to dem.

Bob. I'd stand at the door, and I'd say, walk in Ladies, what do you buy?—buy, buy, buy, buy.

Coef. Bob! diable vat buy is dat? do you tink you're at the old cloaths shop in Monmouth-street, or a pluck-'em-in at a Crambon-alley bonnet-shop—Ah! I must give you my lesson myself—You must always smile upon de Ladies, de customers. Look, dis vay (*grimaces—Bob imitates*) bien. Let her do vat she vill, always smile.

Bob. I love to smile upon the Ladies, he, he, he!—But if, as you say, they come and chatter for half an hour, and make me pull all the things in the shop about, and find fault, and tumble and rumple, and cheapen and higgles and giggle, and then walk off without buying any thing—

Coef. Let's hear what you'd do then.

Bob. I'd hand them to the coach door, smirking all the way, and when they are seated, I'd make a low bow, and with the sweetest smile—so (*grimaces*) I'd say, an't please your Ladyship, to the devil I pitch your custom. (*bows*)—Hem! Drive on, John.

Coef.

Coef. Ah ! barbare !—And yet, he, he he!—ven de Lady go off vidout buying, while the smile is on my mout, begar dat very devil is on the top of my tongue, ah ! ha, ha !—Here comes a young Lady—now I'll show you how to behave to de customers, look, vatch me, my 'prentice boy.

Enter POLLY.

Serviteur, Madame. (*cringes and bows—Bob imitates him ridiculously*) She is grande Lady.

Bob. So she is—Sir, will you buy me a silver watch, if you please. (*to Coeffeuse, as he is preparing to address Polly with ceremony*)

Coef. Diable ! you wasch my business. (*apart*) Madame your plaisir ?

Polly. (*curtseys, turns to the side, and calls in an under tone*) Cousin Chainstitch ! Yes, my convoy has slipt her cable.

Coef. Madame, I see you're a Lady of fashion, by coming to my shop. (*bows*)

Bob. Ma'am, you're right to come to our shop. (*bows*) O she's very pretty. (*aside*)

Coef. Here you have every fashion—De first from Paris.

Bob. Ma'am we are first from Paris (*bows*)—She's so handsome. (*aside*)

Coef. (*apart to Bob*) Dis is some Lady of great rank.

Polly. Sir, tho' my appearance may bespeak—

Coef. Ma'am, vat ever you bespeak shall be done in de treading of a needle. But, Madame, I have de tippet, de hat, de cloak, de cap, ready made, dat must become dat amiable, contour.

Bob. Yes, Ma'am, the cap's behind the counter. (*bows*) She's so beautiful ! (*aside*)

Polly.

Polly. Avaft, my hearties—you're upon a wrong look-out; I come to offer myself, and think you'll not repent, if you rate me able on your books.

Coef. She is a Lady of fashion, by wanting fo soon to get into my books. (*apart to Bob*) Madame, vid ftangers I do always deal for ready money.

Bob. Yes, Ma'am, and I love ready money. (*bows*)

Polly. I hope, Sir, when you try me with a fpell at my needle.

Coef. Her needle! Oh! ſhe make her own mil-linary. (*apart*) Well, Madame, I do fell all de material—de gaufe, de tiffany, de wire.

Polly. Then, Sir, if you'll employ me as a work-woman—I hope I ſhall——

Coef. Ha! you're a girl come for work—Oh! oh! (*changes to a contemptuous manner*) Attend a me, you firrah. [*Exit.*]

Bob. Go to work, my girl. (*apeing Coeffeuſe*)

Polly. So—this French coaſt affords no harbour to a poor veſſel in diſtreſs. But its all the fault of our own ſex, to encourage men in an employment that ſuits only the trifling delicacy of a woman. Why now, what a ſhame to ſee a young fellow like you, inſtead of being employed in ſome manly exerciſe, ſurrounded here with band-boxes, gaufe, thread, pins and tiffany—Hearky—Are you a Briton?

Bob. No, I'm an Engliſhman.

Polly. And commanded by a Frenchman, ah! you lolly-pop.

Bob. And has my father—as wiſe a 'poticary as ever thump'd a peſtle, ſent me up here, to this great London, and all that money paid down by uncle
for

for my 'prentice fee, only to make me a lolly-pop? —But as you're in distress, I won't be angry with you.

Polly. Cousin Chainstitch to forsake me! Lost my rudder, and what course to steer I know not.

Bob. Only I'm a stranger, or else I'd see you home.

Polly. I am a stranger myself, and have no home.
(*weeps*)

Bob. Poor pretty soul!

Mrs. Coeffeuse. (*without*) I don't like one of them.

Bob. Miss, stop! don't go away; here comes my mistress, I'll try to make her hire you.

Enter Mrs. COEFFEUSE.

Mrs. Coef. Such a parcel of flaunting, fleering huffies as my husband employs here.

Bob. So they are, Ma'am, very bold; I wish you'd employ this young woman.

Mrs. Coef. Oh! the girl Mr. Coeffeuse told me of.

Bob. Look, she's so modest—out of the country.

Mrs. Coef. Ah! not the better for that!

Bob. Oh that—is, Ma'am—She's out of the country, because she's now in town—you know, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Coef. When we take a 'prentice, the fee pays our trouble in teaching them the business, but a raw, inexperienced journeywoman I never will have.—If she had been in any shop in town, indeed.

Bob. Oh, she has, Ma'am.—Say yes. (*apart to Polly*) You know you said you had work'd in town. (*winks*)

Mrs.

Mrs. Coef. And where, pray?

Polly. A league and a half from this.

Mrs. Coef. Where?

Bob. Tell her any where. (*apart to Polly*)

Polly. In Cheapside, Ma'am.

Bob. The deuce! that's too near our other shop:
(*aside*)

Mrs. Coef. Cheapside—with who there, pray?

Polly. Lord, I don't know—any name, but—
(*aside*) at Mrs. Coeffeuse, Ma'am.

Bob. The devil! Now she's settled all. (*aside*)

Mrs. Coef. Why here's a girl I employ'd that
I never saw before. (*aside*) I have been at Mrs.
Coeffeuse, and don't recollect ever having seen you
there.

Polly. Can't you help me out, my lad. (*apart
to Bob*)

Bob. Ah! you're out enough already without
my helping. (*apart*)

Polly. Ma'm—I—good morning to you, Ma'm.
(*going*)

Mrs. Coef. Stop, Miss.—I must get to the bot-
tom of this affair. (*aside*) I was saying, I re-
mark'd, that I never saw you at Monsieur Coef-
feuse's shop.

Polly. As you say Ma'am, I was not station'd in
the house, as Monsieur Coeffeuse not being quite
contented with his wife's portion of beauty—

Mrs. Coef. Is n't he indeed, ha, ha! (*affecting
a laugh*)

Polly. For you know, Ma'am, she is a very
ordinary woman.

Bob. Ha, ha, ha! I beg your pardon, Miss,
but this Lady does n't know any such thing, d'ye
Ma'am, (*to Mrs. Coef.*) ha, ha, ha!

Polly. What does the boy laugh at?

Mrs.

Mrs. Coef. Then I suppose Monsieur Coeffeuse was quite captivated with your beauty Miss.

Polly. I should not say that Ma'am, but the cause of your not seeing me in the shop—was—I suppose it was for no good purpose, his bringing me the work, and making me do it at my own apartment.

Mrs. Coef. Ha!—Oh, then you're a chamber-milliner—*(sarcastically)* So, this is the way he serves me, is it?

Bob. No Ma'am this is the way he serves other Ladies, ah, ah, ah! oh, did I think when I come 'prentice, that I should have such fun, ah, ah, ah! I'd be bound 'prentice every day, if I was sure of having so much laughing at my mistress—but Miss, I don't think his wife's so very ordinary; now do you Ma'am? *(to Mrs Coef.)*

Polly. I never saw much of her, but her husband us'd to tell me she was a fright.

Bob. Ha, ha, ha!

Polly. I can't help laughing myself, tho' I am sure I don't know what at, ah, ah, ah!

Mrs. Coef. Yes, this must be one of his huffies, that comes to affront me.

Polly. Well Ma'am, does it suit you to give me employment.

Bob. Lord, she'll give you all the whole shop, she's so fond of you, ha, ha, ha! see how pleasant she looks at you now.

Mrs. Coef. Very fine! but my husband shall rue this.

Enter COEFFEUSE.

Look at that young woman, a'n't you ashamed of yourself?

Coef. Shamed, no Madame, I've got more young women already, than I am able to do for.

Mrs. Coef. Oh! fye, fye! what boast of it!

Coef. Bien, Madame Coeffeuse, if you insist, follow me up stairs, Ma chere Fille. (*going*)

Mrs. Coef. (*interposing*) Excuse me, Sir, you may go again to her apartment, but you shall never bring your creatures into mine. [*Exit.*

Polly. Can this be Mr. and Mrs. Coeffeuse that keep this shop too, I've got all amongst the breakers.

Faggot. (*without*) Polly's in here, you say?

Polly. My guardian!

Coef. My broder, de biscuit baker!

Faggot. (*without*) I'll find her tho' she's hid in the oven.

Polly. Cousin Chainstitch has betray'd me. (*aside*)

Enter FAGGOT.

Faggot. You are there, Miss, crack my boots.

Polly. Yes, I'm taken.

Bob. Taken! poor soul!

Faggot. Come along, I'll make you pay for—(*lays hold of Polly*)

Bob. Stop, what's the debt, Mr. Bailey?

Faggot. Debt!

Bob. She shan't go to gaol if that can pay it. (*shews money*) Not much cash, but you shall see I've spirit—there—All the corn in Egypt.

Faggot. I fancy yours is the spirit of barley corn.

Coef. Miss, tho', I don't know how, yet I find you have made mischief between me and my wife; so allez! hors de ma—go out of my parlour.

Faggot.

Faggot. Go out of my parlour ! crack my thumb, is that your French manners to a young lady, after yourself inviting her to town ?

Coef. (aside) Diable, can this be Ma'mselle Polly, from Plymouth.

Faggot. And are these your promises too, where's your man of fashion, your Sir Harry Fangle, that was to marry her, but I'll find him out, and see what he says on the business. Come along, Polly.

Polly. You needn't take me in tow—I'll keep in your wake, old Crank ; and for you, my lad, (*to Bob*) for your well-meant generosity on this un hospitable shore, if fortune shou'd ever turn you adrift, you shan't overset for want of ballast, while Polly Gunnel can command a yellow-boy.

[*Exeunt Polly and Faggot.*]

Coef. What den, dat is Miss Polly. She is the littel lying baggage.

Bob. Stop—I won't hear an ill word said of this sweet girl—The man that wou'd turn a poor distressed woman out of a palace, don't deserve to be master of a cobbler's stall.

Coef. Carry that band-box to Lady Dowager de Dolphin.

Bob. Me carry a band-box !—I won't.

Coef. Jump, my 'prentice boy, Biddy Gymp shall shew you the way.

Bob. And can't Biddy Gymp shew herself the way ?

Coef. Non. She go to carry the ruffle to Captain O'Bam ; I know my business, I always send home my girls vid de thing to the Gentlemen, and make de boy bring de tings to de Ladies. Obey your duty, my 'prentice, or I vill tell my Lord Mayor of London of you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Oxford Street.**Enter FRANK DOBBIN.*

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! When my brother Galen comes to know, that instead of a surgeon, I have made his son a milliner, how the country apothecary will stare. But I think I'm pretty safe, he hasn't been in London these thirty years, and may not come for thirty more, so can hear nothing of it till Bob goes down for a Christmas or so, and then the Lord knows where I shall be, ha, ha, ha! —Ha, yonder is Bob—why Bob! (*looking out*) the awkward rogue.—Monsieur Coiffeule's millinery won't be the nicer for Bob's mode of carrying it. (*retires, looking up*)

Enter GALEN DOBBIN and POST-BOY.

Galen. An Oxford Road I remember very well.

Post-boy. Lord, Master, I can't tell what you remember—but this is Oxford street; I remember every passenger gives me a shilling.

Galen. Then there's two shillings, as you have whipp'd me into London for the first time these thirty years.

Post-boy. Thank ye, master.

[*Exit.*]

Galen. Now for my brother Frank's Inn at Snow hill; or had I best go to Surgeon Tourniquet? for I suppose by this Bob is bound—I'll enquire—Ho! honest friend!

Enter

Enter COACH-WATERMAN.

Wat. Want a coach, your honor?

Galen. Pray, do you know Surgeon Tourniquet's?

Wat. Sir John, who?

Galen. Pho, pho! no, Sir John—he's a surgeon—a doctor.

Wat. Doctor, what?

Galen. Pshaw! an amazing length this Oxford-street, as they now call it—In the High-street of our town, there are no less than three of my profession—this must be a mile—*(looking up and down)* Pray, friend, how many apothecaries shops are there in this street?

Wat. 'Pothecaries shops! faith, I can't even tell how many beer-houses in it—

Galen. Since I've got to this end of the town, I'll call first to—Pray how are the fields at this season between this and Mary-le-Bone?

Wat. Fields!—Faith, Sir, the kitchens and parlours, and cellars and garrats, are the only fields that I know of between this and Mary-le-Bone.

Galen. What a change has thirty years produc'd in this town. How shall I make my way through this new forest of brick?

Wat. I think, Sir, as you're a stranger, you'll make your way best in a hackney-coach—I'll get you a genteel one, and I'll open the door and I'll pull down the steps, and I'll ram down the hay in about your legs, and I'll put up the steps and I'll shut you up there, as snug as a rabbit—Sure, that's the way I earn a few halfpence—

Galen. And pray, what are you?

Wat. I'm a waterman.

Galen.

Galen. And come up all the way here, from the Thames, to attend upon hackney-coaches—I'm sure that's amazing civil of you—Dear! how things are chang'd since my time—I'll slip in somewhere, and send a card to the Surgeon.

Wat. Yonder's the Stratford, Sir.

Galen. The what?

Wat. Arrah, the coffee-house, where Gentlemen go to eat and sleep.

Galen. Then I'll give you sixpence, if you'll take a note for me to Snow-hill.

Wat. Me! what do you mean? Wou'd you make a porter of me?—I scorn your words—Make an O'Rafferty an errand-boy, you insulting man—know who you speak to always fi ft. Porter indeed! I'd have you to know, fellow, I despise your sixpence! Will you give us a shilling?

Galen. No; I will not.

Wat. No! you saucy old beggarman?

[*Exit, muttering.*]

Galen. There's an impudent rascal!—Dear, dear! this town is turn'd topsy-turvy! I might as well have dropt into Pekin or Constantinople!—But the joy of seeing my son Bob a scientific, regular-bred surgeon, will repay all my labour, all my expence. By this time, I dare say, his master has brought him in his chariot, his rounds among the patients. How surpriz'd and overjoy'd will he and brother Frank be to see me—Eh! is not that Frank—Why—Brother Frank.

FRANK advances, looking out, not seeing *Galen*.

Frank Stupid! the young rogue will drop the handbox in the kennel, ha, ha, ha!

Galen. What Frank!

Frank.

Frank. (*turning*) My brother! all's up by Jove.
(*aside*)—*Galen*, what the duce brought you to town?

Galen. Why the only patient that cou'd keep me, slip'd out of my hand, 'Squire Fog has taken it into his head, to rise at seven, walk three times round Violet Hill, then get his breakfast from the dairy and the hen-roost, so I gave him up—Sir Ben Hectic forsooth wou'd try earth bathing, and so got drown'd by a tomb-stone—dealt with me to the last tho', and quitted this troublesome field like an hero, brandishing one of my empty bottles in his hand—But is Bob bound?

Frank. Yes he is bound—and I wish you'd been bound too, to your counter at home. (*aside*)

Galen. That's well, eh, and was'n't the boy rejoic'd—before I die, I hope to see him as famous as Hunter, Jebb, Pott, or Hawkins—*Frank*, has he begun to walk the Hospitals?

Frank. (*looking out*) Suppose you and I walk this way.

Galen. Why?—stop—isn't this Bob. (*looking out*)

Frank. Yes, I think it is. (*confused*) What shall I do. (*aside*)

Galen. What great blue box is that on his head.

Frank. I don't know, without its his case of instruments.

Galen. A devil of a large case.

Frank. Yes, you know every thing is upon a larger scale here in town, than what they are with you in the country.

Galen. True, true, how wonderfully every thing is improv'd since my time; a surgeon then cou'd carry his instruments in his side pocket, and here a boy, only a 'prentice a few days, marches about the streets with a case on his head, like a milk-pail.

Enter

Enter BOB DOBBIN, with a large band box on his head.

Bob. Biddy! (*looking back*) I've lost Biddy Gyp.

Galen. Why Bob, ha, ha, ha!

Bob. La father! so you're come to town, how are you, how are you father?

Galen. How do you do, Doctor Bob?

Bob. Ah, see now uncle, father's still at his doctorships. (*to Frank*)

Frank. Well, well, humour him, you know he'll talk no other way. (*apart to Bob*)

Galen. Ah, Bob! but where's your wig?

Bob. Wig?

Galen. In my days, the very boys of your profession wore a wig like a bee-hive.

Bob. Do you hear him?—Now whoever heard talk of a milliner's wig. (*apart to Frank Dobbin*)

Frank. Well, child, you must not contradict him. (*apart*)

Galen. 'Been among't the patients already?

Bob. Patients!—There's more of it. (*to Frank*) Lord, Sir, I am going to a customer.

Galen. Oh! what now—Perhaps they call them customers.

Frank. Yes, brother, its the new fashion.

Galen. Dear, how things are chang'd in this town, since my time; and who is this customer—eh, eh, eh—I don't know but customer is a very good name.

Bob. It's one Lady Dowager, I've heard say she's a Dolphin.

Galen. A Dolphin! but I won't ask to shew my ignorance. (*aside*) Ha! and what's her complaint, Bob?

Frank.

Bob. Yes, I have tho'—Sir she complains that her last cap was too little.

Bob. Ha, ha, ha! I warrant it is, Sir, with

Galen. No Bob, there's a tumour in the occiput. Eh! may be an operation is necessary: ha, your master performs it, if so, and no offence, I'll go and see what part you bear in it Bob.

Galen. But I will tho'.

Galen. Stay Frank; where are you going? if

Coef. (sings without.)

Frank. The devil! (*aside*)

Coef. What do you stand chattering here, my 'prentice boy? Why don't you take the work home to my lady dowager? She waits for her wedding clothes, and her bridegroom, Sir Harry Fangle, will be at her house, in one quarter of an hour. Dere 'tis de fourth door in Berner's-street. Allez vous en. [Exit.]

Bob. Ah, ah, ah! my father's head runs of
VOL. IV. Y Y nothing

nothing but surgeons and apothecaries.—Now for the customer, allez vousent. [Exit.

Galen. There's a pair of doctors for you! in my time, there was the gold-headed cane, snuff-box large as a stand-dish, scarlet cloak, grave pace, but now they trip up to the patients with "allez vous en!" [Exit.

SCENE IV; and last.

A Dressing Room.

LADY DOLPHIN discover'd at her Toilet.

Lady D. Fidget! why Fidget!

Enter FIDGET.

Was Sir Harry at home?

Fidget. No, my Lady, they said he was gone into the city.

Lady D. What cou'd bring him to the city on our wedding day too; nobody yet from the milliners? I'll not see any one 'till I'm dress'd, not even, Sir Harry.

Fidget. My Lady, here's a card, one of his footmen left this moment.

Lady D. (reads) "My charming bride, adored
"Lady Dolphin, I fly to your arms—just re-
"turn'd from the Commons with a licence."
Oh then that was his business in the city. "that
"shall make all mankind envy the happy

HENRY FANGLE."

What ardor! what tenderness—past two, we shall soon be at the altar, heigho!

Fidget.

Fidget. Heigho for a husband; my Lady, I wish I was going to church upon the same errand.

Lady D. Sir Harry will surprise me; I never shall be ready—astonishingly bad of the milliner, not sending the things to his time.

Fidget. He can't be long now Ma'am, Monsieur Coeffeuse is generally pretty punctual.

Bob. (without) I tell you father you had best stay below.

Fidget. I fancy my lady here's somebody from the milliner's, for I have the glimpse of a band box, coming up stairs.

Enter Bob in a large Wig, and GALEN DOBBIN.

Bob. An't please you Ma'am, I've brought—

Galen. What a bawling—child—never speak so loud in a sick person's apartment—Frank, why Frank Dobbin. *(calling very loud at the side)* Gone! ha! that brother of mine never had a taste for operations.

Lady D. Lard! what men are these Fidget?

Fidget. What a pair of Bishops!

Lady D. Your business, pray?

Galen. Softly my good lady, I'm an old Pharmacopolia, and my son Bob here is a young Chirurgicalicum.

Bob. Why father! ma'm it's no such thing, I'm no Jollycum.

Galen. Be quiet child! ma'am, Bob Dobbin's of the new practice, and I'm of the old school.

Bob. Yes, ma'am, father's an old fool. *(bows)*

Galen. Bob, she don't look ill—but you know

little yet of symptoms! I'll question her myself. (*apart*)

Lady D. Ha, ha, ha! this is the strangest—I don't know whether to be angry or pleased—Fidget, step down and ask what all this is about?

Bob. I ask your ladyship's pardon, but I'd sooner fall upon my scissars, than offend your ladyship; only my master sending these goods home to you by me, and father meeting me in the street wou'd as it were have a finger in the pye. (*bows*)

Fidget. (*opening the band-box*) O yes, ma'am, they are the new things from the milliners.

Lady D. Strange he shou'd employ such odd sort of people.

Bob. Ma'am it's master's method to make us boys, bring home the things to the ladies. (*bows*)

Lady D. Have you brought the flowers?

Galen. Oh, Bob, where's the camomile.

Lady D. Fidget, take out the things.

Galen. Bob! open the case, come I long to see your apparatus. (*Fidget goes to the box*) Stop! stop! these are no play things for girls like you.

Fidget. Girls like me indeed!

Galen. Yes, child, as far as a nurse, you may be very well for the sick lady here, but for catheters, gorget, forceps, fillets, lints, and perferators; go, and play with your bodkin child—or if you must be busy here, go warm the water-gruel.—You handle a probe, you jade!

Fidget. Lord ma'am, I don't know what to make of them—Come, get along with your great wigs—my lady is going to dress.

Galen.

Galen. Ah! then you shan't dress her, mistress little wig, tho' smart you are——

Fidget. Then hang me if I don't call a footman that shall dress you both handsomely, if you don't immediately go down stairs.

Galen. Footman! ma'am if your ladyship will venture to try Bob; he thinks he can do it.

Bob. Not I ma'am, I can't do it.—I went 'prentice only to day. Why, is the devil in you father. (*apart*)

Galen. Sirrah! ma'am dy'e want to be phle-bottomiz'd. This boy bleeds as well as any apothecary in London. Taught him myself—made him practice two hours every day.

Lady D. Really Fidget, don't you know who they are?

Galen. I see the tumours abated Bob! pray child, has she embrocated with lixivium and bran? (*to Fidget*)

Lady D. Such an incomprehensible—I desire Fidget you'll call some of the men.

Fidget. Why Thomas, Harry, Richard. [*Exit.*]

Galen. Bob I see she has been cataplasm'd with the oil of turpentine.

Bob. Yes, and we shall be cataplasm'd with the oil of hazel.—Oh, here comes my master.

Enter COEFFEUSE.

Lady D. What do ye mean Mr. by sending such people to my house.

Coef. Ma'am, I—(*bows*)

Galen. Bob, I'll talk to your master—mind—I've puzzled some of your great ones before now. (*apart*)

Bob.

Bob. And father, you have not lost the art.

Galen. Why child I think not; Sir, I am partly of your profession. *(to Coeffeuze)*

Bob. Are you faith, ha, ha, ha!

Galen. And I am come, my dear Doctor, purposely—

Coef. Comment, Doctor! Eh, true, he think his son is bound to a surgeon---ha, ha, ha! *(aside)*

Galen. *(apart to Bob)* I'm a common doctor! Bob! does he mean I'm a quack?

Bob. Lord, Sir, you've made such confusion, I don't know what any body means.

Galen. Well, Mr.—, if no offence, let's see your method of practice—Now for your fine London works. *(Bob Dobbin opens the case, and takes out a woman's head-dress)*

Coef. Dere, Monsieur—Madame! *(with exultation)*

Galen. Well, it's a very great affair indeed, but pray, under favour, what the devil has a surgeon to do with a milliner's cap.

Bob. And father, what have I, that am bound prentice to a milliner, to do with a surgeon.

Galen. Bound 'prentice to a milliner!

Bob. Why yes, you know I am, and there's my master.

Galen. My Bob a milliner, Frank! why Frank! *(calls)* where's that reprobate rogue, my brother.—What a milliner, a flitter of gauze, and flitcher of tiffany; I always took my boy for a man. My money too! what has the villain your uncle done with my money?

Coef. Oh Monsieur, I've the fee.

Galen. Oh that's well, give it me; give it me.

Coef.

Coef. Non Monsieur, tho' I am not a surgeon, yet I'm so much of de physician as never to return a fee.

Enter SIR HARRY.

Sir Harry. Oh, my lady! I've just taken out the licence, the formal process of the commons is over our few friends are ready, and my chariot waits to attend us to church.

Enter FAGGOT and POLLY.

Faggot. And here's the bride as ready as the best of them.

Lady D. Another bride!

Sir Harry. (*embarrass'd*) Another bride, my lady!—No—oh yes, if your ladyship means this girl.—Curs'd unlucky this—must turn it off tho' (*aside*) Ah! ah! ah! Another bride my lady, ha, ha, ha! this bumpkin being here, is apropos — (*aside looking at Bob*) Yes, yes, this young woman is—that is—as well as I understand the affair is going—this young man it seems—don't be ashamed my lad—is going to marry the baker's daughter here.

Bob. Me!

Galen. How!

Faggot. What's that?

Sir Harry. Have I the story right, Coeffeuse; hedge me off you scoundrel.

Coef. Oui, Sir Harry, you say all right, dat is de vay it is.

Polly. Is it indeed? Ah, ha, ha!

Bob. Me! Oh Lord! tho' I thought her so

Polly.

beautiful; yet I never had no more notion of marriage!

Sir Harry. Till you found she was not to be had without it. My Lady, the young rogue, with that simple face, is the wickedest dog among't the girls. Ha, ha, ha!

Bob. Me! Oh Ma'am, as I hope for——

Sir Harry. Hold your tongue, you're right to marry her.

Galen. My son marry a bakers daughter more of my brother's villainy, I'll poison the rogue if there's a bottle in my shop.

Faggot. Crack your bottles; I'd have you to know, the baker's an honest man; tho' for all that spark's grinning, Polly's not a baker's daughter; speak Monsieur brother-in-law.—— Speak you wild devil. (*to Polly*) Tell them, an't you heiress to Captain Gunnell—with ten thousand pound in your pocket.

Galen. Ten thousand—why Bob!

Sir Harry. That bam won't do on me, the girl herself has told me all; so say it was after that young fellow you and she came hither now, and I'll portion your Polly prettily.

Lady D. A motley groupe you've brought about you, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Ah, ah, ah! a queer collection faith, ah, ah, ah! (*looking round*) But you know my Lady this Coeffeuse here was formerly my valet, and the poor faithful scoundrel begs the honor to have his nieces marriage to this young man, solemniz'd with ours.

Polly. Here's a chain-shot! rak'd and boarded without a declaration of war.

Bob.

Bob D. No, but here's a kiss of peace. (*kisses her*) Eh, eh, eh!

Faggot. Yes, yes. I see there's no holding her, she'll be off with somebody, and I sha'n't get a penny by it, but who is this stick of hickery? (*to Bob*)

Bob. I'm my father's son.

Galen. Your hand, boy; ah! fly in this love affair; but if she has this fortune, what say you?

Bob. Hang fortune, my toast is, Polly without a petticoat.

Polly. I see, Sir Harry, from his fear of losing his wife there, will provide me with a husband. I've had a proof that the lad has a good heart, so I had best take the tide, and at once sail out of my guardian's power. (*aside*)

Faggot. Speak out girl, will you have this Bob?

Polly. Why he seems a little biscuit bread like myself; but as he had the generosity to offer his service when he thought me in distress, he's worthy and welcome to partake of my prosperity.

Faggot. There, you see she's not only got the sailor's language, but their thoughtless, noble, disinterested generosity—the girl has set me such a generous example, that I'll give my free consent, if you'll give me back two hundred of her portion. (*to Galen*)

Galen. Your hand; I'll bleed, bolus, and blister you till the very hour of your death.

Bob. Oh, you generous old ones!

Sir Harry. What has the girl humm'd me? are you then really her guardian, and she the fortune that——

Faggot. Fortune, or no fortune, devil a penny of it you touch; this lad deserves her.

Bob. Yes, I deserve her, so hold your prate.
(*to Sir Harry*)

Enter FIDGET.

Fidget. Oh, what you're here yet gentlemen with your wigs on you?—My Lady here's John the Coachman, says he'll soon drive 'em out.

Sir Harry. No, Mrs. Fidget, let John the coachman with your leave my Lady, drive us to church.

Galen. And we'll follow you merrily in a hack hey younkers?

Bob. Master, you give up my indentures to Polly; and bound to so sweet a mistress, I shall wish never to be out of my time.

THE END.

THE
PRISONER AT LARGE.
IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.
IN 1788.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Esmond,	Mr. WILLIAMSON.
Dowdle,	Mr. MOSS.
Count Fripon,	Mr. WEWITZER.
Jack Connor,	Mr. R. PALMER.
Father Frank,	Mr. MATTHEWS.
Frill,	Mr. PHILLIMORE.
Muns,	Mr. EDWIN.
Tough,	Mr. BURTON.
Phelim,	Mr. JOHNSON.
Trap,	Mr. GARDNE.
Landlord,	Mr. PAINTER.
Adelaide,	Mrs. KEMBLE.
Rachel,	Mrs. BROOKS.
Mary,	MISS COLLET.

SERVANTS, PEASANTS, &c.

SCENE, *in the North of Ireland.*

THE
PRISONER AT LARGE.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

A Garden near LORD ESMOND's House, a Gate in the back leading to the road.

Enter FRILL and MUNS, quarrelling; MARY interposing.

MUNS.

CONCEITED fop!

Frill. Impertinent savage!

Mary. Gentlemen —

Frill. 'Pon my honour I shall pink you.

Muns. And by my fist I'll thump you.

Mary. But my dear rival lovers, my town fop, and my country beau; silly to quarrel about me, for when one gets thump'd, and t'other pink'd as you call it probably I may have neither of you.

Frill.

Frill. Didn't you confess, my little Spanish guitar tickled your heart? (*shewing it.*)

Muns. And, my sweet, didn't you own that my great French horn roused your soul?

(*shewing his horn hung round his neck.*)

Mary. Yes; but 'pon my reputation, gents, I have not yet determined whether I ever was roused or tickled.

Rachel (*without*) *Mary!*

Mary. My mistress! coming, madam.

Count. (*without*) *Frill!*

Frill. My master! yes, Sir.

Dowd. (*without*) You Muns! Why Muns!

Muns. My master! Sir—I'm here—I'm there.
—*Mary*, don't stay with that fellow.—Coming, Sir. (*all run confused.*)

Frill. I can't bear to leave 'em together.—Coming, Sir.

Enter RACHEL.

Rachel. Mary, see where's Miss Adelaide.

Mary. Yes, ma'am. [*Exit.*]

Enter COUNT FRIPON.

Count F. My riding hat and switch, *Frill*.

[*Exit Frill.*]

Enter DOWDLE.

Dowd. Here, Muns! you loitering rascal, what are you at? Call, call, call!—Desire Yemon to get the horses ready. (*Exit Muns.*)

Ay, Count, since my master, the lord of this house, has been so unlucky as to lose his estate,
and

and you and your friends in Paris have been lucky enough to win it, now I am your steward; and as they sent you over here to Ireland, to collect the rents, to pay his Lordship's bonds to them, I'll go about and make the tenants pay them into your hands, on condition you marry my daughter Rachel here.

Count F. I will.

Rachel You will not. (*aside*)

Count F. But all de clown of tenant, when I did go to gather in de l'argent, did throw de mud and stone at my head, spoil my curl, knock o' my hair out of my buckle; ma foi, call me Jack Frog. Now, Mademoiselle, am I like dat Jacky de Frog?

Rachel. Ha, ha, ha!

Dowd. Fools! They never saw their landlord, Lord Esmond, since he was a boy. No, he spent his time and money flying over Italy and Germany, like a wild goose, till he's got himself now coop'd up in a prison at Paris! Ha, ha, ha! Come, Count, I hope to bring all the tenants to reason---but that sneering rascal Jack Connor---Daughter, I insist you'll never speak to him.

Rachel. Not I, Sir---till you go out. (*aside*)

Dowd. Here, you Muns! (*calling*)

Count F. Frill.

Enter FRILL, whispers the COUNT.

Frill. A servant without, Sir, from one Mr. Nugent, from Paris.

Count F. Nugent! One of our club---where is he?
[*Exit, with Frill.*]

Enter

Enter MUNS.

Muns. Sir, the horses are ready.

Dowd. Rachel, as 'tis late, we sha'n't be home to-night—the Count and I will take a bed where we can with some of the tenants—

Rachel. This is charming! (*aside*) Dear papa, sure you won't sleep out all night!

Dowd. Business.—You Muns!

Muns. Sir.

Dowd. You'll let me know if Jack Connor meets my daughter, whilst I am away. There's a retaining fee.

Muns. (*looking at it*) I will, Sir. (*apart*)

Rachel. (*apart*) Muns, run and tell Jack Connor to come here to me as soon as my father's out of sight. There's something to drink our health by the way. (*Gives him money*)

Muns. (*looking at it*) I will, Miss.

Dowd. Now you'll be on the watch; I may depend on you? (*apart*)

Muns. You may, Sir. (*apart*)

Rachel. You won't fail?

Muns. I won't.

Dowd. Mind, don't stir out. (*To Muns*)

[*Apart, and Exit.*]

Muns. (*looking at the money*) Not a leg.

Rachel. You'll run now to Jack Connor? (*apart to Muns*)

Muns. (*looks at the money*) Every foot. [*Exit.*]

Rachel. My dear Jack Connor, I love him more than ever for his fidelity to my Lord; and surely the man of honour and integrity can never prove a faithless lover.

Enter

Enter ADELAIDE.

Ah, you fly one! you come down here to the country on a visit to me, yet prefer birds and groves to all we can invent to amuse you. Now isn't it love?

Adelaide. My dear Rachel, I'd make you my confidante, but you're such a giddy creature.

Rachel. I! Me? Ha, ha, ha! What would I give that you had a lover!

Adelaide. I had.

Rachel. O precious! Who is he?

Adelaide. Let these tears tell you my lover is no more.

Rachel. Dear me!

Adelaide. 'Tis now ten years since I saw my Nugent at Montpellier.

Rachel. Ten years! You constant soul!

Adelaide. I was scarce fifteen: his fortune was doubtful; my father forbade our intercourse—my Nugent was seized by ruffians (I could never find the cause), and carried up to Paris; but have since been assured, by my father, of his death.

Rachel. Had I known this, my love I should not have revived a painful idea. Come, I must keep up your spirits. My father won't be home all night, and I've sent for my dear Jack Connor, to sup with us. I wish I dare be angry with my father, for joining with this sharpening Count against his own master, Lord Esmond: no wonder, for his mother, the old lady, not to rest in her grave. Adelaide, as sure as I live, I heard the ghost sing last night in the Belvedere room—the sweetest voice!

Adelaide. Very strange! I've now sat up purposely three nights, but I've neither seen nor heard this finging spirit.

Rachel. Oh, but my dear, the poor dead lady is certainly disturb'd by the misfortunes of her son, Lord Esmond:—it must be her, for the apparition is dress'd exactly like her picture that hangs in the room where it walks.

Adelaide. All fancy.—Ah! if the dead were suffer'd to revisit us, I should be comforted by my Nugent.

Rachel. Come, we must have no more thoughts of dead lovers: you shall hear my living lover rattle, court, and sing at our little party; we'll be so merry—Come. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The Country—Sun set.—Lord ESMOND's House at a distance; at the side JACK CONNOR's Cottage.

Enter Lord ESMOND, TRAP, and SERVANT.

Lord E. Then the Count will meet me?

Serv. Yes, my Lord.

Lord E. You call'd me Nugent?

Serv. I did, my Lord.

Lord E. Very well; take the horses back to the inn. [Exit Servant.

Well, Trap, I've been your prisoner ten years, and your suffering me to come here from Paris, is a stretch of good nature which I shall ever be grateful for.—Yonder's my house: here am I in the centre of my own estate, and, thanks to fortune, not master of one foot of land.

Trap.

Trap. Night's coming on, and not a roof here will shelter us. Tho' in view of your house I can't get a mug of beer. (*Music and laughing without*) Country people leaving off work: I'll see if I can't get a drop amongst 'em.—But, my Lord, don't run away, for if I haven't you to bring back with me to jail, I shall get hang'd.—Hollo! neighbours. [*Exit.*]

Lord E. Somewhere here stood the cottage of poor old Connor—a good house; he thrives; I'm glad of it. His son Jack was my little play fellow. (*Laughing and music without.*)

Enter JACK CONNOR.

Jack C. Ah, Merry be your hearts. Good night, neighbours. All going to their comfortable homes; whilst I—this batchelor's life is plaguy stupid—I will marry my little Rachel. (*going towards his house*)

Lord E. Friend, do you know where I can get a bed for to-night?

Jack C. I've two or three spare beds in my house here.

Lord E. One will do for me.

Jack C. Then one you shall have, on one condition tho'—that you drink one jug of ale with me after supper.

Lord E. Supper, and a jug of ale! your terms are rather severe to a hungry, weary, thirsty, traveller.

Jack C. Thirsty! Oh! Phelim. (*calls at his door*)

3 A 2

Enter

Enter PHELM, to whom JACK CONNOR whispers,

Jack C. You shall have a traveller's welcome to the house of Jack Connor. *[Exit Phelim.]*

Lord E. 'Tis he! the companion of my youth.

Re-enter PHELM, with a jug of ale and drinking horn,

Jack C. I'll fill for you, Sir—

Lord E. The good-natur'd boy ripen'd into the benevolent man. *(aside)*

Jack C. My first toast is always a bumper; here's freedom to my landlord, Lord Esmond.

Lord E. Pray where is my Lord now?

Jack C. In prison, near ten years; and I fear for life. *(wipes his eyes)*

Lord E. What's the matter?

Jack C. I beg your pardon, Sir; but when I toast my friend in distress, I always mix my drink with water.

Lord E. Affectionate fellow! *(aside)* But I've heard say, my Lord is rather a dissipated worthless sort of a character.

Jack C. What's that? *(fiercely)* You're welcome to what my house affords, Sir; but sup by yourself, for I'll never sit at one board with him who could slander the man I esteem and honour,

Enter MUNS, whispers JACK CONNOR.

Her father out? and sent for me? my kind Rachel! if I had but Father Frank, now—he might marry

marry us.—Muns, how go on the Count's affairs?
(*apart*)

Muns. A mystery there.—But (*takes the cup*)
I'll get to the bottom on't. (*drinks*) Now I'm
prim'd for love or war: if Frill dare but look
crooked, or Mary but frown—oh! how I'll bang
him, and touzle her, [*Exit.*

Lord E. As I find all here have lost every re-
membrance of my person, I'll venture up to the
castle, and see the Count, in my character of Nu-
gent. (*aside*)

Jack C. Phelim, let this gentleman wait for
nothing till I come home. Your hand, Sir; I was
angry, but you're a stranger; perhaps in necessity
—and my doors shall never be shut against the
weary traveller. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

A Hall in LORD ESMOND'S House.

Enter FRILL.

Frill. I suspect here is something going forward
against my master.—Here come Muns and Mary.
—See—kiss! oh the traitress! (*retires*)

Enter MUNS and MARY.

Muns. True. Ha, ha, ha! But, Mary, my
dear, how could you listen to such a cur as Frill!

Frill. (*aside*) I'm a cur! Oh, you puppy.
Mary.

Mary. Frill is a creature—but really since this ghost has appeared, the house is so frightful that any company is acceptable.

Muns. That for the ghost! To-night we are to have a jolly little party.—Hush, my dear.—Jack Connor's coming to Miss Rachel, I'm with you, and cook is preparing a bit of supper for us all.

Mary. Delightful!

Muns. Old master don't come home to-night, and we'll be so merry.

Mary. Charming! then I'll go superintend supper. [Exit.

Muns. And I'll make Tooten the black my pupil, prepare his horn.—Oh, how sweetly we play'd on the water yesterday!—They may talk of fine views, and vistas, and beauties of nature; but 'tis to hear the divine echos of my horn, that brings the gentlefolks all the way from Cork, and even Dublin, down here to Lough Neagh. But now for supper. [Exit.

Frill. So here's rare doings in the old gentleman's absence!

Re-enter MUNS and MARY, they place two tables, and a screen between them.

Mary. There! the lovers sha'n't be overlook'd by us, ha, ha, ha!

Muns. Here Tooten and I'll sit and take our bottle—while they mingle lips, we'll jingle glasses.—Oh, how I love to see good cheer going forward! [Exeunt.

FRILL

Frill advances.

Frill. Master and I bubbled by such clowns as Muns and Jack Connor—oh revenge!

Dowd. (without) Is nobody at home?

Frill. Oh, choice luck! here comes the old one home unexpectedly.—Such a hobble as I'll bring them into. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter DOWDLE.

Dowd. Oh my bones! who's that?—*Frill?* What, are they all gone to bed? well I'll go too, and not disturb any body.

Frill. What, Sir, go to bed without your supper? the supper that Miss Rachel has prepared for you?

Dowd. (seeing the table lay'd) Hey! what is all this?

Frill. The table lay'd for supper, Sir.

Dowd. Why who knew I was coming home?

Frill. Miss Rachel, Sir.

Dowd. Eh! then she knows I had a fall from my horse?

Frill. The devil a word of it. (*aside*) Oh yes, Sir, Mary told her that.

Dowd. Mary! who told Mary?

Frill. Oh, Sir—she saw you, Sir, as she was taking a walk.

Dowd. She took a very long walk then; for I fell six miles off.

Frill. That was a great fall indeed, Sir.

Dowd. Eh?

Frill. Walk—yes, Sir—ride—Sir—Mary was riding

riding too—the evening being fine, Miss Rachel gave her leave to go and see her brother.

Dowd. Mary?

Frill. Yes, Sir; Muns rode before her.

Dowd. After my orders to stay at home on the watch! Before Mary? Then I suppose the rascal took my chesnut pad?

Frill. Don't say I told you—but I fancy he did—they wou'd not wish you to know it, Sir—they'll all deny it to you.

Dowd. Mary!—indeed I heard a woman squall.

Frill. Yes, Sir, she said she squall'd.

Dowd. Then perhaps 'twas she sent the pothecary to me.

Frill. It was, Sir.—One lie has drawn me into a dozen. (*aside*)

Dowd. A busy slut! He was a farrier—call'd himself a surgeon, tho' he was a farrier; for the fellow out with a fleam, up with my leg, and swore he'd bleed me in the fetlock.—Where's your master?

Frill. Lord, Sir, didn't he come home with you?

Dowd. No, he said somebody from France was to meet him at an inn three miles off, he, he?—But I'm glad my daughter had so much thought as to provide a morsel for me.—Oh what happiness, after all one's crosses abroad, to come to one's own home, when one's children and servants are so attentive to render it agreeable!—Muns! (*calls*) Where's this cursed fellow, with his galloping my horses about the country? Frill, shall I trouble you to help me on with my gown,

gown, and then I can come and sit down to my supper in comfort. *[Exit.]*

Frill. Yes, Sir.—What a rare scrape I shall bring them into, ha, ha, ha! *[Exit]*

Enter RACHEL, ADELAIDE, and JACK CONNOR.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Rachel. And there now is my old papa, trotting from cottage to barn, like a cunning little exciseman, with his green book under his arm, and his pen stuck in his hair.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Jack C. But why won't Miss Adelaide give us her company?

Rachel. You must.

Adelaide. My dear, suffer me to go to rest, if I can rest.—The death of my Nugent, the misfortunes of Lord Esmond—tho' I never saw him—it may seem an affectation of sensibility—I can't account for it, but I feel something inexpressibly horrid hanging over me, ever since you shew'd me the old lady's clothes.

Rachel. Sure!

Adelaide. Not a night I don't dream I'm at her clothes-press in the haunted room, as you call it.

Rachel. Well, my dear, if you will retire, suffer Jack to see you across the gallery.

Jack C. Ay, Miss, under my guard, shew me the ghost that dare affront you.

[Exit with Adelaide.]

Enter MARY with supper, which she places on the table.

Mary. There, Miss.—Let's see, I must bring another bottle; for your lover is a good fellow, and a good fellow deserves a good bottle. [*Exit.*

Rachel. (*sits*) I wish Jack Connor would make haste. (*begins to carve*) Ha, ha, ha! My little dad, if he knew what we're at here now.

Enter DOWDLE, in an undress.

Yes, My poor father's fast asleep by this, in some peaceful cottage. Ha, ha, ha! I did not care if he had a taste of this turkey; I know the old lad likes a bit o' the merry thought.—How long my dearee stays!—Is that you?—(*Speaks without looking round*) Eh! you've been giving her a kiss, I suppose—come, whilst its hot; sit down you foolish fellow. (*Dowdle comes round, and sits down opposite to her*)

Rachel. (*seeing him*) Ah! (*screams*)

Dowd. What's the matter with you?

Rachel. Sir, I—I—I thought it was the ghost.

Dowd. Why, did you invite the ghost to supper?

Rachel. If Jack returns we're undone. (*aside*) Lord, Sir, who expected you?

Dowd. Indeed I should not have been home to-night but for the tumble.

Rachel. What tumble, Sir?

Dowd. Oh true, I wasn't to know the let Muns gallop my horses about the road. (*aside*) Well,

Well, ha, ha, ha! I forgive you and him, since it has procured me so good a supper.

Rachel. Forgive us! Then, Sir, you know all?

Dowd. Yes, yes, I'm not angry—call the fellow.

Rachel. O precious! Then, Sir, you'll let him sup with us?

Dowd. Sup! what your servant?

Rachel. True, Sir, I am his mistress, and he loves me dearly.

Dowd. Who, Muns?

Rachel. Muns!

Dowd. If your Muns dares to sit down at a table with me, I'll knock the scoundrel to the devil.

Enter MUNS and TOOTEN, they sit at the other Table.

Muns. Now, Tooten, don't look towards the lovers—here, we'll sit, play, and take our glasses. *(they drink)* Now up with Black Sloven. *(Tooten and Muns play the horns)*

Dowd. Hey! *(lays down his knife and fork)*

Muns. How d'ye like that, my lad o'wax?

Dowd. What's that?

Muns. Eh! *(Surprised, softly rises and peeps over the screen, which he had placed between the two tables; at the same time Dowdle turns up his face)*

Enter MARY with wine.

Rachel. If I could prevent Jack Connor from coming in. *[Exit.]*

Mary. Here's two bottles for the jolly dog. *(Sets them on the table, at which Muns sits)*

Muns. (in a smothered laugh) Ha, ha, ha! Go give it to the jolly dog yourself.

Mary. (goes round the screen, and seeing Dowdle, screams) Ah!

Dowd. Curse your squalling! I believe it was you that frighten'd my horse.

Mary. Me!

Dowd. Where did you pick up such an apothecary?

Mary. I pick up an apothecary! Sir, I'd have you to know—

Dowd. He was a farrier; and, Sirrah, the next time you take the road—

Muns. I take the road!

Dowd. So you must go on the pad?

Muns. I go on the pad! Oh Lord!

Dowd. You scoundrel! cantering about.—Where's the pillion?

Muns. Mary, fetch my master the pillow.

Dowd. So, Sirrah, she's in love with you?

Muns. Yes, Sir—eh Mary? ha, ha, ha!

Dowd. And you must sit down and sup with me?

Muns. Eh! well—thank ye, Sir. (*sits*)

Dowd. Fine! Hadn't you better ask Tooten the black-a-moor? (*ironically*)

Muns. Tooten, sit down, boy. (*Tooten sits*)

Dowd. Get along, you infernal—(*beats them*)

Muns. Oh Lord, he's mad!

Dowd. Where's my saddle, you villain?

Muns. His saddle! Going to ride this time of night—yes, the devil's got into him.

Dowd. I'll beat him out of you, you rogue.

Muns.

Muns. The ghost has bit him—Oh.

[*Muns and Mary run off.*]

Dowd. A knave!

Enter JACK CONNOR.

Jack C. This old mansion has so many windings, I thought I should never have found my way back again.—Come, sit down, my dear.—the devil! (*seeing Dowdle, runs off.*)

Dowd. Stop the fellow—thieves! [*pursues.*]

Re-enter MARY. (cautiously)

Mary I wonder if Miss Rachel's gone to bed.—Jack Connor must have slipped out when he heard master scolding us—yes, I hear master locking the great gate—near one o'clock—I wish I was in my own room—I dread crossing that dismal gallery; if I meet any thing I shall die, I'm so frighten'd. O Lord, what's that?

Re-enter MUNS.

Muns. 'Tis I, my dear.—D'ye think master saw Jack Connor?

Mary. I hope not; but I can't conceive how he got off.

Muns. No matter, as he wasn't seen we're safe.—But here's a strange Gentleman, I saw him just now at Jack Connor's—he knock'd at the postern, and ask'd for a bed, as he's benighted.

Mary. The deuce! Were you mad, to let a stranger in at this time of night? He may be an orange boy.

Muns.

Muns. Look'ye, Mary, I let him in out of good nature—let those that are ill-natured turn him out.

Mary. Why 'twould be cruel indeed ; only master's so cross.—Stop—I've a thought—the finest opportunity ! Let's put him to sleep in the haunted room ; as he don't know it is haunted he won't be afraid, and if the ghost walks he'll certainly speak to it, and then——

Muns. Why yes, if it is our dead Lady, she may tell him what disturbs her, then may be she'll vanish, and trouble the house no more—I like it hugely.

Mary. Where have you left the Gentleman ?

Muns. In the lodge. Come—(*going*)

Mary. You needn't run away from a body.—(*takes him under the arm*)

Muns. Ah ! how loving these women are, when they stand in need of our protection. Hem ! Eh ! bless me ! tol, lol, lol. (*frighten'd*)

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

An antique Apartment. A Lady's Picture hanging over the Chimney.

Enter MUNS and MARY, with lights, introducing Lord ESMOND.

Mary. This is the room, Sir.

Muns. (*in terror, yet trying to conceal it*) Yes, Sir, this is the room, Sir.

Lord

Lord E. I'm very much obliged to you.

Mary. The bed's in the alcove, Sir. (*points to it*)

Muns. Well, Mary, put on the sheets, and air it for the Gentleman.

Mary. Can't you.

Muns. 'Pshaw! (*apart—each urging the other to go in*)

Mary. Sir, the bed is very well air'd.

Muns. Yes, Sir, it has been laid in not above—eight years ago. (*aside*) Go—(*to Mary, who with much hesitation and terror goes into the alcove*)

Lord E. The gentleman of the house I suppose is gone to rest?

Muns. Yes, Sir, the gentleman of the house has rested in prison these ten years—

Lord E. Indeed! poor Gentleman.

Muns. Ay, Sir, he's a Lord! the cards and dice have left him a very poor gentleman—but my master, his steward, is now quietly snoring.

Lord E. Then I shall return him thanks in the morning.

Muns. Oh, Sir, you may as well not thank him, Sir.

Lord E. Then 'tis entirely to you I'm obliged?

Muns. Yes, Sir.

Lord E. As I was left by the man of the house, when you saw me, but for your humanity, I must have lain in the fields all night—Here. (*offers money*)

Muns. As I did'n't buy my humanity, Sir, I never will sell it. (*refuses*)

Re-enter MARY.

Mary. There, Sir, the bed's ready—Lord!—
I'm

I'm so frighten'd!—thought I should never get done. (*apart to Muns*)

Muns. Hush! hush! (*apart*) Sir, we'll leave you a light, Sir, and you may leave it burning—that he may see the ghost. (*apart*)

Mary. With you a good night, Sir.

Muns. A good night's rest, Sir.—Oh what a clawing will be here by and by.

[*Exeunt Muns and Mary.*]

Lord E. For the first time indeed, since my infancy, I shall sleep under my own roof.—Since I find this Count not here, I shall, if possible, get out early and meet him at the inn where I appointed. The dead of night seems very awful in these antique mansions.—This room was, I think, my mother's—yes, there is her picture—my fond parent—(*clock strikes one*)

Enter ADELAIDE, partly dress'd like the picture, from a door which opens in the wainscot—with a candle in her hand.

Who's here?—a Lady!—Heav'n's, she's asleep! (*He stands fixed with wonder, Adelaide crosses, opens a clothes-press, takes from her head a hood, scarf, and night-rail, resembling the picture, and puts them into the press; then, to return to the door where she entered, walks with her face towards Lord Esmond*)

Lord E. Is it possible?—'tis my Adelaide!—Hold! Shall I wake her—no, the sudden fright may be fatal—this ring, her last pledge of affection when we parted—(*puts a ring upon her finger, which he had taken from his own*). This may afford

afford her consolation, without discovering that 'tis I that have been here.

[*Exit Adelaide slowly.*]

Seems a private door—and that lobby—yes—it leads to her chamber (*looking after her*)—she only knows me for Nugent, and thinks me dead—the cause perhaps of her disordered mind.—To meet her here, my greatest blessing—so strange and unexpected!—May it lead to some greater happiness!

[*Exit Lord Esmond into the recess.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

7

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An open country.—before a public house, the sign a Shoulder of Mutton.

Enter MUNS, his horn round his neck, and a box under his arm.

MUNS.

OH that wicked old master, to turn me off for only letting in that strange man!—a strange man he was, for none could tell how he got out this morning—but Master to swear he was a thief, and threaten to prosecute me for an accomplice if I ev'n ask for my wages! and then I've left my sweet Mary-gold all to Frill.—Here have I tramp'd three miles, as hungry—and not a shilling in my pocket.—Now here's a house of entertainment—yet I'm afraid even to sit down on the bench, lest I should be ask'd to pay for it.—I'm so hungry—House! (*calls faintly*) Oh! what an effect an empty pocket has upon a man's voice at the door of a public house!

Enter LANDLORD.

Landlord. What wou'd you be pleased to have?

Muns. Any thing, Sir.

Enter

Enter LANDLADY.

Landlady. What do you want?

Muns. Every thing, Ma'am.

Landlord. Who are you?

Muns. A poor servant out of place.

Landlady. We want a waiter, husband.

Landlord. Did your master give you a character?

Muns. No, Sir, he had none for himself.

Landlord. What can you do?

Muns. Sir, I don't know what to do.

Landlord. What are you capable of?

Muns. Oh, Sir—I can play a duet upon the horn.

Landlord. I want no horn.

Landlady. No, that you don't, husband.

Landlord. Do you understand horses?

Muns. Yes, Sir, and cookery.

Landlord. I want one in my stable.

Muns. A horse?

Landlord. Psha! my stable.

Muns. Yes, Sir, but I'm best in the kitchen—Ma'am, I'll do any thing for bread—only employ me—I'll be humble as a spaniel—secret as a fish—watchful as a cat—I'll sleep like a cock upon one leg, with the other ready to pop down to run on a message.

Landlord. Come in, my lad, you're the very man for the Shoulder of Mutton.

Muns. That I am, Sir, either baked or roasted.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*A Room in the Inn.**Enter Lord ESMOND and LANDLORD.*

Lord E. Only if Count Fripon inquires for Mr. Nugent, show him in.

Landlord. Yes, Sir.

[Exit.

Lord E. Luckily, that in the time of my distress at Montpelier, I took the name of one of their confederates, who, from being stationed in a distant quarter, probably the Count has never seen. They, supposing me one of their rascally club, I may get at their secret schemes, and so be prepared to counteract them.

Enter COUNT FRIPON.

Count F. Ha, Monsieur Nugent! I never ave de honeur of seeing you, but know you are of our club in Paris; Sir, I am rejoice at your coming.

Lord E. Thank'ye, Count—I'm deputed by our friends, to see how you go on with my Lord Esmond's affairs.

Count F. Ah, malheureux! very bad—no money—been out now all last night, and got but abuse—no—dey will pay none but my Lor himself—One Jack Connor will not let 'em.

Lord E. My friendly school-fellow! (*aside*)

Count F. Monsieur Nugent—eh—I have de thought—has Monsieur Dowdle, de steward ever see you?

Lord E. I think not.

Count F. Bon! It vil do—since de tenant vil pay none but my Lor himself, I vil pass you on dem
for

for Lor Esmond, and I warrant in tumble de money, ma foi, ha, ha!

Lord E. Excellent! You'll say I'm his Lordship, they pay me, and we return to Paris, and share it with our club, ha, ha, ha! admirable!

Count F. Dat is it, ha, ha, ha! But hold—if dey even believe you are he, how will dey tink you got out of prison in Paris?—dat is to be confider.

Lord E. What do you think of my making my valet pass for my jailor, whom I'll say, I prevail'd upon for a bribe to accompany me on this ramble, to see my estate?

Trap. (without) Ay, I'll have him.

Lord E. Ha, ha, ha! d'ye hear him?

Count F. Diable! vat is he!

Lord E. Why, to tell you the truth, I had adopted this very scheme of yours myself, and had already tutor'd my valet to play his part of my jailor.—Now Trap will help me without knowing it. (*aside*)

Count F. Oh den dis is your valet?—ha, ha, ha! admirable!

Lord E. Now only observe how he'll keep up his character.

Enter TRAP.

Trap. Oh! you're there—I'm glad I've found you again.

Lord E. Well, Trap—I call him Trap—(*apart to Count*)

Trap. I thought you had run away from me; but you frighten me so no more, as back you come to prison directly.

Count F. Ha, ha, ha! bravo! he does it capitally!

Lord E. Now I'll give you a specimen how I
can

can act the lord. (*apart to Count*) But my honest jailor, indulge me in this little frolic—I paid you well for it.

Count F. Bravo, my Lord; now jailor.

Trap. Yes, but what's your pay if I get hang'd for letting you out?

Count F. Ah, ah, ah! dat is capital.

Lord E. But I am now going to my castie.

Trap. But first, my Lord, you'll come back to my castle?

Count F. Oh charmant! ha, ha, ha! dat is admirable——

Trap. Yes, what do you laugh at? If I had you peeping through the bars of my castle, then you might grin like a baboon.

Count F. Yes, but as dere is nobody by, you may now as well drop the jailor.

Trap. But I won't drop the jailor.—Nobody by? Do you want to rescue my prisoner, eh?

Count F. Begar, if I vas not told you was valet, you almost make me tremble.

Trap. Valet! what do you mean?

Count F. Oh, I warrant he is de careful diligent; I wish I had such to ave the care of my clothes.

Trap. Your clothes! ha, ha, ha! I'd desire only one suit and your body in it, I warrant I'd take care of it.

Count F. You will drink my health? (*gives him money*)

Trap. Why, as for your health that's no business of mine, but I'll drink your wine.—My Lord, I'll have an eye upon you—can he drop from this window?—No, no. [Exit.

Lord E. Ha, ha, ha!

Count F. Ay, I hope you'll play de Lor half so vel, and we touch de rents. *Enter*

Enter MUNS as waiter.

Muns. Did you call, Gentlemen?

Count F. Ventre bleu ! more acting ! You Muns, vat bring you here !

Muns. Master turn'd me off for letting in, and giving a bed in the haunted room, to a half-starv'd poor devil, that—(*sees Lord Esmond*) Oh ! how d'ye do, Sir ? La, Sir, did you see master, coming away ?

Count F. Den you vere at de house, eh Nugent ?

Lord E. Last night, to look for you. (*apart*)

Count F. Oh !—vel, my Lord Esmond, ven do you return to your castle as yourself— ?

Lord E. Immediately.

Muns. This, my Lord Esmond ! huzza ! my fortune's made.

Enter LANDLORD.

Landlord. Hey ! What have you got lazy already, firrah ? (*to Muns*)

Muns. Fellow, who do you talk to ? My Lord, had'n't we best quit this place ? No accommodation for your lordship in these paltry inns.

Count F. You must dispatch all your servants and horses round the country, dat my Lord's vassals and domestics may show their duty and respect in his welcome home.

Muns. And since you kindly took me in when you found me a poor starving devil at your door, to shew my gratitude, in my Lord's name, I open your house. (*to Landlord*)

Lord E. Well said, honest Muns ; and for your disinterested generosity in receiving me last night, at my own house, you may change places with your old master.

Muns.

Muns. Make me steward! Oh, my Lord, I shall grow mad with joy!—Clear the way there for his lordship; this way my Lord! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

JACK CONNOR'S House.

Enter JACK CONNOR and PHELM.

Jack C. The stranger gone! I shou'd have stay'd to entertain him but for his reflections on my Lord—and the call of love.

Phelim. Yes, and here has been old Tough, the grazier, making such a riot, about a lamb, he insists has been taken out of his field.

Jack C. Psha! the fool! never mind him—if my darling will but come, and Father Frank will but marry us—Oh! here comes his reverence.

Enter Father FRANK.

Father F. Well, Jack Connor, what is this business?

Jack C. The first is, that your reverence will breakfast with me.

Father F. Well, that's a business of no harm, if it be a good breakfast.

Jack C. The next is that you marry me to my dear Rachel, who designs to slip out to me this morning.

Tough (without) I will have it.

Jack C. Now here's that litigious blockhead, old Tough.

Enter

Enter TOUGH.

Tough. So, Jack Connor, now that Father Franck is here, I'll make my complaint, if you don't restore my lamb.

Jack C. She's not yours—you know my shepherd saw you t'other night sneak into my field, and brand two of my sheep with your own name.

Father F. Oh! that was a grievous sin, neighbour Tough.

Tough. Ah, Father Frank, I see which way your opinion goes where good eating is to be had; but I'll lay my case before my Lord's steward, that I will. *[Exit.]*

Enter RACHEL hastily.

Jack C. My love!

Rachel. Well, here I've run to you. Oh! I'm so frighten'd.—Now if you have not brought Father Frank here to marry us.

Jack C. Ha, ha, ha! guess'd it.—Ah, fly one!

Father F. But have you her father's consent?

Jack C. I've her own, which is worth fifty fathers—eh, Rachel?

Rachel. You have. *(gives her hand)*

Father F. I will not marry you without her father's consent.

Enter PHELM.

Phelim. Here's the steward.

Rachel. Lud, my father!

Phelim. And yonder comes old Tough again, swearing he'll complain to him.

Jack C. Will he? I've a thought—Ha! (*aside*) Father Frank, only step in; Rachel will make breakfast for you—suffer me to say a few words to her father, and I promise you he consents to our marriage.—Hush! step in.

Father F. Your hot cakes and your eggs are good, and that that's good is the delight of a churchman.
[*Exit with Rachel.*]

Enter DOWDLE.

Dowd. Jack, I am come again to demand your rent, to pay off my Lord's debts to the Count.

Jack C. Well, you shall have it, if you'll oblige me.

Dowd. Oblige you, that's doing all manner of rogueries to thwart and perplex me!

Jack C. Well, my frolics are all over—for as I've lost all hope of your giving me Rachel—

Dowd. You've no hope indeed—this evening I give her to the Count.

Jack C. Well, I knew you would; so I stuck up to the daughter of old Tough the grazier; unknown to him she has scamper'd off here to me, and is this moment in that room.

Dowd. No! Well, you're a devil of a fellow!

Jack C. I am—and how can I help it? Ha, ha, ha!

Dowd. You can't. Ha, ha, ha!

Jack C. We've Father Frank here ready to marry us, but he's afraid of your anger.

Dowd. My anger! What is it to me who he marries?

Jack C. Why yes, as 'twas all about my courting your daughter, he will not marry me to this girl without you are willing.

Dowd.

Dowd. What! you knave, do you think I'll connive at your running away with any man's daughter! I might be served so myself.

Jack C. And you shall—for by all the beard on your chin, if you don't call to Father Frank, to marry me to the girl there, (*points to the room*) as I lose her through you, I'll again tack about, and run away with Rachel in spite of your teeth. I tell you, you'll never be able to hold your daughter till I'm tied up.

Dowd. Then I wish you were tied up. The fellow is as dangerous in the village as a fox.—Well, I consent; so call Father Frank.

Jack C. Call a Priest from his breakfast! are you mad?

Dowd. Call the wench hither then.

Jack C. I will, thank ye—(*going, returns*) But I think you'd as good not be present.

Dowd. No?

Jack C. No.—Old Tough will owe you a sad spite.

Dowd. Well, I'm oblig'd to you. Indeed her father is a wicked old rogue.

Jack C. So he is, Sir; he's a wicked old rogue: why I told him so just now.

Dowd. Did you? What! to his face?

Jack C. To his face, as I talk to you this moment. Says I, you old knave, I'll marry your daughter.

Dowd. Do,—go in and do it; ha, ha, ha!

Jack C. I will—I'll do it.

Dowd. I like to see a crabbed old numskull bamboozled, ha, ha, ha!

Jack C. So do I, ha, ha, ha!

Tough. (*within*) I'll have her.

Dowd. Eh! here he is.

Jack C. Yes, he has miss'd her. Now only mind the sordid fellow's manner of talking of his family—all in the grazier's style.—Why, Sir, his wife he calls his ewe.

Dowd. Then I suppose he'll call his daughter here within, his lamb, ha, ha!

Jack C. Eh! why no; I think he'll scarce do that.

Dowd. I'll bet you half-a-crown he does.

Jack C. Done! He won't.

Dowd. He will. Don't I know the fellow's mode of phrase? A mere savage!

Jack C. Well, but do you call to the friar.

Dowd. I will.—Here, Father Frank, marry the couple directly. (*calling off*)

Father F. (within) Have the young couple your consent, neighbour Dowdle?

Dowd. Yes, yes—Go in and do it. (*pushing him in*) Oh! this will make a rare laugh against the old fellow. Here he comes.—Father Frank, make haste and marry them. (*calling off*)

Enter TOUGH.

Tough. He shall restore her.—Mr. Dowdle, do you authorise these doings?

Dowd. What doings! ha, ha, ha!

Tough. Jack Connor to take away my lamb?

Dowd. His lamb! ha, ha, ha! by the Lord I have won my half crown—I knew the grazier would come out. She's Jack Connor's lamb by this.

Tough. His! For ten guineas she carries my name

Dowd. For twenty guineas, by this she carries Jack Connor's.

Tough.

Tough. Why, zounds ! he's not tarring her over again !

Dowd. Tarr'd, yes ; and she'll soon be feather'd

Tough. Feather'd !

Dowd. Yes, when she's dress'd : 'tis all the fashion, you know.

Tough. Then he intends her for his own table.

Dowd. Yes, certainly, she'll head his table, ha, ha, ha !

Tough. He's plaguy dainty.

Dowd. Yes, he's a dainty fellow.

Tough. He's a thief.—I thought to have sent her to market to-morrow.

Dowd. Father Frank, if the job's over, let the lamb come out here, and ask the old ram's blessing.

Enter RACHEL. handed in by JACK CONNOR and Father FRANK.

Rachel. (kneels to Dowdle) Father, your blessing.

Dowd. Eh ! if this should be the lamb !

Tough. And I believe you are the old ram, ha, ha, ha !

Dowd. Father Frank, what the Devil's this you've been doing ?

Father F. Fie, fie ! this is unseemly.—I've been joining this pair in holy wedlock, as you desired me.

Tough. As you desired him, ha, ha, ha ! 'tis my turn to laugh now.

Jack C. Father-in-law, to keep the laugh from yourself, you'd best join in it.

Rachel. Father, don't be angry, for upon the word of a bride, I had no notion of marriage,—but

but as you desired it, I complied, to show my obedience.

Dowd. Oh, plague of your obedience. (*going*)

Jack C. Sir, father-in-law, here's the half-crown you won.

[*Dowdle breaks from him and exit enraged.*]

Tough. Ha, ha, ha! I'm so pleas'd. Jack, if you ev'n have my lamb, keep it, and let your lamb carve it for the wedding supper.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV: *and last.*

Lord ESMOND's House.

Enter MARY, taps at the Door.

Mary. Yes, by this my young Lady's a bride, and if poor Muns hadn't been turn'd away, I might have been a bride.—Miss Adelaide! (*taps at the door*) Bless me! will she sleep all day?

Enter ADELAIDE.

Adelaide. 'Tis very late. (*looks at her watch*)

Mary. Late! Now, Miss, hav'n't you been dreaming of your sweetheart?

Adelaide. Oh! Mary, the sweetest dream!

Mary. La, Miss, that's a vastly pretty ring: I never saw you wear it before.

Adelaide. (*looking at her finger*) Ring! Heavens! is it possible?

Mary. I must put your room to rights. [*Exit.*]

Adelaide. This is the very ring I gave my Nugent

gent at our last parting! If he should be still alive! Oh transport!

Re-enter MARY.

Mary. La, Miss, as sure as I live, there's a door none of us ever saw from your chamber to the haunted room. I went through a long passage that goes all the way; and there's my old Lady's clothes-press open'd, and all in such a confusion!

Adelaide. Do you know of any stranger here last night?

Mary. None, Miss, but he I put to sleep in the haunted room.

Adelaide. Where is he? (*with emotion*)

Mary. Gone, Ma'am, but Lord knows where.

Adelaide. It must have been my Nugent; every circumstance confirms it; and this ghost must have been me, I must have walk'd in my sleep. I shudder to think of the dangers I've escap'd; but my Nugent lives, and danger vanishes.

Enter DOWDLE.

Dowd. Ah, jade! Pray, Miss, did you know of my daughter's elopement?

Adelaide. Dear Sir, did you see the Gentleman?

Dowd. The devil's in the women! I ask about my daughter, and a Gentleman is slap'd in my teeth! Hussy, were you Rachael's confidant? (*to Mary*)

Mary. Pray, Sir, can you think where Muns is gone?

Dowd. Get along, you jade, you and your Muns; the rascal, I suppose, is starving in a ditch by this—— (*a loud knocking without*) Hey! what great man is here?

Enter

Enter MUNS, in a rich Livery.

Muns. Nobody to throw open the gates for us!

Dowd. You! you scoundrel, how dare you show your sawcy face here?

Muns. Come, we must have the rooms now in some order. This table—chairs—sopha—We must have a total change here—by'r leave—

Dowd. Hey! Turn out.

Muns. Stop—we shall soon see which of us is to turn out. (*shouting without*)

Enter Lord ESMOND, (dress'd) and Count FRIPON.

Lord E. My beloved Adelaide! (*embracing*)

Muns. My darling Mary! (*embracing*)

Adelaide. 'Tis my Nugent!

Count F. Nugent! Oh! she vil spoil all. (*aside*)
De Lady is mistaken;—dis, Mr. Dowdle, is your master, Lord Esmond.

Dowd. Eh!

Count F. (*apart to Adelaide*) Miss, say with us, and you shall have the money.

Adelaide. And does Mr. Nugent come here an impostor? Lord Esmond has been already too much wrong'd—deprived of Liberty and fortune. and, though I never saw him, and once dearly loved you, could I suppose you one of his unprincipled oppressors, I'd banish you for ever from my heart.

Lord E. My Adelaide! what joy to prove your probity unshaken, as your innocence is spotless! I should scarce wish to recover my fortune, but to render myself more worthy of your love.

Count.

Count F. He does act de Lord charmant ; I must help him on. (*aside*) Monsieur Dowdle, I have received lettres from my friends in Paris ; to shew dere generosit  , dey desire me to deliver Lord Esmond up his bonds—Dere, my Lor. (*gives Lord Esmond papers*) Now, as we've no claim on his Lordship, I hope de tenants will pay dere rents.

Lord E. I'm sure, my dear Count, I'm vastly oblig'd to you for this. (*noise without*)

Enter JACK CONNOR and RACHEL ; he with a large stick stands before Lord ESMOND.

Jack C. I'll die before they take my Lord again to a prison.

Enter TRAP and OFFICERS.

Lord E. So, Connor, you'll die for me, and not return to sup with me ? ha, ha !

Jack C. (looking at Lord Esmond) And was it you, my Lord, I affronted at my house last night ?

Lord E. My old friend, neither time nor dignity has erased the affections of our boyish days.—As for my steward—

Jack C. My Lord, my first request is, pardon for my father-in-law.

Dowd. Ah, Jack ! you know how freely I gave you my daughter.

Trap. But now, my Lord, you'd as good think of coming back to my house.

Lord E. I thank you, Trap, but I prefer my own.—Restor'd to my estate, I will satisfy all my creditors ; and, be assured, I will take care to indemnify you.

Count F. Diable ! Are you really my Lord Esmond ? Oh, I'm ruin'd !

Lord E. My ruin, I hope, will teach our Nobility, instead of travelling to become the dupes of foreign sharpers, to stay at home and spend their fortune amongst their honest tenants, who support their splendor.—Trap, you have been long my gaoler, now I'll be yours ;—but liberty shall be your punishment—hospitality the lock of my prison—and honest Muns my turnkey, to give a welcome to the kind friend, social neighbour, and, above all, the stranger in distress.

THE END.

LOVE IN A CAMP;

OR,

PATRICK IN PRUSSIA.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,
IN 1785.

THE MUSIC BY MR. SHIELD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Marshall Fehrbellin, Mr. DAVIES;
Father Luke, Mr. WILSON.
Captain Patrick, Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Rupert, Mr. W. PALMER.
Olmutz, Mr. CUBITT.
Quiz, Mr. QUICK.
Darby, Mr. EDWIN.
Norah, Mrs. BANNISTER.
Flora, Mrs. MARTYR.
Mabel Flourish, Mrs. WEBB.

SERVANTS, DRUMMERS, WAITERS, &c.

SCENE, *The Prussian Camp near Breslau.*

LOVE IN A CAMP;

OR,

PATRICK IN PRUSSIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A remote part of the Camp.

Soldiers discover'd cleaning their fire arms.

AIR.—CHORUS.

SO cheerful, so happy, we boys of the blade,
Prepare all to meet on the shining parade;
Then rub,
And scrub,
Your musquet, your belt, and your bayonet bright,
We'll rub,
We'll scrub,
Our musquets, our belts, and our bayonets bright.

In spatterdash white, as he throws up his leg,
Each rank and file marches a bold Scanderbeg;

The

LOVE IN A CAMP;

The ladies admiring,
Our charging and firing,
Our standing and kneeling,
To right and left wheeling.

A smile from a woman's a soldier's delight,
They love us, we love 'em, and for 'em we'll fight;
We'll jovially sing,
Drink a health to our king,
And make the camp ring.

(Drum beats roll call.)

[Exeunt.]

Capt. P. (Without) No, no; take the horses
back to the inn.

Enter CAPTAIN PATRICK, and POST-BOY.

As I've reach'd the piquet guard, I shall easily
find out Marshal Fehrbellin's tent.

[Exit Post-Boy.]

So, here am I in the camp at Grossen-tintz—but
now to enquire for the Marshall's quarters, if I
cou'd be so lucky as to find Darby—let's see his
scrawl—*(Takes out a letter and reads.)*

"My dear Paddy! by your example, I am now
"turn'd gentleman soldier in the Prussian service
"—such favor with all our officers! I'm in the
"high road to preferment, so in that case, like
"our brave Prussian hero, I'm learning to kill
"man, woman, and child: and am your loving
"friend till death."

Ha, ha, ha! So then Darby by this I suppose is
a very great man indeed.

(Fifes without.)

Enter

Enter ADJUTANT, SOLDIERS, DRUMMERS, (*with whips, &c.*) and DARBY Prisoner.

Adjutant. Halt !

Capt. P. Some poor devil to be flogg'd !

Darby. Oh dear Mr. Adjutant—Mr. Serjeant—my good little Drummers—don't go to whip me—I shall never bear it.

Capt. P. By Heaven it's my old friend Darby ! poor fellow ! Is this his high preferment ?

(*aside*)

Adjutant. Strip !

Darby. I tell you I never strip but when I'm going to bed.

Adjutant. Drummers, prepare your cat-o'-nine-tails.

Darby. Oh ! why ? what the devil are you about, friend Nimblewrist ?

Drummer. Don't you see I'm tying knots ?

Darby. That's very childish work ! what are you at there, Tommy Tickleback ?

Adjutant. Right—plait the whipcord with wire.

Darby. Whipcord and wire ! oh ! can you—have you the heart—my dear friends—messmates—comrades—my own gay companions—oh ! !—then if I must be flogg'd—mind, if I don't like it, you're to leave off.

Capt. P. You, Sir, are the Adjutant, I presume, pray what's this man's crime ?

Adjutant. Only a suspicion of drunkenness, and sleeping on his post.

Darby. I fell asleep and never dreamt that I was to be flogg'd for it. (*cries*)

Adjutant. Ha, ha, ha ! You hear Sir—A pleasant

fant good-natur'd poor fellow, but never out of mischief—from his arch tricks, he's so great a favorite with our officers, that none of them cou'd bear to be lookers-on, and indeed, we've orders for the sentence to be executed in a more private and gentle manner than usual—I myself have a particular friendship for poor Darby—(*apart*) Strip you dog!

Capt. P. A moment, Sir—who is your Captain.

Adjutant. He that we had 'Sir, is exchange'd, and our new one not being arrived yet from Berlin, I may say that indeed now we have no Captain.

Capt. P. I am he.

Adjutant. Sir!

Darby. (*Looking at the Captain*) Eh!—No!—Yes!—Pat!—Patrick!—Paddy! Oh my dear dear friend—oh my sweet Captain Paddy! (*runs and embraces him*)

Capt. P. Suspend his punishment till I speak to the commanding officer.

Darby. Huzza! Didn't I say he was Captain Paddy?

Adjutant. We hadn't heard Sir, of your arrival—you're welcome to the camp, and if its your desire, I think I may venture a respite.

Capt. P. You may.

Darby. Oh yes you may—you may pardon me too; the Devil a harm that'll do any body—He, he, he!

Adjutant. Sir, as you answer for the prisoner—release him!

Darby. Release me!

Capt. P. Sir, you're very obliging.

Darby.

Darby. Sir, you're very obliging (*Bows to the Adjutant*). He, he, he—Comrades—friends—my gay worthy companions, Master Nimblewrist, and Tommy Tickleback, go find another mouse for your cat-o'-nine tails—go—Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt all but Darby and Captain Patrick.*]
Pat. I'm so glad to see you—oh! Lord! How you come to save me like my good—I believe you dropp'd from the skies; let's feel—did an angel ever wear a blue coat?

Capt. P. But how, how is all this, Darby? I left you at your little farm in Ireland, and here I find you at a whipping-post in Silesia; how have you contrived to bring all this promotion about you ingenious rogue?

Darby. 'Twas you, you done it all—that cursed pair of colours that Captain Fitzroy clap'd into your fist, set me all a-gog for a General's staff, and as I cou'dn't turn soldier whilst I was worth two-pence, I sold off the farm.

Capt. P. Then away went ploughs, flails, sheep, and cows.

Darby. Aye, after that jade, Kathleen, jilted me, it was all up, and to Dublin on my long-tail'd garron—Gee-up went Darby.

Capt. P. And while the splinters held out—

Darb. Oh I didn't flash it away. (*ironically*) Very ordinary clothes I bought to be sure, shew'd 'em the soul of an Irish boy; but when all was gone, says I, I'll go try my fortune in London, knowing I shou'd meet some lads o' the shamrock there; but muddled a little with taking leave of this body and that body—the blundering wherry-men, instead of the Park-gate Pacquet, put me on board a ship bound for the Baltic, didn't find my

mistake 'till I was landed at Dantzick, very genteely, without a second coat to my back ; so from hunger and the drill here, you see me a Prussian hero, huzza !

Capt. P. But how comes it, Darby, that the army, instead of improving, shou'd have made you irregular ?

Darby. Me ! Lord I'm the most regular—every day, as sure as the day comes, I tip off my two half gallons.

Capt. P. Darby, have a care—if you tipple—

Darby. Me tipple ! but sure when nobody's by, what harm can it do your military discipline, if we—He, he, he ! crack a joke, and have a laugh about old times ? Pat, don't you remember that evening that Dermot was filling the brown jug for you and I, and father Luke, at the three jolly gooses, how we— —

Enter OLMUTZ.

(Darby suddenly changes to respect and deference)
Your Honor likes a broil'd goose ?—oh very well, your Honor—Corporal tell the Sutler—

Olm. Sir,—Marshal Fehrbellin—inform'd—your arrival—compliments—see your honor—his tent—half an hour—

Capt. P. My respects and I shall wait on him.

Olm. Tell him so. *[Exit.]*

Capt. P. Our brother soldier here is very sparing of his words

Darby. Corporal Olmutz—yes, but he found words enough to inform against me, for sleeping on my post ; I'll be up with him.

Capt. P. A devilish smart girl yonder—Darby do you know her ?

Darby

Darby. Eh ! oh yes, very well—never saw her before tho' (*aside*) She's been selling her fruit in Breslaw I see ; come this way, and I'll introduce you. [*they retire*]

Enter FLORA with an empty flower basket.

AIR.—FLORA.

The tuneful birds, how sweet they sing,
How gay the dainty flow'rets spring,
How light the milkmaid's brimming pail,
As chaunting o'er the flow'ry dale ;
'Tis love that wafts her blithe along,
That paints the flowers and tunes the song.

Flora. Let's see. (*reckoning money*) The peaches, yes but what did I make by my strawberries ? six pennins, one, two, three, four—ten creitzers ; and my flowers too turn'd out vastly well.—I'll tie my money in the corner of my handkerchief, and then if any impudent fellow shou'd——

CAPTAIN and DARBY advance.

Darby. Servant my pretty lass ! hem she's your own—I know her, 'tis little Flora, sells apples and flowers ; lives at the corner of the west rampart.—Talk to her in her own way.

Capt. P. She's the sweetest flower in her own garden.

Flora. Did you want me, Sir ?

AIR.—CAPTAIN PATRICK.

Dans votre lit, that bright parterre !
Shou'd Flora bloom a lilly fair ;

3 F 2

A smiling

LOVE IN A CAMP;

A smiling jonquil I cou'd be,
To blow sweet flow'r beside of thee,
Dans votre lit.

Or nodding on the thorny bush,
You droop to hide the rose's blush;
The leafy umbrage make of me,
And in this breast you'll shelter'd be,
Dans votre lit.

When ev'ry flow'r that paints the ground,
Throws smiles and odours all around;
Sweet flow'r I'll prove thy faithful bee,
And honey sip, from none but thee,
Dans votre lit.

Darby. Pray ar'n't you—a—a—a—what-d'ye-call um girl, and don't you live at thing-o-me village?

Flora. Well suppose so, what then?

Darb. What then my dear? why this is a captain, and you shall have the honor of drinking some wine with his honor to-morrow evening in his honor's tent.

Flora. The fellow's a fool!

Capt. P. So he is, my love, but no harm in a glass of wine, my pretty Pomona.

TRIO.

CAPTAIN PATRICK, FLORA, and DARBY.

CAPTAIN.

My Angel!

DARBY.

Little girl!

FLORA.

FLORA.

Who me?

CAPTAIN.

A moment stop.

FLORA.

Do stop me at your peril.

DARBY.

Your tent, and then a drop.

FLORA.

Nay Sir.

CAPTAIN.

Why so cold, my charmer?

DARBY.

Brilliant Burgundy will warm her.

CAPTAIN.

My cherry!

DARBY.

My plum!
In finger and thumb.
You shall fold the waist
Of the blushing glass,

CAPTAIN.

My sweet rosy lass!

DARBY.

While the nectar lip you taste.

CAPTAIN.

LOVE IN A CAMP;

CAPTAIN.

Such joy will I sip
 From your ripe balmy lip;
 Your charms thus I'll clasp. (*puts his hand
 round her*)

DARBY.

Thus the bottle I'll grasp.

FLORA.

How can you use me so?

DARBY.

Then up my dear you go.
 Do let his honour bufs:

CAPTAIN.

My sweet! a moment stay.

FLORA.

How dare you use me thus
 Upon the King's highway.

DARBY.

A turnpike man am I,
 To take king Cupid's toll:

CAPTAIN.

A kifs---

FLORA.

I will pass by.

DARBY.

You can't, upon my soul.

CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN.

My lovely Sylvan beauty!

FLORA.

What shall I do, o'lack!

DARBY.

My sweet! pay here the duty,
With a hearty smack. (*She strikes him on
the cheek.*)

Pize on your fist, my beauty!
Oh dang it what a whack!
Your cheek may take the duty
Of such a dousing smack. (*To the Captain.*)
[*Exit Flora.*]

Capt. P. A charming girl-upon my soul!

Darby. Tol lol de rol—you shall have her.

Capt. P. Stop *Darby*! are you sure by my kindness I sha'n't be guilty of seduction; I wou'dn't for a transient pleasure bring lasting ruin on an innocent girl.

Darby. Psha! D'ye think I'd—I must push him on to an intrigue, to make myself of consequence. (*aside*) Say no more, where's your wife, Madam Norah?

Capt. P. I've left her behind me at Berlin, with her uncle.

Darby. Who? Father Luke! Ha, ha, ha! old two-to-one—that's so cursed clever at bringing mutton to his multiplication-table.

Capt. P. But now to wait on Marshal Fehrbelin. Eh—where shall I get on my shoes?

Darby. Lord, Sir! we all wear boots here in the camp, we shoe none but the horses—I'll do your
Marquee

Marquee up so gay and trim to-morrow—but for to-night—I'll bespeak apartments for you at Mabel Flourish's, where our officers mess. This way Paddy—Come along Captain—please your honor.

[Exit.

Capt. P. If these pretty lasses come much in my way, I shall stand in need of all my constancy.

AIR.—CAPTAIN.

Away ye giddy smiling throng,
Of tempting beauties fair and young;
My heart be true, altho' my tongue,
Shou'd sing of lovely Flora;
Or shou'd I gaze with fond desire,
Shou'd breath of roses fan the fire;
Or tho' I on a touch expire,
My soul is thine sweet Norah.

The bonds of Hymen o'er my mind,
My constant soul must ever bind;
To that dear woman left behind,
My kind, my tender Norah!
But, Oh! I fear each mortal part,
Nay, e'en this true, this faithful heart,
Resistless to the Urchin's dart,
Shot by the eyes of Flora.

Illusive vapour, transient blaze,
Oh! vanish, while I wond'ring gaze;
But shine like Dian's silver rays,
My passion chaste for Norah:
Yet Hymen winks, and Venus smiles,
And passion ev'ry sense beguiles;
And Cupid with his thousand wiles,
Assists my charming Flora.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Outside of MABEL FLOURISH'S House—Over the door wrote—"the Officers Mess-house, kept by " MABEL FLOURISH."

Enter CAPTAIN PATRICK and DARBY, (meeting).

Capt. P. Well where are these apartments?

Darby. This, this is the house your honor—Mabel Flourish's house—Waiter! House!

Enter WAITER.

Spread the grand turkey-carpets and the wilton counter-panes, rub up the mahogany tables—bring the old trumpeter's great arm chair into the flate bedchamber—get a wash-ball and flippers—throw sand upon the stairs, and kick the cat out of the way—That way your honor.

[Exit Captain Patrick and Waiter.]

Yonder is Olmutz—if I could engage him to carry off this girl for the Captain—yes Olmutz is the man, he's a good large strong wicked rogue—besides if its found out he'll be in for the punishment, and if he wants to excuse himself by his clippings, and his half words, they can scarce tell what he means, some revenge for his getting me tied to the halberts. Ha! the deuce now if little Quiz hasn't got along with him; that fellow's never happy, but when he's in company with great, big people—delights in every thing that's large—can't drink but out of gallons and rummer glasses—eats his meat with a carving knife, and picks his teeth with a bayonet. Coming in at our door here t'other day, he stooped like a

gander under a gate, yet it being a little dark, broke his nose against the buckle of Olmutz's belt.—Swears he will be a grenadier.—Ha, ha, ha! (retires)

Enter OLMUTZ and QUIZ.

Olm. Only whipp'd.

Quiz. I tell you Darby was shot—blown from the mouth of a cannon.

Darby. (advancing) Your cannon's a great gun, for I was not shot.

Olm. Knew—was only whipp'd.

Darby. Knew—was only not whipp'd.

Quiz. Ah when I'm a trooper—

Darby. When shrimps are lobsters—you a trooper you little imp of a devil you, Ha, ha, ha!

Olm. Ha, ha, ha!

Quiz. Very well gentlemen!—very well—but the sword fish is not a whale, nor the lion an elephant—nor am I seven foot high—spirit dont consist in bone and muscle—its the heart—the heart by the god of war!

Olm. (looking out) Marshal Fehrbellin!

Quiz. Oh now gentlemen, you shall see what the Marshal will say to me—See if like your Martinets of officers he'll refuse me a place in the grenadier corps—but hold—I'll appear before him in my new purchase.

[Exit.

Darby. Hey! the Marshal may be for casting up the reckoning that he ordered to be scored on my back. Olmutz your hand—Your turning tell-tale upon me wasn't so well, but brother soldiers shou'd forget and forgive, and to shew you

you I do, I'll put you in a way of making our new captain here your friend for ever.—Mabel! (calls)

Enter MABEL FLOURISH.

Mrs. Flourish, stop you here and answer the Marshal?

Mabel F. Me speak to his Highness!

Darby. Hearkye Olmutz.

[Darby and Olmutz retire.]

Enter MARSHALL FEHRBELLIN and Soldiers.

Marshal F. Who saw the Irish officer from Berlin?

Mabel F. Please your honor, the Captain is only changing his cloaths, but I'll tell him your Highness requires his attendance.

Marshal F. Hold, don't disturb him—I'll send my Aid-de-camp with a plan of our intended manœuvres—A tall woman. (*aside*) What's your name?

Mabel F. Mabel Flourish, please your Highness. My father was a trumpeter in the guards, please your Highness.

Marshal F. Oh poor old Flourish—Ha! I remember him—Are you married?

Mabel F. No please your Highness, I'm a maid at your service.

Marshal F. Not married, ha!—(*surveying her*) To match her with one of our tallest men must produce soldiers to the full standard; the king does not approve of this method, but without it our

troops must in time degenerate. Ha! yonder's a good tall fellow—soldier! (*calls*) (*Olmutz advances*) (*looks alternately at him and Mabel*) They must do very well. (*aside*) Soldier are you married?

Olm. No—Highness.

Marshall F. (*tears a leaf out of his pocket book, and writes with a pencil*) Can you read?

Olm. Don't know—never try'd—please Highness.

Marshall F. I'll have this perform'd, and by our new Irish Captain, it will give him a sample of the strictness of our Prussian military discipline. (*aside*) Deliver this to your Captain.—Yes, very well matched indeed. [*Exit attended.*]

Mabel F. His Highness is generally very proud, I never saw him so sweet and condescending. (*bell rings*) Oh dear the new-come Captain.

[*Exit into the house.*]

Darby. Olmutz what's the matter, what's his Highness been saying to you? What have you got there?

Olm. Only—Marshal ordered—deliver paper—new Captain.

Darby. (*reads it apart*) “Marshal Fehrbellin's best regards wait on Captain Patrick—desires he will with all dispatch, have the bearer married to Mabel Flourish—She shall have a portion of fifty rix-dollars from the military chest.”—For getting me tied to the flogging-post, friend Olmutz shall never touch these dollars—no, no—(*aside*) Hem! Olmutz you'd better not wait to give this to the Captain, but according to your promise come along with me about that business.

Olm.

Olm. Yes, but—paper's consequence—let's hear—what's about.

Darby. Oh you shall hear what its about my fine fellow—(*pretends to read*) “Marshall Fehrbellin's compliments to Captain Patrick, desires he will with all dispatch, make the bearer, for one hour, ride the great wooden horse, with five carbines tied to each leg.”

Olm. (*alarmed*) Me!—Devil—what have—done?—

Darby. I don't know—poor fellow! did he ask you any questions?

Olm. Yes—ask'd—cou'd read.

Darby. And I warrant you said no?

Olm. No—didn't—said—never try'd.

Darby. That's what has undone you.

Olm. By the Lord!—severest officer—whole army—Punish man—cause can't read—Court martial—not—too—(*walks*)

Darby. Yes, and such a fine tall clever fellow as you—Oh! upon my word his Highness is too severe—Olmutz—harkee—Ha, ha, ha! I've a thought—this paper does'nt mention your name, it only says “the bearer” suppose we desire little Quiz to deliver it, the Captain without any ceremony, wou'd mount him on the great horse.

Olm. Good—friend Darby! do so.

Darby. I must seal the note tho', for if he shou'd have the impudence to read it, our joke is spoil'd.

Olm. Stop—wafer box—window. [*Exit.*

Darby. Ha, ha, ha! I'll have a rare joke out of this.

Re-enter

Re-enter OLMUTZ with a wafer, DARBY seals the Note.

Olm. Hush---Comes---Quiz.

Darby. There---don't laugh?

Enter QUIZ in large Grenadier's cap, sabre, belt, spurs, &c.

Quiz. Well, now I'm equip'd---I make a very foolish bit of a foldier---don't I---Hem! where's the Marshal?

Darby. He's only gone from hence this moment---I don't know how it comes about, but you're in high favor with his Highness.

Quiz. Me! I thought so---Merit can't be long hid.

Darby. I've done your business with him.

Quiz. How?

Darby. Here I fancy under this wafer lies your promotion; I gave such a character of you to his Highness. I told him you were six foot, cap and all, and this note his Highness left for you to give to the Captain.

Quiz. His Marshalship honors me much.

Olm. Dare say---Quiz--soon exalted. (*winks at Darby*)

Quiz. Aye, little as I am now, I may look down on people bigger than myself.

Olm. May so--look down from wooden horse. (*aside*) give letter---Captain?

Quiz. D'ye think I'd neglect his Highness's orders?

Darby. Here he is. Come Olmutz we must see about getting this pretty girl for the Irish officer.

[*Exeunt Darby and Olmutz.*

Enter

Enter CAPTAIN PATRICK from the house.

Capt. P. So now for the Marshal's quarters—but no finding Darby to conduct me, oh, perhaps this soldier may—hey? what sort of figure have we here? (*seeing Quiz*)

Quiz. Hem! Sir, I'm order'd by his Highness Marshal Fehrbellin to deliver this billet to your Honor. (*gives it*)

Capt. P. (*Having perused it*) Ha, ha, ha! a whimsical sort of duty this, but I'll obey—his Majesty wishes to replenish the race of drummers I suppose. (*aside*) And pray friend where is this Mabel Flourish.

Quiz. Sir! now what can he want with her? (*aside*) Oh, here comes Mabel and please your honor.

Enter MABEL.

Capt. P. This! Ha, ha, ha!

Mabel F. Sir, will you take the key of your portmanteau, or shall I give it to Darby?

Capt. P. Ha, ha, ha! This will be a whimsical match faith, but I suppose you're both agreed in the affair; you're determin'd.

Quiz. Yes, I'm resolv'd—Honor's my mistress, and for her I'll die.

Capt. P. Oh, very well; then I'll send for the chaplain, and see you both married immediately.

Mabel F. See us married!

Quiz. How! Oh Darby has indeed done my business one way, ha, ha, ha! I had no notion the fellow had such interest. (*aside*)

Capt. P.

Capt. P. And pray what's your name?

Quiz. Quiz Oddbody.

Capt. P. Then Mr. Oddbody I give you joy, I'm order'd by the Marshal to see you married to that gentlewoman immediately.

Mabel F. Me!

Quiz. Well this is the strangest—I had no notion of marrying, but this is such a prodigious—such a great match——

Mabel F. Your Honor, seriously, does his Highness insist upon my marrying that champagne?

Capt. P. Here I've his Highness's express commands, and Madam, he orders you a portion of fifty rix-dollars from the military chest.

Mabel F. Oh that's another thing—there's my hand, Mr. Quiz.

Quiz. Hem! Madam I shall be proud—to be man of the house.

Mabel F. I shall have the handsomest booth in the camp to-morrow.

Capt. P. Come let's attend the chaplain.

[Exit.

Mabel F. Aye, let's go to chapel.

Quiz. Chapel! we'll be married in a cathedral, we will by the god of war.

AIR.—QUIZ.

All fierce and military,

Cross buff belts and regimentals new,

High cap rough and hairy,

At the grand review.

With spur and boot,

Adorn the foot,

To grace the field, while pateraroes shoot

Fire and smoke,

All a joke,

Bullets

Bullets whiz,
Bully Quiz
Erect as a sturdy oak.

On my charger prancing,
Rat tat tat his hoofs shall beat the ground;
Great glove and broad-sword glancing,
Salute the ladies round:
In the grand pas rear,
Up the pavement tear,
Like a noble Colonel at my men I swear,
Hey, the fight,
To the right,
Keep the rank,
Guard the flank,
Zounds! I'll soon be a brigadier.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A small Cottage, adjoining to it an Arbour.

Enter DARBY, OLMUTZ, and two SOLDIERS.

Darby. Softly—Olmutz, this is her father's house—it seems her head runs upon one Rupert, a young Hussar that's abroad somewhere—but our Captain shall have her my boys.

Olm. Hush—yonder comes—tripping along—where hiding place?

Darby. That green summer-house—but here's the girl—go to the ambuscade.

Olm. You come?

Darby. Me! no, never mind me—you know I must look about, and see that every thing is secret—you shall have the glory of this action all to your-

self—my dear Olmutz I wou'dn't rob you of a single—lash, you villain. (*aside*)

[*Exeunt Olmutz and Soldiers into the arbour.*]

Ha, ha, ha! Captain Pat shall have the sweet chestnut, and I'll keep my paw out of the fire. Aye, here she comes indeed—this is lucky—we're in a fair way. (*retires*)

Enter FLORA, crosses into the arbour.

Darby advances. There little puss pops into the snare. (*Goes towards the arbour*)

Enter MARSHAL FEHRBELIN and CAPTAIN PATRICK.

Marshal F. Yes, Sir, the review is politicly necessary, for shou'd the Emperor be inclined to revive the claim upon Silesia, by keeping his troops in readiness, our wise and vigilant sovereign is prepar'd to oppose him.

Flora. (without) Help! help! oh, my father, save me!

Darby advancing. Huzza! they have her. (*sees the Marshal*) s'blood and thunder! (*going*)

Marshal F. Stop, what's the matter here, speak!

Darby. The matter, please your Highness—the devil, what shall I do. (*aside*) Sir, it's that Olmutz—he's a very bad man, for all I could say to him, he wou'd run after a young woman yonder over the daisies and butter-cups.

Marshal F. Call him hither!

Darby. Olmutz! come to the Marshall!

Enter

Enter OLMUTZ.

Olm. Marshal! devil! got her off tho'. (*apart to Darby*)

Darby. Don't talk to me—answer his Highness, you wicked rogue.

Olm. Please Highness—thought no harm—man get pretty girl for officer.

Marshal F. What officer?

Olm. Honor—new Captain there. (*points to Captain Patrick*)

Marshal F. How, Sir! is this the service in which you employ your men.

Capt. P. What have you been about here; you scoundrel! (*apart to Darby*)

Darby. (*to Olmutz*) Aye, why don't you speak? what have you been about here you scoundrel!

Marshal F. Your crime was only obedience to a superior, that has sunk himself even below your level; (*to Olmutz*) but, Sir, (*to Captain*) I never thought I shou'd have an occasion to remind an officer that the very top and feather of his duty, is a privilege to protect the fair; and it is with regret I tell you Sir, that this act of violence, which reflects dishonour to your profession, obliges me to suspend your command.

Capt. P. Sir—if your Highness will give me leave to explain—

Marshal F. When the King arrives, Sir, he may use his pleasure.

Darby. Oh, dang it! then, after all, Olmutz won't be whipp'd. (*aside*)

Marshal. F. But harkee, soldier, I thought I had appointed you other employment.

3 H 2

Olm.

Olm. Yes, Sir—but if honor—orders man—ride great horse—cause can't read—

Marshal F. A great horse—I thought her a comely personable woman—has the ceremony been performed?

Olm. Yes, Sir—dare say—that little Quiz knows, (*aside*)

Marshal F. Then friend, as you are married—

Olm. Me!—honor—not I.

Darby. Here they come—ha, ha, ha!

Enter QUIZ and MABEL.

Quiz. Spoufy and I are come, Sir, to thank your Highness for all favors.

Mabel F. Bless me! I'm so much ashamed.

Marshal F. Tell me, Sir—what's the meaning of this (*to Captain Patrick*)

Capt. P. Your Highness's letter desired me to have the bearer married to this woman—that man delivered it, and according to those orders, there you see your well-match'd couple. (*bows*)

Olm. Oh then this—great horse—rascal Darby. (*aside*)

[*Exit.*

Quiz. Please your Highness—Mabel and I are now man and wife—and so Sir, as we are but a young couple—

Marshal F. (*fiercely*) Retire!

[*Exeunt Quiz and Mabel.*

Darby. Oh! I'd best sneak off, or I may knock my head against a whipping-post. (*aside*)

[*Exit.*

Marshal F. Captain, this very equal match is what you in Ireland I suppose call a good joke, as I know a practical jest is the leading feature of your

your countrymen, I'm not so ill-tempered as to quarrel with your characteristic humour, but, Sir, the young woman that you ordered to be carried off, must in safety be restored to her parents, and I hope from your future conduct I shall not repent of my desire to be your friend. *[Exit,*

Re-enter DARBY, looking after him.

QUARTETTO,

DARBY.

And is he gone? O! bug and bounds,
How near I was a thrashing;
But there's your uncle, Father Luke,
In Berlin chaise come dashing.

CAPTAIN.

S'death! perhaps my Norah too?

DARBY.

We're in a hopeful hobble;
But I must to my awl and end,
The matter up to cobble.

CAPTAIN.

Disgrac'd, I cannot face my wife,

DARBY.

Who bid her now to come, Sir?

CAPTAIN.

And such a cause, then Father Luke,

DARBY.

DARBY.

Your hand, the priest I'll hum, Sir,

CAPTAIN.

'Till I'm restor'd, amuse 'em both
Again my friend, I'll rank ye;

DARBY.

I wonder how is little Quiz?

Enter QUIZ and MABEL.

QUIZ.

I'm pretty well, I thank ye.

My Mabel, by the god of war,
Is a celestial Houry;
As fine a bride as man can wish,
When here you down her dowry.

MABEL.

Like scissars hung in apron string,
Or dangled here a locket;
But touch my cash, and that, and you,
I'll put into my pocket,

CAPTAIN.

Come, come, agree,
Like man and wife,
And very well you'll both do,

MABEL.

Ay, by the god of war we will,

QUIZ.

Already got my oath too.

DARBY

DARBY.

Friend Quiz, your hand, I give you joy,
Of spousy and her riches;
This comfort still is your's my boy,
She ne'er can wear the breeches.

QUIZ.

Then let the chine and turkey smoke,
Good cheer o'erspread the table;

DARBY.

The wedding, such a merry joke,
Of little Quiz and Mabel.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

A Room in MABEL FLOURISH'S House.

Enter MABEL and OLMUTZ.

OLMUTZ.

TRUE—all prank—scoundrel Darby.

Mabel F. And really it was you his Highness intended for me?

Olm. Yes,—curfed Irish jokes—lose fortune (*aside*) bring me—in scrape—run off—girl captain—then treacherous thief inform—Marshal.

Mabel F. What Flora! why here's the poor girl in the next room putting on a suit of officer's cloaths that I ventured to lend her—Ha, ha, ha! the foolish child vows that she'll run about, the lord knows where, till she finds her sweetheart Rupert.

Olm. Then—don't know—Rupert's home—but let's mind own affairs—no talking here—dear Mabel promise—meet eight this evening—
foot

foot stone bridge—near old centry box—private.

(*Bell rings.*)

Mabel F. Coming!--Hush, my dear Olmutz, if you'll be discreet, I don't know but I may walk that way.

Olm. Remember eight—fine woman. (*kisses her hand.*) [*Exit Mabel F.*]

Hey! Rupert—all fire---flame, loss of damsel—suppose try—can't bring Darby—banging here?

Enter RUPERT.

Rup. Strange that nobody can give me any certain intelligence of Flora---Ha, my old friend Olmutz!

Olm. Rupert,---welcome home.

(*shakes hands.*)

Rup. Perhaps you can tell me—

Olm. Sweetheart Flora?—poor boy! she's—

Rup. What! Speak! Quick!

Olm. Han't heard Darby's running away then—for Captain?

Rup. What captain?---Who is this Darby?

Olm. This way--tell all know--now even—
Mr. Darby. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Room in Mabel's.

NORAH discovered at a toilet.

Norah. (*rising*) There I have got tolerably free from the dust of the road, without the aid of

olympian dew ; how my coming must surprise my Patrick, but the less expected, the more joyful our meeting.

AIR—NORAH.

Oh come my soldier meet my fight,
Full far I've come to thee ;
No foe now dares you to the fight,
But gentle love and me ;
My soldier dotes on fierce alarms,
Where foes in battle join ;
But when the trumpet sounds to arms,
Oh let him fly to mine.

In camps how rough by Mars array'd
There fate attends his will,
At home you hear each tender maid,
" Ah ! was he form'd to kill ;"
In charms secure the fair advance,
And e're an arrow flies ;
He looks around and at each glance,
A wounded maiden dies.

Father L. (without) Never mind honey, I see the door, so I can find out the room myself.

Enter FATHER LUKE, and MABEL FLOURISH.

Norah. Well uncle, have you heard any thing of my husband ?

Father L. Yes, I've heard more than's good of him.

Norah. What ! No harm ? Dear, Sir, tell me !

Father L. Be quiet ; let me alone.

Mabel F. Do you chuse any refreshment, madam ?

Father L. Landlady, you seem a discreet body ; you must know that I am Father Luke, the Parish Priest of Carton, in the kingdom of Ireland :

Ireland : and my niece, Norah there, was left by her husband at Berlin, only that he might have his full swing here among the women ; so we wou'd not have him see her 'till she comes souse upon him, in the middle of his jokes.

Enter QUIZ, with a case Bottle.

Quiz. A bottle of Hibernian usquebaugh, my beautiful bride, a present to you.

Mabel F. Will you keep your mouth shut.

Quiz. I'll only open it once more. (*drinks*)

Father L. I'd like to converse a little in that way myself.

Quiz. My dear, Darby sent it you.

Mabel F. Will you ha' done.

Quiz. There, I spike my cannon, by the God of War. (*corks the bottle*)

Father L. Landlady, hav'n't you any snug corner that the child here might be free from apprehensions.

Norah. Dear uncle, what shou'd I be afraid of.

Mabel F. Madam, will you step into my own room—

Quiz. Ma'am, pray step into my own room.

Mabel F. There's only a young girl there, that was used ill by the soldiers.

Quiz. Soldiers use girls ill ! wife, Who's man of the house ?

Father L. Aye, where's the man of the house ?

Quiz. If you can't see him, Doctor, on with your spectacles.

Father L. Faith they wou'd be necessary, for you're small print—Man o' the house !—You're a neat couple ha, ha, ha ! Who married you ?

Quiz. The Chaplain. But I'm oblig'd to Darby; 'twas he help'd me to a wife.

Father L. Upon my word, and he help'd you plentifully.

Norah. Come, uncle——

Father L. Norah, child, do you sift the landlady about Pat, and I'll try what I can get from the landlord. (*apart*) I han't tasted any usquebaugh a great while. [*Exeunt Norah and Mabel. Quiz going. Father L. stops him*] Stay—As that young creature wou'n't be seen as yet; now don't you go sneering at your neighbours, and run about the town bragging and boasting, that you've got Father Luke in your house.—(*approaching him by degrees*)

Quiz. Boast! my greatest boast is, that I've myself in my house.

Father L. Indeed! (*endeavouring to take the bottle from him*)

Quiz. It is, by the God of War.

Father L. Come, come, ha' done cursing and swearing before me.

Quiz. Servant. (*going*)

Father L. Stop; tell me, is that usquebaugh orthodox—did you get it from Drogheda?

Quiz. Drogheda! No. Don't I tell you I got it from Darby.

Father L. If its the Darby I once knew, you had it from a great finner, that cou'dn't give you any thing good——

Quiz. Hey! do you know Darby?—try it.—(*offers the bottle*)

Father L. What, ask a clergyman to drink drams! Arrah boy, what sort of a man are you? I'm sure it can't be good—(*drinks*) nor it can't be wholesome. (*drinks*) (*bell rings*)

Quiz.

Quiz. Halt! (*to Father Luke*)

Olm. (*without*) Landlord Quiz!

Quiz. That's Olmutz—Oh, true; he told me he'd give me some hints about my spouse and Darby, that I, as a man of honor ought to know. (*bell rings*) That vile bell! by the God of War, I'll soon have drums, trumpets and drum-sticks in every room. [*Exit.*]

Father L. You little guarlock, how full of prate you are. (*sits and drinks*) That Darby is—

Enter DARBY.

a wicked rogue—but his usquebaugh's a heavenly cordial.

Darby. Father Luke! How the plague did he find our mess-house out? Now will he tease me with enquiries about Pat; but I'll stop his mouth with a round lie at once.

Father L. (*chaunts*) Oh, this is a heavenly liquor!

Darby. (*chaunts*) And as good for poor me as the vicar.—Good morrow to your Holiness!

Father L. Is it—Darby!

Darby. Yes it is—is it—my bottle!

Father L. No it is not!—ha, ha, ha!—Well, this is so strangely comical! There you left me, telling my beads in Ireland; and now you find me, reading my book here in Germany.

Darby. Why, Sir, I think its my book you have been reading; but if your Reverence pleases, I'll read a chapter now; for, I suppose, by this you have it by heart.

Father L. It will do you no good, as you don't know Latin.

Darby. Oh, yes; I know that a dram is Latin for goose; and if its good for your Reverence, it must

must be good for me; for what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

Father L. Why, you're in liquor, you fellow.

Darby. You're out there—for it's liquor's in me.

Father L. Who are you here, and what are you? Oh, you unlucky cur, how you ran out of Carton, with all the constables after you; besides, you were over head and ears in debt.

Darby. Only up to the chin—so I swam away. But, Sir, please your Reverence, now you talk of curs, did my little dog go back to Carton? he followed me a bit of the road, but I drove him from me; you remember I call'd him little Unicorn, because he had but one ear.

AIR.—DARBY.

I'll sing you a song, faith I'm singing it now, here,
I don't mean t'affront either small or big, bow wow, here.
The subject I've chosen, it is of the Canine race,
To prove, like us two legged dogs, they are a very fine race.
Bow, wow, wow.

Like you and I, some other dogs, may be counted sad dogs,
And as we don't drink water, some may think us mad dogs;
A courtier's a spaniel, a citizen's a dull dog:
A soldier is a mastiff, a sailor is a bull-dog.
Bow, wow, wow.

An old maid comes from church, to the poor no lady kinder,
A lusty dog her footman, with prayer book behind her;
A poor boy begs a farthing, and gets a handsome kicking,
But little Shock, her lap dog, must have a roasted chicken.
Bow, wow, wow.

When silly dogs for property, uncle, son, and brother,
Grin and snarl mighty gruff, and worry one another;
Should they a bit of equity from Justice beg the loan of,
That cunning dog the lawyer, Snap, carries quick the bone off.
Bow, wow, wow.

A poet's a lank grey-hound, for the public he runs gam'down,
A critic is a cur, and strives to run his fame down;
And though he cannot follow where the noble sport invites him,
He slyly steals behind, and by the heel he bites him.
Bow, wow, wow.

You've a choice pack of friends, while to feed them you are
able,
Your dog for his morsel crouches under your table,
Your friends turn tail in misfortune or disaster,
But your poor faithful dog will ne'er forsake his master.
Bow, wow, wow.

But when did you come, Sir; and how did you
find out this house? Dear Sir, where is Madam
Norah, your niece?

Father L. Oh, then they don't know she's here.
(*aside*) Why, Darby, I left her at Potsdam.

Darby. Here's a lying old thief; but I'll match
him at that game—what shall I tell him—I'll tell
him Pat's dead. (*aside*)

Father L. You've met her husband, Patrick, in
your German travels, I suppose?

Darby. The Captain?—Oh yes.

Father L. It seems he has been playing pretty
pranks here.

Darby. Then he has heard all. (*aside*)

Father L. I am a Priest, but upon my function,
were I like him, an Irish Officer in a foreign ser-
vice, and had brought such a disgrace upon my
country, I verily believe nothing but my own blood
cou'd wash away the stain of it.

Darby. A good hint to send the Captain off like
a shot. (*aside*) Then, Sir, you've heard of Pat's
blowing his brains out.

Father L. Me!—Not I!—Pat dead!—Oh dear,
my poor niece!—Norah!—Norah!— (*calls*)

Darby.

Darby. Lord, Sir, d'ye think she can hear you at Potzdam?

Father L. But how, Darby?—When?

Darby. Last night—a pistol——

Father L. But for what?

Darby. Because Marshal Fehrbellin spoke saucy to him.

Father L. Oh, the shallow fool! Oh dear! Oh dear! Where shall I find comfort?

Darby. In the book. (*points to the bottle*)

Father L. What! this? You unfeeling, you hardened soul, to give me such advice. (*drinks it off*).

Darby. Ah! your Reverence won't be hardened, if a drop can soften you.

DUET.

Father L. And oh is he gone?—whirra strua! poor Pat!
So sorry

Darby. (*shows the empty bottle*) Look here—

Father L. I'm sorry for that.

My grief is so great, not a tear can I cry;

Darby. And yet, my good Sir, you've a sup in your eye.

Father L. Go! go! take your liquor away from me;

Darby. Oh! oh! does it give you such pain?

Father L. And ne'er bring your Ulquebaugh bottle again to me;

Darby. No!

Father L. No, no, Darby, no! 'till you fill it again.

[*Exit.*

Darby. Ha, ha, ha! Pat must not be found alive; then my lie is all a story—Eh!—little Quiz (*looking out*) and Olmutz—Olmutz takes him under the arm, and to my certain knowledge, the hypocritical knave has an assignation with his bride; this very evening, at the foot of the Oder Bridge.

Enter

Enter Quiz.

Quiz. Hem!—your servant—Sir!

Darby. Now I'd as lieve a friend I wou'd give me a knock o'the head as call me Sir.

Quiz. Aye! Then I'm the friend that wou'd as soon do one as t'other.

Darby. Wou'd you, faith?

Quiz. I wou'd, by the God of War!

Darby. Ha, ha, ha! well said, my dapper bridegroom. Do you know, *Quiz*, that I've bespoke a wig-box as a cradle for your fi st child.

Quiz. What, laugh'd at too? Do you know that I have been a man of spirit from the shell? As the great *Quiz Hercules* in his cradle strangled a serpent, I in mine throttled a couple of kittens.—When a boy, to practice storming a town, I broke all the neighbour's windows—In our maurauding parties, I was the terror of the ducks and gozlings—tho' in red breeches, scorn'd to run away from a turkey-cock—struck fire from the flash of a pan—roasted our booty upon a ram-rod—slept in a mortar—and for my music made a great gun my German-flute, by whistling in the touch-hole?

Darby. Well?

Quiz. And you to trick a man like me into a marriage with this Mabel—only to carry on your own design upon her.

Darby. Who the devil told you that?

Quiz. My friend Olmutz, firrah.

Darby. Oh, then it's he that has prim'd this pocket-pistol.

Quiz. How dare you serve me so, you little Irish rascal? I only want an occasion to fight you.

Darby. Occasion!—Rascal will do well enough for a Prussian soldier.

Quiz. I'll save you the trouble of washing your ugly face—I'll blow your head off, by the God of War.

Darby. Well, that's very kind—but where shall I bring it to you.

Quiz. Aye, where shall we meet.

Darby. I have a shrewd guess at the time and place of Olmutz and Mabel's appointment. (*aside*) What think ye of the stone bridge over the Oder, about eight? I'll borrow Captain Patrick's pistols, you bring yours, and with our backs again the centry-boxes, how we'll thunder away.

Quiz. We will, by the God of War. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Inside of MABEL's House.

Enter Father LUKE and NORAH.

Father L. And so, niece, this is the young woman your husband had dragg'd out of the house by the soldiers.

Norah. Yes, Sir; but it seems it was all owing to Darby, that idle foolish fellow, that's ever in some mischief.

Father L. Darby! aye, the run-a-gate scape-grace, what a story did he trump up of Pat's death. But bid the young woman there come out——

Norah. My dear uncle, any attempt to dissuade her

her from going in search of her lover, is fruitless, for go she will—And here she comes, equipp'd for her travels.

Enter FLORA, from the room, in Boy's Cloaths.

Father L. Oh fie! by my function, child, you don't look like a Christian woman.

Flora. Am I like a Christian man, that's all I want to look like at present.

Father L. Child, child, I'm ashamed of you.

Flora. It don't signify talking, Sir, for to find out my Rupert is the fixed determination of my heart; and this dress will secure me from the insolence that I so lately suffered—for the poor-hearted wretch that has courage enough to insult a woman, often wants spirit to attack a man—Aye, and as well as the bravest of you, woman can despise danger where she truly loves.

Father L. Well said, my little champion of Christendom.

Norah. Hold—a little more of the masculine air won't be amiss. (*places her hat*) There, I question if your lover cou'd know you.—But now tell me, uncle, when shall I see my husband. Flora's account acquits him of the smallest intention to violence or seduction—Seek him out, I beg of you, and bring him to me.

AIR.—NORAH.

Shipwreck'd on the foaming wave,
Sailor's view a watry grave;
I thus wreck'd. on seas of fear,
To my dearest love wou'd steer;
What cou'd then my peace annoy,
In that harbour of my joy?

Shou'd the winds rudely whistle, I'd heave a fond sigh,
And wish those on the billows as happy as I.

Love my pilot, and my guide,
 Smile and soothe the angry tide;
 Calms succeeding dread alarms;
 Let me anchor in thy arms:
 What could then my peace annoy,
 In that haven of my joy?
 Shou'd the winds rudely whistle I'd heave a fond sigh,
 And wish those on the billows as happy as I.

Cap. P. (without) Is the young woman above?

Norah. Heavens! his dear voice.

Flora. Enquiring for me.

Norah. My beloved husband!

Father L. Be quiet, with your love—This story of Pat's death must have been concerted to further some of his frolics—But, I've a thought to fit him, ha, ha, ha! Hark'e, honey, who knows in the house here that you have put on these clothes?

Flora. Only Mabel, of whom I borrow'd them.

Father L. Ha, ha, ha! well, step in there both of you.

Norah. Sir—

Father L. Go, go, child, and don't dispute my clergy. [Exeunt *Norah* and *Flora*.]

Ha, ha, ha! he and Darby have had their joke upon me, now I'll have my joke upon them.

Enter Captain PATRICK.

Captain P. Where's Flora? Ha! My dear Father Luke!

Father L. Can you be Pat?—Oh, child, if you're dead, tell me?

Capt. P. My good uncle, how glad I am to see you! Is my wife, my dear Norah, come?

Father L. Come—ah Pat! why did you give out that you were dead? But if you were really so

so (as 'till this instant we thought you) your Norah wou'd have been another man's wife in half an hour.

Captain P. I don't understand you.

Father L. Nay, I never thought him so handsome as every body says—to me he's a most effeminate milk-sop—But upon his journey hither he was so full of his complaisance; such handing of your wife into the coaches, and out of the coaches, and up stairs and down stairs; and so busy at buckling on trunks, and smart at paying reckonings—

Capt. What is this?

Father L. And then here the moment he arrives in the camp, the first thing she hears is of you, her lawful husband, running away with the gooseberry girl; and then Marshal Rumbellin pulling the cockade out of your hat—But your blowing out your brains with a pistol—oh, Pat, Pat! that did your business at once.

Capt. P. How!

Father L. Why you know that made your wife a widow—But had I known that you were still alive, I'd as soon have set fire to the Chapel of Loretto, as have married Norah to this chap.

Captain P. Married Norah!

Father L. Child, child! what made you shoot yourself?

Capt. P. Ridiculous! who cou'd invent—Who told you such an absurd falsehood?

Darby. (without) Quiz, go to the ground, I'll follow you.

Father L. Who told me! only your best man, Darby, and here he comes. And now the young chap within here shall take up the game. (*aside*) [*Exit. Capt.*]

Capt. P. And have I, by my folly, lost my Norah's heart, or worse—has it receiv'd the impression of another.

Enter DARBY.

Darby. Master, will you lend me your pistols?

Capt. P. I'll pistol you. (*collars him*)

Darby. Oh, worthy Pat! Generous Captain!

Capt. P. What's this you've been telling Father Luke, you miscreant, your infernal tricks have been the cause of all my shame and distress.

Darby. Here's friendship! Oh, that ever I sold my farm.

Enter RUPERT.

Rup. (lays hold of Darby) You're the ruffian that took my Flora from her father's house—No struggling—tell me this instant where she is, or I'll hue you to pieces. (*draws*)

Darby. (dropping on his knees) Sir, she's—Oh, why did I sell my farm—

Re-enter FLORA, in her disguise.

Flora. 'Tis indeed my Rupert. (*aside*) Hey! what noise is all this, firrah?

Darby. Another mastiff set upon me.

Flora. Gentlemen, your making a noise at the door of my apartment, is what I don't understand—Demme!

Darby. Oh, this is indeed a fine fellow—(*rises and stands behind Flora*) Yes, making a noise is what I don't understand—Demme!

Flora. You've frightened a Lady here within, that's under my protection, and let me tell you its very unmanly—

Darby.

Darby. Yes, its very unmannerly—Hem!

Capt. P. 'Sdeath, he cannot mean my wife?

Rup. I'll answer you presently, Sir. (*to Flora*)
No more trifling— where's Flora? (*to Darby*)

Darby. What's that to you?

Flora. Flora!—Oh, the little fruit girl—She is
curfed fond of me!

Rup. Indeed!

Flora. Oh, yes; she had once some silly notions
of a swaggering puppy, one Rupert I think, but
they are all fled since I have been her devoted
slave——

Rup. Villain! defend yourself. (*draws*)

Capt. P. (*interposing*) Hold, my dear Sir, are
you mad?

Darby. Ay, are you mad, Rupert, you rogue?

Flora. Then I presume you are Rupert—your par-
don. But no occasion to be jealous of me now, for
my soul is intirely devoted to my Norah, the charm-
ing widow of the ridiculous Captain Patrick.

Capt. P. (*draws*) Draw this moment.

Rup. (*interposing*) Stop Sir, are you mad?

Darby. Are you both mad, you rogues?

Capt. P. Sir, this affair demands immediate sa-
tisfaction.

Rup. Sir, my claim of revenge is prior——

Flora. Gentlemen, I don't know what you mean,
only give me fair play, and I think I'm a match
for you both.

Darby. Bravo! bravo! my little hero!—Take
them as the boys box, one down, 'tother come on.

QUARTETTO.

Flora. The lovely fair within that room, my wife shall be;

Capt. P. And how, Sir, are you sure of that?

Flora. Ah! she loves me.

Capt.

Capt. P. S'death, Sir, what's that you say, quick answer speedily,

Rep. What of my Flora?—tell me first,

Flora. Oh she loves me.

Both. She love thee!

Darby. He loves she

Flora. And for her sweet sake, you Sir; or you, I'll see.

Darby. To 'em, my little cock-a-nowns, oh you're my Gramachree.

Both. What, my love loves thee!

Flora. Aye, thy love loves me;

Darby. Knock their heads together;

Flora. Have at you, one, two, three.

Darby. Dear Sir leave me out; a wicked rogue's our little Gramachree.

Both. Satisfaction you must give most surely now to me.

Flora. Fire or sword, when love's the word—have at you, one, two, three.

Darby. Oh what a tearing hero, our little Gramachree!

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent DARBY.

Darby. I come on well here in the German wars—Yesterday I had a dozen drummers, out of great love for my health, standing about me, ready with a crimson waistcoat to keep my back warm—and here my kind countryman, Captain Paddy, burries his knuckles in my throat, never considering that it may spoil my singing—Another Sclavonian Mohawk flourishes his scythe about my ears—and there little Quiz is this moment waiting to blow my head over the stone bridge—I'm in a good thriving way—These two men of war have frightened me so, Quiz will certainly discomfit me if I can't hit upon some stratagem to make him him more afraid than myself.—Mabel and Olmutz are gone to their appointment, at the very spot where I'm to meet Quiz—I've great hopes of his finding them out; and yet what good will that

that do me?—Heigh-ho!—poor Darby!—Why did you sell your farm? [Exit.

SCENE IV: *and last.*

A View of the Oder, two Centinel's Boxes at the Foot of the Bridge.

Enter QUIZ with Pistols.

Quiz. I thought I'd be first—aye, I guess'd the fellow wou'd be afraid to meet me—a cowardly poltroon; oh! how I'll roast him for this; how I'll twig him round the camp with a whale-bone ram-rod—Hey! if that's he, he's plaguy punctual——

Darby. (*without*) Who's there?

Quiz. Its I!

Darby. (*without*) The enemy?

Quiz. Your mortal foe!—so take your ground.

Enter DARBY, with Blunderbusses.

Darby. Stop, don't be rash—In Ireland we always take these things cool.

Quiz. Yes, I believe I've cool'd you.

Enter a PEASANT, with a Sack, Pick-axe, Spade, &c.

Darby. Lay the tools down there.

Quiz. Tools! what tools do we want but the pistols?

Darby. First, put down the sack.

Quiz. Is it a sack of oats!

Darby. Here spread the saw-dust.

Quiz. Saw-dust! for what?

Darby. To soak up the blood.

Quiz. Soak up my blood! (*Peasant scatters saw-dust*)

Darby. Very well—give me the two blunderbusses, charg'd with razor-blades. (*Peasant gives them*) Retreat! [*Exit Peasant.*

Quiz. (*terrified*) Blunderbusses charged with razor-blades!

Darby. Now to settle the grand point.

Quiz. But pray, what do we want with the pick-axe and shovel?

Darby. The thing I'm going to talk about—It's our custom in Ireland, when Gentlemen fight without seconds, as we are now going to do, if one shou'd be kill'd, which is generally the case, to prevent any ill consequences of the law to the conqueror, we have two ways of disposing of the dead Gentleman.

Quiz. Dead Gentleman!

Darby. One method is to dig up the fresh sod, and bury the body there, sweet and wholesome, on the spot—that's the Galway kick—the other is putting it into the sack that brings the saw-dust, and tipping it into the river—now that's the Tipperary touch.

Quiz. Then damme if I have either a Galway kick, or a Tipperary touch.

Darby. No!

Quiz. D'ye want to murder me.

Darby. Sir, if you object to these decent things its not handsome of you.

Quiz. Well, I'll be as ugly as old Nick before you shall handsomely touch me into the river—for I'll not fight, by the God of War.

Darby.

Darby. Nonsense!—take up the piece, and off we go—

Quiz. (*going*) Yes, off I go.

Father L. (*without*) Where are they?

Darby. And here now—sure you wou'd not be so ungenteel as to disappoint the Priest, that I bespoke on purpose to bury us like Christians.

Quiz. I won't, I won't be buried like a Christian.

Enter Father LUKE.

Father L. No! oh, fie you profligate—arraah *Darby*!—what are you going to do with the little fellow?

Quiz. The ruffian had a criminal design upon my dear and virtuous wife; and because I civilly asked him about it, he wants to shoot, stuff me into a sack, and either bury me under the sod, or tip me into the river.

Darby. Virtuous wife! oh, oh—(*aside*) what have I nobody to shoot after practising the whole evening—I'll not put up with slander, 'twas the scoundrel *Olmurz* set you on to abuse me.

Quiz. *Olmurz* is my true friend.

Darby. There, suppose your true friend stood here (*pointing to a centinel's box*) then you'd see how I'd use him.

Father L. You'd have a rare mark—fire away *Darby*.

Darby. Then, dash goes a brace of pistols thro' the centry-box (*presents*)

Enter from the Centinel's-box, OLMUTZ and MABEL
(*shrieking*).

There's your virtuous wife and your true friend.

Father L. Upon my word they are a queer couple of Prussian troopers.

Quiz. Oh! I see how it is—Darby I ask your pardon; do you give Olmutz a Galway kick, and I'll give my wife a Tipperary touch.

Darby. Olmutz, what brought you here?

Olm. Come out—be Quiz's second.

Quiz. Sir—I want no second

Olm. Oh! that case, Sir, good night. [*Exit,*

Quiz. Well, Sir, good night—centry box, Sir—I've a mind to send a brace of razor-blades after you—So wife, you come here to be second too.

Mabel F. No, husband—I was here first. [*Exit.*

Father L. I'll be bound she was—But Darby, boy, have you seen the Captain, and the young Huffer?

Darby. Here come the very tygers.

Enter Captain PATRICK and RUPERT.

Rup. Our little bully has given us the slip.

Capt. P. He was seen coming this way.

Enter NORAH and FLORA.

Flora. Well, Gentlemen, here I am, (*presents Norah*) here's my friend too, who is ready to hold the Captain in play whilst I am a match for you, Sir Rupert, if you've still a heart to engage your Flora.

Rup. Flora! is it indeed? my sweet—my faithful girl (*embraces her*)

Father L. Pat, isn't the chap a tight little Hero?

Capt. P. Flora, the dreaded rival in my wife's affections!

Norah. No—only in my Patrick's—ah! my naughty husband—

Father L. Take care, Pat, whenever you take a fancy to die while you live, you'll always be sure to find your wife a widow.

Capt.

Capt. P. All the mischiefs of the day are owing to that villain. Darby—

Darby. Be quiet with your knuckles, Pat, I desire—Lord, I'm afraid to—

Quiz. You're afraid!—Oh, then by the God of War—I'll—(*strutting up to Darby*)

Darby. Stop, you're not a Captain Pat, nor am I a little Quiz—I desire pardon from all, for had I known that the Captain's regular meal (*points to Norah*) was so soon to be serv'd up, I shoudn't have provided this dam'son tart—(*points to Nora*) to stay his stomach.

Capt. P. But, I hope my Norah will take an example of clemency from his Prussian Majesty, who, on his arrival restor'd me to my command—whilst in disgrace I dared not approach my faithful wife, but henceforth my attention to her shall be exemplary—Yet man, even as he should be, is scarce worthy of the blessings bestowed on him by the possession of an amiable and virtuous woman.

FINALE.

CAPTAIN.

Oh now let the drum
Beat, company come,
And let the clarionets play;
And, oh, little fife
Now whistle for life
While merry we foot it away;

DARBY.

For Fortune turns her wheel
And with us she'll dance a reel;
The late whining fellow,
Now jovial and mellow,
To jollity ring a peal.

QUIZ.

QUIZ.

As sure as a gun,
We'll shew you such fun,
As never was seen before;
Like officers swear,
And tatter and-tear,
And like a cannon we'll roar.

DARBY.

Quiz—

QUIZ.

Darby did you call?

FATHER LUKE.

Ye Devils, how loud ye bawl!

QUIZ.

To house, bed and table,
Of Quiz

MABEL.

And poor Mabel
You're heartily welcome all.

CHORUS.

Oh, now let the drum, &c.

FATHER LUKE.

A sad wicked place,
A very sad case!
Here nothing I'll get to do;
Child, put on your cap—(*to Flora*)
And here in a flap
I'll marry that younker (*to Rupert*) and you
If you don't take't amiss, (*to Mabel*)
I'd like to bury poor Quiz
Without any money,
Your hand, my dear honey—
So much I like your phiz.

FLORA.

CHORUS.

Oh, now let the drum, &c.

FLORA.

Oh, maidens take care,
By example beware,
If ruin you'd wish to shun;

NORAH.

Nor trust to your charms,
When once from your arms,
You suffer your spouse to run.

FLORA.

Like birds held in a string
They'll hop about, then take wing.

NORAH.

From twig to bough flying,
Your sobbing nor crying,
Ne'er back can the wanton bring.

CHORUS.

Oh, now let the drum, &c.

THE END.

ON PATRICK IN PRISON.

CHORUS.
O, now is the hour, &c.

FLORA.
O, my dear Patrick, I am
in prison with you, &c.

FLORA.
You have your liberty to the
world, &c.

FLORA.
I am in prison, &c.

FLORA.
I am in prison, &c.

CHORUS.
O, now is the hour, &c.

THE END.

THE
DOLDRUM;

OR,

1803.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1796.

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PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

SPOKEN BY MRS. MATTOCKS.

THIS very morning ('twas in Ruffel Street)
I (coming to rehearful) chanc'd to meet
A figure strange ! who mov'd with wary pace,
And many a care was written on his face :
On shoulder pois'd he held a cane upright,
The cane was long, the head was round and white
He wav'd it thus, for much he seem'd to dread
A chest of drawers, upon a porter's head.
I guessing 'twas our bard, for once was right,
(Our bard has little more than mental fight)
Without my curtsy on I cou'd not stir—
He bowing said— " your most obedient, *Sir.*"
" Is Mrs. Mattocks from your mem'ry gone ?
Said I—" why venture in the streets alone ?"
" This Madam—he replied—" is pleasant talk,
" Yet cou'd I ride, I'd still prefer a walk :
" But on my farce to somebody's reproach
" The speculation will not bear a coach."
Cried I " that somebody's not me ; I hope."
Said he—" Old claret may I never tope,
" Ne'er laugh at bright ideas in the dark,
" Ne'er stand delighted with the rising lark,
" If you I meant ; good Madam may I wail,
" That like my fight, my other senses fail,
" The fault's all mine, and mine to bear the blame,
" My muse is dull, or else she's all a flame.
" The grave and gay I can't engage by half,
" For make you cry I must, or make you laugh ;
" My audience I can never keep in quiet,
" With Off ! off ! off ! or Ha ! ha ! ha ! they must be all
a riot."

3 M 2

Said

Said I "for their off! off! no more! no more's!
" Have friends with hands to clap like battledoors!"
Quoth he "alas! what can an author do?
" At a late play*, quite old—but some say new
" The author's order was refus'd—unkind!
" Tho' William Shakespeare was the order sign'd.
" To night my fiddle (I'm upon the rack)
" I've wound to high I fear the strings must crack."
Our bard is right, he's in a scrape—I beg
That you'll not rashly let him down a peg;
As broad and bold his strains, they're full of danger;
He's an old friend—don't use him like a stranger.

* The Tragedy of Vortigern, produced at the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, in 1796, as a posthumous work of Shakespeare's.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Marmaduke, Mr. MUNDEN. .
Septimus, Mr. QUICK.
Captain Septimus, Mr. MIDDLETON.
Captain Slash, Mr. HAYMES.
Flam, Mr. MACREADY.
Gyp, Mr. KNIGHT.
Looby, Mr. SIMMONDS.
Drummer Boy, Master STANDEN.

Emmeline, Miss MANSEL.
Mrs. Auburne, Mrs. MATTOCKS.

PORTERS, SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE, *London.*

THE DOLDRUM;

OR,

1803.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

SEPTIMUS's *House*.

Enter Captain SEPTIMUS and Mrs. AUBURNE.

Captain SEPTIMUS.

AYE, joy indeed! oh I never liv'd till now, I'm born this day to life, and its most supreme delights.

Mrs. Aub. You were born this day! 'pon my honor Captain you're a very fine grown child of your age.

Captain Sept. Yes, this day certainly unites me to my charming Emmeline.

Mrs. Aub. Maybe so—but—mind Sir I'm going to make a poetical simile. Tho' the sun of felicity shines full upon us, I'm afraid some malicious cloud will drench us in a soaking shower: yes, instead of cinnamon cordial to warm our hearts, we shall sup peppermint water.

Captain

Captain Sept. Mrs. Auburne you're always croaking.

Mrs. Aub. Well, Sir, tho' I am your father's housekeeper and have the charge of all his family affairs during his absence—to be sure your concerns are no business of mine—Croaking! now, Sir, only go over the past ground, and see the hopes of your future prospect. Your father and Miss Emmeline's papa as they were fellow wranglers at college, have ever since in strict friendship squabbled thro' life, and to extend their spirit of contradiction to their posterity agreed that you and she should be man and wife, but on the wedding day before you cou'd get the ring on her finger, up springs a tiff between the old gentry, because the Baronet abus'd the change of government abroad, my master wou'dnt believe there was any, to be convinc'd wou'd go over to France himself.

Captain Sept. Well—Since my divine Emmeline's father, Sir Marmaduke, has consented this day to our union, I'll not let a disagreeable thought fully the lustre of the moment.

Mrs. Aub. Here comes the old gentleman, for heaven's sake, Sir, don't contradict him, or all is broke again—you know he lives in a dispute, and if he can bring it to a wager, there is his element.

Captain Sept. True, he is constantly on the watch for disputes.

Mrs. Aub. And to secure his triumphs, I'm told he carries in his pocket the Red Book, Moore's Almanack, and Trusler's Chronology, ha, ha, ha!

Enter LOOBY.

Well now, what's the matter? what do you want?

Looby. Here be's Sir Mermaid the Duke.

Mrs.

Mrs. Aub. Sir Marmaduke—you booby! you! go along—
[*Exit Looby.*]

Enter Sir MARMADUKE, (reading and eating fruit).

Sir Mar. Month of April—Moore shou'd be more particular about Mogul plums—aye; this is the room that the Captain insisted wasn't twelve feet high. Taking measure, and nobody know it may win me a wager. (*measures with his cane*) now was it mine, I'd have the top painted blue—azure—the word cieling—derived from Ciel—heaven—French—I wish Entick had got etymologies. (*Mrs. Auburne places chairs*) Ciel!—heaven!—(*still looking up stumbles over the chair*) the Devil! what's that?

Mrs. Aub. Lord, Sir, I'm afraid you've broke the chair.

Sir Mar. Chairs, when first invented?—let's see Trusler. (*opens book*).

Captain Sept. My dear Sir Marmaduke!

Sir Mar. Ah! Captain Septimus!

Captain Sept. I was just going to wait on Emeline.

Sir Mar. But the silly child wou'd get into a controversy with me; I said it wou'd be better for you to be married out of town; and she talk'd of the banns and Hanover Square.

Captain Sept. Sir, you know they were proclaim'd there, and consequently—

Sir Mar. What's that?

Mrs. Aub. Oh Lord! an argument will spoil all—Sir, my young master was only saying what—you said.

Sir Mar. What did I say?

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Sir Mar. What did I say?

Mrs. Aub. Now whatever I say it was, he'll say it was not—(*aside*) Sir, I think you said——

Captain Sept. Aye—that you wou'd have our marriage celebrated—where Sir?

Mrs. Aub. I'll venture (*aside*). Yes, Sir Marmaduke, Miss Emmeline wish'd it to be in the country, and you will have it in town.

Sir Mar. Eh! (*pausing*)

Captain Sept. Well then, Sir, we will have it in the country.

Sir Mar. For many reasons you'd better be married at Hanover Square.

Mrs. Aub. Was ever such a mule! neither drag, nor drive. I promis'd Mr. Flam, the valet, to get them out of town if I cou'd, and one stroke of opposition sends father, Captain, and daughter all into the country. Then we shall have the whole house to ourselves to see our own company. (*aside*) Sir, the Captain insists on being married in London. (*peremptorily*)

Sir Mar. Then he may marry you, Madam, for he shan't have my daughter.

Captain Sept. S'death! we shall have no marriage at all.—*Mrs. Auburne* how can you?—

Mrs. Aub. What, Sir! a bride and bridegroom quit the dear delights of the metropolis, and let the honey-moon shine upon blackberry bushes! when here it should illumine Ranelagh, Bagnigge Wells, Kensington Gardens, and Blackfriars-bridge. By my honor, Sir, I will not go out of town.

Sir Mar. Then you may go to Jericho, Madam, who thinks of you at all?

Mrs. Aub. Shoudn't have thought of always humoring an old figure that has no more generosity than a churchwarden, that wou'd no more give a guinea

guinea to a fine, nimble, notable clever woman like me, for all my attention and politeness.

Sir Mar. Not I—I'll not give you a guinea woman—why shou'd I give you a guinea?

Mrs. Aub. No, nor a sixpence; I said you woudn't give me one pound, one shilling, and one sixpence.

Sir Mar. Won't I? here's a guinea—for you have at times made me some whip-syllabub in a pretty manner.

Captain Sept. Oh, Sir, no occasion to give my father's housekeeper money.

Mrs. Aub. Lord, Sir, don't hinder him—Sir Marmaduke there is occasion to give me a guinea. (*holds out her hand*)

Sir Mar. There is not. (*puts up the money*)

Mrs. Aub. Well, Sir, I'm obliged to you (*curtsies ironically to Captain Sept.*)—as you stay in town I'll look over my receipt books, and chuse a handsome wedding supper.

Sir Mar. Captain, I think you had better be married by special license.

Captain Sept. Ah! when once your daughter's mine we'll be seldom troubled with you, my old buck. (*aside*)

Enter EMMELINE (in riding dress).

Ah! my lovely Emmeline! but why this dress?

Emmeline. Captain Septimus! why are not you prepar'd for our trip.

Sir Mar. Who may you be going to trip with?

Emmeline. Why, Sir, was it not your wish that that the ceremony should be performed in the country?

Captain Sept. Then this change is by your orders—Oh we'll comply—here Flam! (*calls off*)

Sir Mar. Once for all you shall be married in town in St. Georges, Hanover square.

Mrs. Aub. There now, again!

Sir Mar. We'll return to your house from the church, I'll sup here. But let's see, Hanover Square was built in——

Mrs. Aub. (in a passion) Sir it wasn't built till two years after that.

Sir Mar. What! havn't I my Trusler in my pocket.

Mrs. Aub. Yes; and you've your guinea in your pocket so you know nothing at all about it.

Enter LOOBY.

Looby. Did you call, Sir?

Captain Sept. Send Flam hither——

Sir Mar. Young folks, I want to speak a word with you both—*(takes them under the arm)* tell me I don't know when Grovesnor Square was built—pert, saucy prating Abigail.

[Exit with Captain Sept. and Emmeline,

Looby. Here be's a fine ado; Measter desires me to send Flam, and Flam said, as master was going out of town he'd dine at the tavern.

Mrs. Aub. Dine at the tavern! what, Flam? oh then in the Irish way he'll bring home some friends to take a bottle. I'm tired of a batchelor's house—I'm form'd to mix in company, I'm charm'd with cards—concerts—coach!—Looby you genteel wretch, hand me down stairs.

[Exit singing—Looby handing her,

SCENE

SCENE II.

*Leicester Square.**Enter FLAM, from Sabloniere's Tavern.*

Flam. This Sabloniere gives good dinners—lucky I sat by that English Gentleman, or the devil a word shou'd I have had to talk but French—and that I can't talk at all, at all. What a curse my father did'nt take it in his head to have me born a Gentleman! Such an ornament to an estate!—Spank my phæton—privilege of the Park—rattle up Constitution Hill—hey, gate!—or dash thro' the King's Road, on each side knock the foot passengers up against the walls, or into the ditches.—Oh! here comes the Gentleman that sat by me at table. As he thinks me a Gentleman, I may as well keep up to the character. By Mrs. Auburne's contradicting Sir Marmaduke, as she promised, my master is certainly gone out of town, so I'll take the advantage of forming a genteel acquaintance.

Enter GYP, from the House.

Gyp. As I have begun my first day in London so like a man of fashion, I shou'd finish it as such—Go to the opera, had I company. 'Pon honor they make exceeding good ragouts at this ordinary, very pretty fallad, but dem the oil!

Enter a PORTER.

Porter. Oh, Sir, the chambermaid at the Gloucester Coffee-house, doesn't like to wake your master,
but

but wishes to know if he engages the beds for to-night ?

Gyp. Then my old lethargic Don, from the fatigue of our journey from Dover, has slept ever since I left him. (*aside*) Well, I'll call at your inn and settle all that—But take care of my trunks, d'ye hear. [*Exit Porter.*]

Flam. (*advancing*) So, Sir, you don't muz over the bottle after dinner, no more than myself ?

Gyp. Oh, servant Sir—No, my way to turn the evening to a more pleasant use, I'm for Ranelagh.

Flam. I think, Sir, this is a very good tavern ; but the worst of it is, the mixed company one meets with at an ordinary.

Gyp. True, Sir ; but a public table is like a stage-coach, you're never obliged to know your fellow passengers again.

Flam. Faith, Sir, I never cou'd bring myself to travel in a stage-coach ; when one has a carriage of one's own, it quite spoils one for vulgar acquaintances.

Gyp. (*aside*) A man of fortune, I dare say.

Flam. Have you been long in England, Sir ?

Gyp. Arriv'd but this morning from France, Sir—I think he won't smook I'm a servant (*aside*)—As you say, their wine was palatable, but the ruby is not to be expected at taverns—nothing like a Gentleman's own cellar. I shall be proud to see you at my house, Sir—I haven't a card about me, but—(*pulling out his handkerchief, cards fall*)

Flam. I believe, Sir, you dropt that pack—

Gyp. Eh ! (*confused*)—Yes, Sir, I did long ago, it was so expensive.

Flam. What, Sir ?

Gyp.

Gyp. My pack of hounds.

Flam. Oh, oh! he's fond of gambling; then if I can get him a little corn'd, I may flip the Connought-five upon him. (*aside*) Sir, my card. (*gives one*)

Gyp. (*reads*) "Pawn'd!—silver watch—three
"Blue Balls—Ram-alley the 25th"—

Flam. Hold! hold Sir! the devil, my duplicate when I left my watch at my uncle's! (*aside*) beg pardon Sir—this fell out of my scoundrel servant man's pocket—as I was dusting—I mean, when he was brushing—that is—when I—Sir, there is my compliment card, with my true name, and place of abode. Now, Sir, if you'll do me the honor to step to my house; if you don't call my wine the elivator, and the exhilirator say my name is not Dennis Flam, Esquire; and that I'm neither a member of parliament, nor a high sheriff, when in the county of—a—hem!

Gyp. A member of parliament and high sheriff! a great man, but an intollerable sap (*aside*)—Why, Sir, I was engaged to meet my Lord Bobs. (*looks at his watch*)

Flam. And I was to have met the Duke of Nobs.

Gyp. But I don't care if I do lounge away half an hour with you. (*yawns*)

Flam. Much obliged to you. (*yawns*)

Gyp. Do you live in this vicinity, Sir?

Flam. No, Sir, in a house of my own—I ordered my spalpeen fellows to bring my curricie, but I suppose they have stopt to drink porter—porter I think they call that common liquor?

Gyp. Yes, Sir, these servants are impudent rascals, ha, ha, ha!

Flam.

Flam. Aye, Sir, they take as many airs upon them as if they were Gentlemen—the conceited puppies.

Gyp. So they do, ha, ha, ha!

Flam. Suppose Sir we walk towards my house?—I pay a pretty tight rent—but as I am yet an unmarried Gentleman, and have such a plague with keeping twenty or thirty idle pamper'd scoundrels, I'll give up house-keeping, and for the few weeks of the fashionable town season, I'll have apartments in Pall Mall.

Gyp. Then, Sir, you must be in Town in the winter? some appointment at Court?

Flam. Oh, yes Sir, I've a great many appointment to court the girls.

Gyp. I mean—establishment—place—

Flam. Yes, Sir, I'm in a place—that is I'm upon a post.—You must know, Sir, I've been visiting on horseback all this morning.—I first took a scamper into Hyde Park, then call'd on Lady Simper—my way, Sir, to walk up stairs, and while I chat with the charming creatures—loll, throw my boots upon a white sofa—my groom walks my horses up and down before the door, and then people cry “isn't that Mrs. Ahem's house? a “devilish gay woman! But whose bit of blood “is that? sure I know the livery—Oh it's young “Flam's, then he's her friend now! dem that “fellow! he has all the fine women about town!” and to be sure I haven't, ha, ha, ha! Shall we walk, Sir?

Gyp. With all my soul, Sir—it's pleasant to make remarks on your plebs and common people, as we faunter up Piccadilly; and to ogle the fine girls that sport their lovely faces in the St. James's—Pall-Mall—

Mall—and Bond-street promanade, Sir, and eat peaches and cold ices at Kennet's.

Flam. Oh, Sir——.

Gyp. By heaven, Sir——

Flam. Indeed, Sir, I—coudn't.

[*Exeunt ceremoniously.*]

SCENE III.

SEPTIMUS's House.

A Drawing Room (Pictures).

Flam. (without) Pray, Sir, walk up stairs—I'll be with you in an instant.

Gyp. (without) Oh, Sir, no ceremony.

Enter GYP and LOOBY (admiring him)

This worthy Greek must have a capital fortune yet seems no better deserving of it than myself.—His house here is splendidly furnished. Eh! that picture is very like my old master, Mr. Septimus! (*looking at it—sits on a sofa, and takes up a book*)

Looby. One of Mr. Flam, the valet's fine acquaintances; one shou'd be civil to one's fellow-servant's friends. (*sits by him*) Well, and how are you?

Gyp. (surpriz'd) Eh! Why, pretty well—how are you? ha, ha, ha!

Looby. Our valet keeps woundy smart company.

Gyp. Does he, indeed?

Looby. You may put on your hat before me—let's

see, (*puts Gyp's hat on*) I look smart in cock-and-pinch.

Gyp. My new friend must be a good-natur'd master, or his servants are very impudent.—Whose picture's that?

Looby. Our master's father—He is a learned man, therefore you see he's drawn with a book in his hand, reading out loud.

Gyp. Ha, ha, ha! and I suppose that white drapery hanging from his coat pocket is a perfum'd handkerchief.

Enter SERVANT MAID, singing and dusting the furniture.

Maid. Looby, there's your master wants either you or Flam. [*Exeunt Looby and Maid.*]

Enter Captain SEPTIMUS.

Capt. Sept. This rascal to run out at such a time! We should be ready now to lead my Emmeline to the altar. If we miss this lucky opportunity that Sir Marmaduke is in the mind for our marriage—Eh! who's this? (*sees Gyp, takes off his hat—Gyp makes a slight bow, then reads*) I ask pardon, Sir, do you want me?

Gyp. You! No, Sir—(*reads*) ha, ha, ha! I shou'd like to see this play acted. Our friend, Sir, I a; got a fine situation here; I admire it exceedingly—Elegant furniture—charming house—fine pictures—but the master, between you and I, is a confounded blockhead.

Captain Sept. Indeed! And pray, Sir, to whom does the confounded blockhead owe the very great honor of seeing you in his house?

Gyp. I'm here by his own invitation.

Captain

Captain Sept. He really invited you?

Gyp. Yes—Very nice about his wine—wouldn't trust his servant—gone himself into the cellar to bring us up a bottle or two—If good, as I dare be sworn it is, we'll help him off with a batch.

Enter FLAM, singing, with wine.

Flam. Tol, lol, lol! Oh, zounds! master not gone out of town! (*lays the bottles on the table*)

Captain Sept. Where have you been, firrah!—Get me my things to dress—make haste! fly!

[*Gyp sneaks off.*]

Flam. The devil take me if I ever saw any thing so unlucky—Have a man expos'd so, Sir.

Septimus. (*without*) All the doors open?

Captain Sept. How!—by heaven!—'tis—my father——

Flam. Oh, gracious! that's his voice, Sir.

Captain Sept. Return'd from France!—I'm rejoic'd—yet—I wish he had but stay'd till Emmeline was secur'd to me. Flam, run and seek Mrs. Auburne, tell her I want to speak to her instantly.

[*Exit Flam.*]

We must call a council of operations. [*Exit.*]

Enter SEPTIMUS, in a travelling dress.

Septimus. No! I'll not trust my trunks in halls and parlours, with street doors open-mouth'd—as if bawling—"walk in, and take what you please."

Enter PORTERS (with trunks)

Go back to the Gloucester Coffee-house, where I put up, and if you see my man, bid him come here.

Porter. Sir, I spoke to your servant in Leicester-fields, just now, and he said——

Septimus. Well, don't stand prating to me.

[*Exeunt Porters.*]

As I pick'd up this English servant (who was but a valet de place) at Paris, he may not know my house in London. So then here I am, once more at my own dear home.—All my furniture safe—and there's the picture too of my own pretty self—aye there you are, Mr. Septimus, in your crimson velvet coat, with flash cuffs and vellum button-holes—I wonder, does my son still love proud Sir Marmaduke's daughter—I wonder how my housekeeper, Mrs. Auburne, has manag'd matters since I've been gone—I wonder—but I should wonder at nothing after the wonderful changes I have been witness to in Paris. I had a nap at the inn, but I'm still drowsy—My son's gown!—what, does he make a dressing box of the drawing-room!—why did the slovenly camels bring the trunks in here—However, I'll take out my cap and slippers. Ho! is nobody within? (*takes a cap, &c. out of the trunk, and puts them on*)

Re-enter FLAM hastily.

Flam. Oh, my noble old Squire! welcome home!—Made your escape—been exchang'd?—got into the Captain's gown—Welcome, welcome—I'll wrap and I'll sew you up in it.

Septimus. Boy, be quiet, and get me a boot-jack.

Flam. No, faith, you shall have a boot Pat, and a boot Flam. (*drags his boots off*) Arrah, isn't this big house all your own? Sit down and take your

your ease on your own sofa. (*pushes him on the sofa*)

Septimus. Deuce of your welcome! Fling a Gentleman about like an old goose feather-bed!

Flam. Here Jenny! Nancy! Thomas, Looby!

[*Exit.*]

Septimus. Murder! He has given me a welcome to the other world.

Re-enter GYP, cautiously.

Gyp. The Captain gone!—Pleasant enough, my flashy friend only a knight of the shoulder-knot, like myself! Gadso—here's the wine—and uncork'd. As it was brought for me to carry off, no matter to the owner whether in my pocket or my noddle. (*puts the bottles in his pocket*)

Septimus. What, is that you, Gyp?

Gyp. My old master! (*surpris'd*)

Septimus. Then I may thank the porter for your being here?

Gyp. Porter! No, Sir; you may thank the wine. (*touching his pocket*)

Septimus. Account for your conduct, or I'll discharge you.

Gyp. Reason, dear Sir!—from the fatigue of your passage from France, and journey from Dover, you requir'd to be refresh'd with a nap—so lay down in the hotel where we sat up this morning: but my youthful spirits not wanting such recruit, I visited a few old friends, went to dine at a tavern, thought to get back before you waked, and here I find you in a strange house, just going to sleep.

Septimus. Strange!—this is my own house.

Gyp. Our own house! Stranger still?

Septimus.

Septimus. Shifting might refresh; you'll find things to shave me in that dressing-room, turning to the left.

[*Exit Gyp.*]

I can't think what's become of Mrs. Auburne.

Re-enter FLAM.

Flam. Sir, my master is gone out, but he'll be back in an instant.

Septimus. Where's my housekeeper?

Re-enter GYP, with shaving things.

Flam. Then is that! (*stares at Gyp*)—"I'm engag'd to my Lord Nobs." (*yawns*)

Gyp. "And I to the Duke of Dobs." (*yawns*)

Septimus. How dare you stand prating before me of your Dobs and Nobs. [*Rising, they run off.*]

Enter Sir MARMADUKE.

Sir Mar. Ah, friend Septimus! welcome back to England.

Septimus. Thanky, Sir Marmaduke, I'm glad to see you; (*shakes hands*) you and I will never quarrel again; you shall have all your own way—Whatever you advance I'll believe.

Sir Mar. And so you've been ever since a prisoner in France?

Septimus. Yes, they had me safe—I assure you its a tols up whether I ever saw my head and myself in one room together. Such a variety of disguises I've been in, from post to pillar. Once I tried to effect my escape like a Dutch dancing-master—then as a great American ship-carpenter—

Sir Mar. Ship. (*takes out a book*)

Septimus. But at last I got away disguised like a beautiful young lady.

Sir

Sir Mar. Ships—the hint taken from the *Nauticus*, hence we say Nautical. My friend, the thought of sails proceeded from observing their little wings—But you're return'd in good time, for your son and my Emmeline are to be married to-day. The silly fools fear'd that we shou'd get into a dispute, and so their wedding wou'd be frustrated again—but no fear of that.

Septimus. Pshaw! to put it beyond a doubt, they shall be united this very day.

Sir Mar. Eh!—didn't you say something of shall?

Septimus. No, I didn't—I didn't mention such a word—I'll never contradict you.—Your daughter's a good fortune—but I despise money—How much do you intend to give with her?

Sir Mar. I think no more of gold than old brass buttons—You settle a jointure of five hundred on my daughter, don't you?

Septimus. Aye; and you give Emmeline twenty thousand pounds—Eh?

Sir Mar. But by her grand-aunt's will, she is not to have that same, twenty thousand pounds till she's five and twenty—but its only seven years, that will soon roll over.

Septimus. Oh, why should they wait tho'? they shall be married immediately.

Sir Mar. At his shalls again—they shall not.

Septimus. What!—well then, they shall not.

Sir Mar. They shall.

Enter Mrs. AUBURNE.

Mrs. Aub. Oh! my dear, dear Sir! welcome—
I wish you were at Jerusalem. (*aside*)

Septimus.

Septimus. Ah, Mrs. Auburne !

Mrs. Aub. Lord, we are so happy—and you look so well—You look divinely—to find you here when we thought you eighty miles off, is such—a disappointment. (*aside*) The Captain, your son, is just come in ; we wou'd not surprize him with the sudden news of your arrival, lest the joy shou'd cause him to fall down in a fit.

Septimus. Ah, Mrs. Auburne, you're as prudent as ever—But tell my son, that he's to be married to Emmeline before sun set.

Sir Mar. And tell my daughter the same.

Mrs. Aub. What ! are both of your minds of one colour ? Indeed now you're a couple of sensible Gentlemen, as wise as old, as kind as mellow.

[*Exit.*

Septimus. Mrs. Auburne is a very civil woman.

Sir Mar. Very civil—but now I'm all impatience to hear what happened to you since you went abroad ? (*they sit*)

Septimus. Then I'll tell you, my cordial old soul !

Sir Mar. Do—I'm all attention.

Septimus. Well—You know I landed at Dieppe—now eight months—The instant I set my foot on the Continent, I felt my bosom glow with a kind of a wild, strange, enthusiastic—rapturous—(*pauses*) why do you stare at me so ?

Sir Mar. What a long hair you've got in your eyebrow—it's grey, and will turn like a horn into your eye.

Septimus. Eh !

Sir Mar. (*looks in book*) Two hundred and sixty years since tobacco first came into England.

Septimus. What's that ?

Sir.

Sir Mar. Trusler's Chronology.

Septimus. The devil, Sir! what d'ye mean? I begin a naration and relation of the most memorable events, epochas, and æra's that ever happened in Europe, and you tell me I've a horn in my eye, and read about tobacco——

Sir Mar. Yes two hundred and fixty years.

Septimus. Hearkye, Sir Marmaduke, you were at Oxford an empty bottle Gentleman-Commoner, with a Baronet's title, but not an acre at one-and-twenty—I (from the close fist of my father) was a servitor with a snug rent-roll at my elbow, you were conceited then and have been saucy ever since to me—but till I see your pride pull'd down, I disclaim all connection, my son shall have no daughter of yours.

Sir Mar. But my daughter shall have your son, because you say he shan't.

Enter, at the Back, Captain SEPTIMUS, EMME-LINE, and Mrs. AUBURNE.

Mrs. Aub. Why, here has been another quarrel—deuce take their foolish old heads.

Captain Sept. My father!—

Sept. Ah Edward!

Emmeline. My dear Sir, accept my heart-felt congratulations on your safe arrival.

Enter DRUMMER-BOY.

Boy. (to the Captain) Sir, the Serjeant desired me to tell you, that Captain Slash wishes to see you at the Salopian.

Captain Sept. Very well.

[Exit Boy.]

Sir Mar. I'll touch my young son-in-law for five

guineas at a wager—I'll make him guess how many buttons there are on his coat.

Septimus. I'm weary and sleepy, teiz'd, tir'd, plagued, and perplexed—No attendance—Gyp!

Enter FLAM and GYP running.

Flam. Here Sir! Here!

Gyp. Sir! Here am I!

Sir Mar. Eight on the cuffs—now for the skirts
(*Counting them, and walking round the Captain*)

Mrs. Aub. I wish we cou'd get the old fellow out of the way [*aside*] you said you were sleepy, suppose you go to-bed?

Septimus. Well, ma'am, and I suppose I can go to-bed in my own house.

Gyp. Aye, ma'am, and to blanket.

Flam. Yes, ma'am, and to pillow-case.

Septimus. I'll have some supper.

Flam. Yes, Sir, you shall, here Cook! get some supper.

Gyp. Supper directly—for my old master!

Mrs. Aub. Here's a confusion he's made (*aside*)
Sir, you must have no supper.

Septimus. What!

Mrs. Aub. A posset will do you more good.

Gyp. My master sup upon a posset!

Flam. You wou'd n't posset my master in his own house!

Sir Mar. (*apart*) Four on the breast and skirts.
(*aside*)—Captain I'll bet you fix guineas——

Flam. Lean on me, Sir.

Gyp. No, Sir, on me.

Captain Sept. Begone! take my arm, Sir.

Septimus. I'll have no arm; get along all of you;
I'll take a nap on the sofa; not one of you come

to

to disturb me, for whilst I'm asleep I'll speak to nobody whatsoever.

Sir Mar. Captain, I'll lay you ten guineas—not six on the cuffs.

Septimus. Gyp, take those plants and exotics from that trunk—and come with me. (*Gyp opens the trunk*) Now good people I'll send you a message which you'll be pleased to take notice of—Go before me.

[*Exeunt Sept. and Gyp.*]

Captain Sept. Sir Marmaduke, what can my father mean?

Sir Mar. Captain I'll go nearer than you to guess how many buttons are on your coat—Come a wager.

Captain Sept. Psha!

Sir Mar. He's afraid! Oh, the ignorance of this world, that a man doesn't know how many buttons are on his own coat.

Re-enter GYP.

Gyp. Ladies and Gentlemen, my master's compliments, and solemnly forbids any marriage taking place between the Captain and Miss Emmeline—As the young Lady is not entitled to her fortune till she's five and twenty years of age, he'll not consent till then; and Miss being now only eighteen, he defers the wedding to this day—seven years.

All. Indeed!

Emmeline. So runs my relations will.

Captain Sept. But, my lovely Emmeline, wills and money are no objects to us.

Emmeline. Edward, as I declare against giving myself away contrary to my father's concurrence,

—you shall not offend yours by an act of disobedience.

Captain Sept. How unlucky his coming home at such a juncture.

Mrs. Aub. Aye, there you see he can disturb your peace, yet lays himself quietly down to take a nap.

Captain Sept. Seven years!—The lapse would be a non-existence!

Flam. I wish you cou'd sleep it over, Sir.

Sir Mar. (*looking at a book*) Why here in Moore—Eh!—Oh, no, in my collection of memorable events—are several instances of people sleeping months, ay, and years.

Mrs. A. Let's see— (*takes the book and peruses*) I protest here is one—(*reads*)—"Instance of remarkable sleeping—John Smith, gardener to Thomas Pendargarst, Esq. fell asleep on—and did'nt wake till"—What!—"upwards of two years, eleven months!" If this is true, as I make no doubt but it is, couldn't we impose upon your simpleton of an old father, and make him believe that his one night's sleep has been seven years?

Sir Mar. Gad he's such a fool, that I dare say he'll believe it.

Mrs. Aub. Why, if you tell him he did not he may—but I persist in it, that if we make the trial, my old master consents to your being married before this time to-morrow.

Captain Sept. Oh, impossible! Ha, ha, ha!

Gyp. I can answer, that my master is very credulous; besides, we've so many materials to work upon his fancy, we may give those plants a seven years growth, and he just now declared, being
displeased

displeased with our attendance—that he'd buy the little drummer boy, he saw just now, out of the army, and bring up a valet himself; he may be out of his apprenticeship to-morrow.

Emmeline. Well, we must all take a part in the farce.

Flam. We have the whole night for preparation.

Mrs. Aub. It shall be a long night, for I'll put a few drops of laudanum in his posset. Our chief engine must be a violent change of manners and fashion; the revolutions he has witnessed in Paris, will incline him to credit any thing.

Captain Sept. This is a grand conflict between love and fortune. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

SEPTIMUS' HOUSE.

A Chamber—the shades out—Large trees in tubs—a watch-light burning—the furniture changed and misplaced—a wig on a block—a coat with a star on a chair.

SEPTIMUS *discovered asleep on a couch*—EMMELINE *sitting by him, her dress extravagantly altered.*

Enter CAPTAIN SEPTIMUS with caution.

CAPTAIN SEPTIMUS.

EMMELINE! is he awake? (*in an under tone*)
Emmeline. No—Mrs. Auburne's posset has had its effect.

Captain Sept. We are all ready.

Emmeline. You are not—don't let him see you 'till you've chang'd your dress.

Captain Sept. It is settled that I'm to be just returned from Italy with Gyp. He will perfonate the Italian nobleman capitally.

Emmeline.

Emmeline. How does Mrs. Auburne feel herself in the female doctor?

Captain Sept. Oh she is clever—and I don't doubt Gyp's success in his first character of a travelling shewman, but I'm afraid your father Sir Marmaduke will get to his contradiction and wagers: He is to act the part of my father's steward---Ha, ha, ha! I've hid his Trufsler and Red book.

Emmeline. Hush, your father stirs—

Captain Sept. Our changes in this room will put him all upon the surprize.

Emmeline. He wakes.

Captain Sept. Then I'm gone—Adieu Emmeline, remember your part.

[*Exit softly. Emmeline retires.*]

Sept. (waking) Bless my soul! did I fall asleep here? Why they didn't wake me to go to my bed—Mrs. Auburne's famous posset quite stupified me. I believe I've slept all night, and this is next morning? 'tis—eh! (*looks about*) have they brought the great tree out of the fields! What an odd couch, not the same I laid down on yesterday. What have they been at! Gyp I'll send that fellow to the devil if it costs me half-a-crown, and the little drummer-boy that I hired last night, shall attend me. In the name of Jupiter who are these—Eh! I'll seem to be still asleep, and overhear what they are about. (*Emmeline advances*) Something like Emmeline, only thinner, and looks most wretched.

Emmeline. I doubt my own acting, I wish they'd make haste—Can this be my father, and Gyp!---Ha, ha, ha! Then now to begin our deception. (*aside*) No, no hopes of his ever waking---never, never! (*pretends to weep*)

Sept.

Septimus. (looking out) Who the plague are these fellows? *(aside)*

Enter SIR MARMADUKE and GYP in extravagant and ridiculous dresses.

Sir Mar. Stop—Gyp—what am I to be? *(apart)*

Gyp. Mr. Solid the Steward, Sir.

Emmeline. Softly---he's awake---and on the listen *(apart)*

Sir Mar. No, he sleeps. *(apart)*

Gyp. Aye like a fox---Come Sir, begin. *(apart)*

Sir Mar. (in a feigned voice) Four years now Miss Emmeline here, has had the care of my sleeping master's affairs, so that tho' I'm his careful steward, you must put your proposals to her honest man.

Gyp. (alters voice) Madam the same of the great wonder this house contains, has brought me hither—

Emmeline. Who is this Mr. Solid? *(to Sir Marmaduke)*

Sir Mar. Aye, who are you Mr. Solid? *(to Gyp)*

Gyp. Lord Sir you are he. *(apart)*

Sir Mar. No I'm not. *(apart)*

Gyp. There Miss—got at his contradictions again—he'll certainly knock it all up. *(apart)*

Emmeline. Well, well, never mind, let him be what he chuses. *(apart)*

Gyp. (Loud, and in his assumed voice) Madam, I have travelled all England, the principal country fairs and towns; Portsdown, Morning-Hill, Lynn-Mart, Preston-guild, Harlowe-Bush; with the first collection of curiosities, that ever pleased the

the learned, or struck with admiration, both peasant and philosopher.

Sir M. Didn't Newton mention something about philosophy—Where's my book? (*feels his pockets*)

Gyp. Lord, Sir, never mind your book now. (*apart*)

Sir M. I will, you rascal.

Gyp. (*Loud*) Hem! Madam, it is well known the present state of your right honorable father-in-law—What this is he? Prodigious rarity! If you'll only lend him to me, to place and shew him, amongst my other astonishing productions, I'll take him my circuit thro' Exeter, Plymouth, Cheller, Manchester, Bath, Bristol, Southampton, Rowampton, Chichester, Colchester, Pool, Liverpool, Sou'pool, Blackpool, Birmingham, Nottingham, Effingham, Luffingham, York, Cork, Norwich, Ipswich, Greenwich, Bluewich, Lym-Regis, Beer-Regis, Boar-Regis, Melcomb-Regis; and to crown all, the Museum in Exeter-Change, where he'll be more an object of admiration, than all the Kangaroos, Buffaloes, two-headed cows, and six-leg'd pigs, that ever were shewn in that celebrated repository.

Emmeline. Insult the family of my absent Edward—

Gyp. Madam, only hear the honorable mention, how I shall describe him in my advertisements and hand-bills-- the astonishing sleeper---My Lord Septimus—

Septimus. Lord Septimus! (*aside*)

Gyp. "Who went asleep at seven in the evening, the 28th of April, 1796; and has slept from that moment, to this present 28th of April, 1803."

Sir M. What do you talk of 1803?

Emmeline. Do, Sir, now be quiet.

Sir M. I'll hold you a guinea——

Gyp. I'd rather, Sir, you'd hold your tongue. Hem! Lord Septimus! who was, while asleep, created a Baron, for services done to his country during that momentous interim. Now's your time! The genuine sleeper! To prove he's no deception, any gentleman may tweak him by the nose, ladies may tickle him with their bodkins, and pretty masters and misses may pinch and run pins into the ball of his great toe. Now's your time! the real notorious sleeper! when awake, allow'd by all connoisseurs, to be the ugliest little gentleman in the parish of St. James's.

Septimus. How I'll have this bawling rascal beat, whoever he is. (*aside*)

Gyp. Lady, let me have him, I'll give you a hundred guineas for two months, on condition he doesn't wake in the time; for when his Lordship's awake, nobody wou'd give two-pence to see him.

Emmeline. Mr. Solid, how could you agree to such a shameful proposal?

Sir M. Me! I didn't agree to any such thing.

Gyp. What! Sir, I say you did not consent to hire him to me.

Sir M. I say I did.

Emmeline. I beg you will leave the room.

Gyp. Why, Madam, the Dormant Noble shall have every gentility shewn him, he shall now be taken out of his own house by my two first men; 'twas they that carried and describ'd my tyger, elephant, and archbishop of the baboons. Hey! (*calls off.*)

Emmeline.

Emmeline. Lord! here comes Mrs. Auburne, in her character of a female doctor—Ha, ha, ha! (*apart*)

Sir M. But, Madam, the shew-man here must have him, for it is my duty, as his Lordships' steward, to improve his estate.

Enter MRS. AUBURNE (disguised.)

Mrs. Aub. But I, as his Physician, have the care of his personal estate.

Sir M. Pho! you and your Physicians! don't you think he'll know your voice?

Mrs. Aub. No, he'll not.

Sir M. I'll lay you a pot of coffee he does.

Mrs. Aub. Done—(*Suddenly changes her voice to the French dialect*) Ah, Monsieur Solid! Comment se porte il? Mamselle, je suis votre tres humble—Vat, my patient, still asleep? Ah malheureux! No effect from de last dose I gave him?

Emmeline. But Doctor—

Mrs. Aub. Plait it Madame?

Emmeline. This is not your affair.

Septimus. A female Doctor! (*aside*)

Mrs. Aub. Quoi! not my affair! I dat have dese fix years exercis'd the grande science of medecin on his corps miserable, and all to little de purpose—have I no perforate, scarify, excorify, lenify, deify, jollyfy, and mollyfy him, and all to little de purpose? Mamselle, quand vous first sent for me, seven years ago, which vas in de year 96, I vas vat you call une Countess en France—lost all my title and fortune. Mes relations Le Comte de Vervuille, et Le Marquis de Lamont—one did turn de Tailleur, and vork vid

Aiguille and Timble—and de oder did make de shoes vid list, for bread. Pardi! I vas skill in phyfic, and depending now all sur mon own talent, je mē considere not degraded from mon dignité. I have visit dis grande mon Seigneur now seven year, did I no pronounce, à l'instant dat I did hear him ronfler, dat gentilhomme is asleep, il dorme—His case is so singulier, dat on a consultation, ven we did all meet to consider, could de whole Faculté of Medecins even fix a nomme for his maladie, did I no confound dem all, by pronouncing—it is a—Doldrum.—Did I no begin mes operations pour L'everiller, vid bringing de army band of music, and beating de caisse, et le grand tambour, within an inch of his tympanum? Den did I not fire a brace of de double-barrel'd mousquetons, into de large looking glass over his head, and all to little de purpose? Et quand you did tell me, Mamfelle, dat he vas always imbecille—stupide man—

Emmeline. Dear, Mrs. Auburne, what do you say that for? (*apart*)

Mrs. Aub. Did I no conclude dat the dose must be trebled to awake such a vieux old noble Seigneur de Don Dunderman—and den did I no administer my grande remedie of two ounce, four drachms and 29 scruple of Cayan pepper, pound-ed bottle-glats, and pulveriz'd cockle shells up his nose, an all to little de purpose?

Sir M. Lord how she has surpriz'd me! Was ever such a famous actress! Why you good-for-nothing mum-chance—why don't you say something? Are we to let Mrs. Auburne have all the prate to herself? (*apart to Gyp*) and my coffee to boot. (*aside*)

Gyp.

Gyp. (*bows*) Lady, shall I have him?

Sir M. Yes, yes, he'll never wake, and its time either to bury him at once, or turn him into money for the good of his heir.

Mrs Aub. Quoi! sell de Seigneur de Septimus? oh, fie, fie donc! vat vill son fils, de Captain, say ven he returns from Italie.

Septimus. Edward return from Italy! oh, this is fine fudge. (*aside*)

Gyp. You, Mr. Solid, made a bargain with me, and I will have him.

Sir Mar. Me! I made no bargain with you.

Mrs Aub. There! at his contradictions—mamselle vous Savez bien, dat I have phlebotomiz'd him in de every vien, I ave take seven touch at his arterie, yet je confesse dat I could have wake him vid my grande cauterizing specific. But tender of torturing de pauvre miserable, mais en verité, barbare! avant qu'i ieroit, made a galanti-shew of—arretez un instant—let nobody touch my patient. [*Exit hastily.*]

Sir Mar. Ma'am this man offers a fair price, and I must take his money.

Gyp. Is the cart ready? come, and bear his lordship head and heels.

Re-enter MRS. AUBURNE.

Mrs Aub. Alons, venez mon apoticaire!

Emmeline. Oh, dear doctor! Sir! gentlemen! restore him, and only name your reward!

Gyp. What, wake him! spoil the finest shew I ever exhibited! consider ma'am what money he'll bring.

Enter

Enter LOOBY, with a red hot poker

Mrs. Aub. Come—perform de operation, give de animating touch. (*They surround him, Emmeline feigns fright, Looby puts the poker to Septimus, who starts up; Emmeline affects to faint, Looby jumps about.*

Mrs. Aub. Huzza! he's cured! she have cought de Doldrum—it belong to de famille—elle et charmante—I vill cure her sans fee.

Septimus. Burn the people you villain! I'll give you all a Doldrum, with the devil to you. (*Snatches the poker, flourishes it—they run off, he flings it out of window*) Come into my room, talk their stuff, I sleep seven years! a fine hum indeed—double blunderbusses, pounded bottle glafs, and cockle-shells! this the year 1803!—Who the plague were those mountebanks—perhaps this is what they call private theatricals. Aye, whilst I was in France, I warrant my house here was one scene of such buffonery. A letter (*takes a letter from off the table*) directed to me—open! now who dar'd break open my letters. (*looks at it*) “Edward Septimus!” ’tis indeed my son’s hand, “Florence, 16th of March, 1803.” Why, what is all this! eh! visiting cards? (*reads*) “Lord Brentford’s compliments. Glad to know if any alteration in Lord Septimus’s malady.—The Duke of Battersea waited on—Lord Brighton—Duchess of Brompton—Earl of Highgate and Hampstead—Lord-mayor of Southwark did himself the honor to call on Lord Septimus.”—Oh, some children have been at play here, and I to mind their nonsense.

Mrs.

Mrs. Aub. (without) Flam! has the French doctor been to his Lordship today? It's near her hour of visit.

Septimus. Why this can't be Mrs. Auburne—it is—and Edward's fervant, Flam—but how they're chang'd. (*retires*)

Enter MRS AUBURNE in her own dress, somewhat altered, and FLAM.

Mrs. Aub. Now to be myself in the plot. (*aside*)

Flam. Mrs. Auburne——

Mrs. Aub. Hush—hush——

Flam. (in a low tone) I don't understand you, and Gyp and old Marmaduke and all of you, taking the whole game to yourselves, and not letting me play my part in it.

Mrs. Aub. But do you consider the difficulty of persuading a man he has slept seven years—if not managed with the greatest nicety, all is up with us.—We must pretend that he's not yet awake. (*apart*)

Flam. Sure I know, only mind me. (*apart*)
Mrs. Auburne lend me your scissars if you please? (*loud*)

Mrs. Aub. There. (*gives them*) for what?

Flam. (loud) Ma'am you're often wrong, you know seven years ago, when my young master went abroad upon his travels, for grief that his father there wou'dn't let him marry Miss Emmeline—you persuaded him that I was an idle drunken fellow—and so he left me behind. You were out in that business—and now here again, you and all the family will have it that his Lordship's only asleep; but I'm certain it's a sleep he'll

he'll never wake from. (*advances towards the sofa*)

Mrs. Aub. Stop, what are you going to do?

Flam. Why Ma'am its a received opinion, that nothing's so good a cure for the night-mare, as a dead man's eye-brow—I cut off one of our old master's last Sunday. (*Septimus feels his brow*)

Mrs. Aub. Blundering booby!—Yes I believe Flam it was as you say about last Sunday four years. But since his eye-brow has grown again, you shall touch him no more with your scissars you impudent fellow—the dear, dear gentleman, lying so long insensible, the very servants have lost sight of all respect to him.

Flam. Why Ma'am he's no more now than the trunk of an old tree.

Septimus. (*advancing*) You feel one of my twigs. (*strikes him*)

Mrs. Aub. (*affecting surprize*) Awake! a thousand joys for your recovery!

Flam. Oh my gay little old Lord!

Septimus. Lord! a star! Whose coat's this? these odd fellows too, just now call'd me Lord. *Mrs. Auburne* why did you let me sleep all night upon the Sopha to catch cold? (*sneezes*) Where are the plants that I brought from France, and put down myself in those very tubs?

Mrs. Aub. Ah my Lord, because it was you that planted them, they have been poor Miss Emmeline's chief care ever since, and see how they have grown and flourished.

Septimus. What! grown in one night!

Flam. One night!

Mrs. Aub. One night—ah! (*looking at each other, and shaking their heads*)

Septimus. How dare you make me a but for your gambols?

Flam.

Flam. Amazing! then he doesn't believe that he has slept seven years. Why he is n't awake yet.

Mrs. A. Psha! has'nt he been talking to us?—Eh!—I protest I think too he's not sensible of it—I've heard of people walking in their sleep and doing strange things.—Was'nt there a Squire Something, a great sportsman that got out of the window at the Mermaid in Hackney, and rode for three hours together upon the sign-post?

Flam. A cousin of mine in Dublin once, Mr. Charley Wynne, a King's messenger, used every night to get out of his bed, put on a silver hilted sword, a gold-laced hat, his greyhound to his breast, and in a great tie wig—there he wou'd dance minuets before the looking-glass in his dining-room. Faith I think I see Cousin Charley now. (*looking at Septimus*)

Mrs. Aub. His eyes are open.

Flam. Wide open.

Mrs. Aub. If he should wake by a sudden startle it might be dangerous. (*they walk with caution and take the chairs out of the way.*)

Septimus. I'm mad with rage!

Mrs. Aub. Observe how his lips move.

Flam. He's dreaming this moment that he's playing bob-cherry.

Mrs. Aub. I wish the doctor was here.

Flam. I'll see if she's come, (*going.*)

Septimus. Call your fellows to burn me with their pokers and—I don't know what's the matter with the world, and the people, one would think that somebody had given the globe a twirl under my feet, or that I had taken a sudden jump

round it and dropt down on the other hemisphere.

Flam. Oh if he talks of the world turning round he's staggered at least. (*apart.*)

Mrs. Aub. I see a dawning of success; he begins to consider upon it. (*apart.*)

Septimus. Mrs. Auburne—you seem—to have something—of importance—to—to—communicate?

Mrs. Aub. Alas! a grievous truth, yet however distressing you should be told.

Flam. No, its best not to tell him. (*half apart*)

Mrs. Aub. Why he must know it by the wonderful changes that have taken place since.
(*half apart*)

Septimus. Since when?—What?

Mrs. Aub. Most melancholy!—My lord you've lost many, many years of your precious life—you've slept—

Flam. Now pray don't tell his lordship—'twill break his poor dear heart. (*half apart*)

Septimus. Hold—so many circumstances—but it's no such thing.

Flam. Right Sir—don't think of it.

Septimus. I have heard of people sleeping—my brain—but it can't be—there are certainly a number of instances—we can't be sensible ourselves—Boyle observes, and Locke, that time is only ascertain'd by a succession of ideas.

Mrs. Aub. He seems in most excellent train—we have him. (*apart*)

Enter SIR MARMADUKE.

Sir Mar. My lord, you don't know your steward.—I wish you joy of your recovery.—
Here

Here are the newspapers; your senses have been so long dormant, you may wish to know what the folks have been doing since.

Mrs. Aub. Aye, and he'll know what we're doing now. (*aside*) He'll find all out by the date? (*apart*)

Sir Mar. You think nobody's clever but yourself, mind me. (*apart*)

Septimus. Let's see how they go on in Paris—Look out the Morning Chronicle.

Sir Mar. Ah, my lord, how little you know of the world, or the variety of newspapers that have come out within the last five years. (*pretends to read*) Will your lordship see the Finger Post, or the Gossip, or the 'Tis Indeed, or the Alarm Bell, or the Humbug, or the Croaker, or the Spy Glass, or the This, That, and T'other?

Mrs. Aub. Let me see the This, That, and T'other. (*takes a newspaper*) Oh, joy! here in the arrivals; your son, Captain Septimus, is returned.

Flam. My master come home! Huzza!

Septimus. What, has he been taking a walk?—Where is my son, Edward?

Mrs. Aub. Bless me, Sir, didn't you see by his letter there, that he has been abroad these several years?

Septimus. You mean, that I have been abroad, and that I returned from France yesterday.

Flam. Very right, Sir, 'twas only yesterday you came home.

Sir Mar. What do you mean you villain? (*apart*)

Flam. Mrs. Auburne, let him think so—the moment he finds he's so much nearer to his

grave, grief will tumble him into it. (*half apart*)

Septimus. Make breakfast, while I go up stairs to my bureau.

Mrs. Aub. We must keep him on this floor, or the first he meets that's not in our plan——(*apart*)

Flam. I'll keep him here. (*apart*) Then I find we must explain all to his lordship. (*half apart*)

Septimus. I'll go up stairs.

Flam. Ah, my lord, we don't fatigue ourselves now a-days with running up and down stairs——if you want to go up, sit down. (*Septimus sits*) don't be surprised, on your lordships touching the spring, the chair will rise with you; there's a square over it cut in the ceiling that will open, and without the least trouble, there you are in the second story.

Septimus. Ha, ha, ha! a fine story!

Mrs. Aub. Thank'y Flam, your chair is a good lift.

Sir Mar. (Sits) Hah! here's a new edition of Moore coming out. (*looking at a newspaper*)

Mrs. Aub. Hang you and Moore! (*taking it from him*)

Flam. I hear a carriage, faith there's a Bam-boo Whegee stopt.

Mrs. Aub. It is he! It's he! I'll go and receive the dear captain at the door. (*sits, then rises*) No, I'll go down by the elbow chair in the next room—but I must make myself tolerable.

(*Puts blue powder in her hair.*)

Septimus. Blue powder! well if we must change the natural colour of our hair there may be as much sense in a blue, as a white head.

Sir Mar. But my lord.——

Septimus. Damn it what a lording you keep.

Sir

Sir. Mar. You had better look over your son's letter, that you may be prepar'd to meet him properly, after his long absence from his native country.

Septimus. (Peruses) "Dear Father—no answers
"to my many letters—languish to see you—Se-
"peration from my divine Emmeline—if wind
"permits, soon return—made acquaintance with
"Italian nobleman—he visits England in my
"company—been at several Courts Germany—
"Berlin—Flanders"—What is the meaning of
all this?

Enter LOOBY.

Looby. Here be's two fine gentlemen coming up stairs.

Flam. Aye, there coming up chairs.

Mrs. Aub. Never mind delicacy with me, Sir, ladies to attend gentlemen is now all the fashion.

Septimus. Why what are you going to do with me? *(They put the coat and wig on him.)*

Septimus. (Bawling) Get along! where's my servants—my son?

Mrs. Aub. Here he is.

Flam. And the Italian nobleman.

Sir Mar. Aye, and Emmeline coming to meet her Captain. Now do you all keep up to your characters, and expect me soon with the clincher.

[Exit.]

Septimus. Bless me! if this shou'd be real—I might have been buried alive—I shudder at the horrid thought—I can't be seventy seven. *(stamps)* Do they ever go up stairs upon a table? *(Sits, Flam stirs the table—he starts)*

Mrs. Aub.

Mrs. Aub. Here they come. (*apart*)

Flam. I tell you what—you'll go too far with your gig, and crack the fiddle strings. (*apart*)

Mrs. Aub. No, no, we may venture to make the change of manners as violent as we please, it helps the disguise of our voices and persons. (*They steal off.*)

Enter CAPTAIN SEPTIMUS and GYP, (fantastically dressed, and EMMELINE at the opposite side.)

Captain Sept. Oh my melifluous ! } (*Embracing*)
Emmeline. My beloved myrtle ! }
Captain Sept. My father !

Septimus. You are my son, but I don't understand why you have made a jack pudding of yourself.

Captain. Sept. Give me leave, my Lord, to present Count Zingoni, with whom, as I think I mentioned to you in my last letter, I became acquainted at Turin. (*Introducing Gyp.*)

Gyp. Grand Peer, I am proud of an introduction to the father of a gentleman whom I have long ranked amongst the dearest of my friends.

Captain Sept. Take care of the Whegee. (*calling off.*)

Sept. Whegee !

Gyp. A new sort of carriage, my Lord, invented about a couple of years back. Formerly, in a coach, a gentleman's nose came first into town—then in your long-coach, you elbow'd your way—but in the Whegee, you lie all along, go feet foremost

foremost, or head foremost, just like a goat against a looking glass.

Septimus. (*looking out*) A she coachman! Is their flashing four in hand come to this.

Re-enter MRS. AUBURNE, (disguised.)

Mrs. Aub. (*In Welch dialect*) Look you I am, blest hur and save hur, a poor coach-woman, or a driver, and whipper, and flasher of very nople peasts; for look you, the horse is a nople peast: is hur to wait, or do you discharge hur?

Gyp. What a watch is it?

Septimus. What a watch is it! Not amiss that, as we don't carry clocks in our pockets.

Mrs. Aub. Hur don't mind sitting on hur box hurself, look you, because hur is a two-leg'd christian soul; but consider the poor dumb four-leg'd peasts—only no harm to drink your health in a glass of capillaire, with Jenny the postillion.

Septimus. Jenny the postillion!

Captain Sept. You drove us well—there's a fifty penny piece my Pinkindindy. (*Gives money with a low bow*)

Septimus. Then no rank in life can deprive a woman of our respect, that's an improvement.

Mrs. Aub. Gentlemen, from the Stone's End, to the extremity of Penmaunmawr, look you, up hill, or down dale, thro' street, ford, cross way or King's high road, hur's the tightest knot, look you, of your most grateful whiptord—"Di me amore—Di me amore."

[*Exit singing.*]

Septimus. What is the meaning of all this?

Gyp. No wonder grand Peer you are surpris'd.—the fashions have grown gradually upon us,
but

but by your Lordships waking, they have suddenly started upon you. (*Septimus looks round walks, sits, starts up, meditates, then bursts into tears.*)

Septimus. Have I then lost seven years of my poor old worn out tag of life?

Captain Sept. My father seems strangely affected, I shant have courage to go through with it. (*aside*)

Septimus. I dare not sit down for fear of being hoisted thro' the roof of the house, or being dropt down into the cellar; but I wo'n't believe it.

Re-enter FLAM, (disguised).

Flam. (*In broad Yorkshire dialect*) Yow have paid the Welch coachwoman her fee, but d'ye yow now pay a compliment to the guard.

Septimus. Guard! and pray is this your blunderbus? (*pointing to an opera glass at his breast*)

Flam. For zartain! wo'd'st ha us blow a robber's brains out! then we'd ha na uze vor law, jury, or justice—noa zeting a case, if footpad stops coach, I point my glass at'n, and sharp as a midge, watch every morsel of his bad actions, then you knows I be's evidence on his trial, and zo I and hangman and judge tuck'n up like a haunch of a unicorn.

Septimus. Hearkye! go on with your capers, and you too you scoundrel. (*to Captain Sept.*)

[*Exit Flam.*]

Capt. Sept. Father this is a reception I didn't expect after so long an exile, and your promise this day of giving me Emmeline.

Septimus. Then Ned, you have actually been in Florence? and sent me that letter.

Gyp.

Gyp. Oh, true—I remember—you borrowed my seal—ha, ha, ha! do you recollect the same morning our tiffing a mug of claret with the German ambassador—a can of canary with the Grand Signior at Venice, and attending a Quaker's meetings at St. Peter's cathedral at Rome.

Capt. Sept. Ay, and buying a pattern of a lady's cap, invented by Marshall Soloutenberg the Russian General—drinking a bottle of porter with the English Dutchess of—hem! ha, ha, ha.

Gyp. At Palermo? do you remember Signor Affetucelli, the singer, playing a match of cudgels before the Pope, for a pair of buckskin breeches?

Septimus. But, Sir, how came you, an Italian nobleman, to speak English so well?

Gyp. Oh, grand peer—French was—but English now is the universal language.

Enter Looby.

Looby. Sir, here be's one Captain Slash (*to Capt. Sept.*)

Capt. Slash. (*without*) Are you above, Ned?

Capt. Sept. Curse on this hot-headed fool, he'll blow all—I'm not at home.

Enter CAPT. SLASH, FLAM, and MRS. AUBOURNE in her own dress.

Capt. Slash. I shou'dn't have believed any body but yourself. Do you forget your engagement at the Salopian?—An affair of honor you—must be my second—the surgeon and pistols are below in a coach.

Capt. Sept. Put him out. (*apart to Flam*)

Flam. I'll kick up a quarrel. (*apart*)

Septimus. There must be stairs, or how did that officer come up?

Flam. Come up my lord! the common people ascend and descend in a basket.

Septimus. An officer common people! but where's my own servant, Gyp! the drummer, my little foot-boy.

Mrs. Aub. Hush, Sir, you'll affront him!

Septimus. Him! who?

Mrs. Aub. That's he, the little drummer, you saw the night before you went to sleep.

Flam. Aye, my lord, regularly promoted, now a captain.

Septimus. What—this?

Capt. Slash. Eh, masquerade night—trying on your dresses?

Septimus. (*taps Capt. Slash on the shoulders, who turns*) Why, what a great big fool it's grown up. Ah, you never rose by merit, my little drummer-boy.

Slash. S'death! Sir, what d'ye mean by that?

Mrs. Aub. There, Sir, I said you'd affront him.

Flam. Arrah, Sir, how cou'd you be so unmannerly.

Enter DRUMMER-BOY.

Boy. Sir, the serjeant has sent me—

Flam. The devil take you and the serjeant.

(*They hide the boy and shove him off.*)

Septimus. Whoever manag'd my domestic concerns during my dire Doldrum, shou'd have clapt a livery on that fellow. (*Slash walks in a rage*) You shou'd have been drill'd well in at the side-board and the knife-board.

Capt. Slash. Sir, I don't know who you are—but that your age protects you—

Capt. Sept.

Capt. Sept. Sir, that's my father; and I protect him—

Septimus. Boy, you sha'n't fight such a mushroom fungus—

Capt. Slash. You are priviledg'd old blue head. But Sir, I'm now going down—follow me (*to Capt. Septimus*)

Septimus. As you're now a gentleman, sit down, touch the spring, and go to the devil.

[*Exit Capt. Slash.*
There, can't forget his mean origin—Gone down in the basket—What Knighthood is this? to the ribbon?

Mrs. Aub. The new Manx order, the order of the three legs.

Septimus. What's my title?

Cyp. Baron Dumbledon, is'nt it friend?

Flam. We have so confounded and bother'd the poor old gentleman, that he neither knows what we say to him, or what he says to us.

Septimus. What lump of chalk is this. (*taking it from the coat pocket*)

Flam. Unlucky! Looby's piece of whiting to clean the plate! (*apart*)

Mrs. Aub. Strange, you cou'dn't search the pockets before you left the coat here. (*aside*) That my Lord is one of your grand implements.

Septimus. Implements! for what?

Mrs. Aub. Why my lord, the Italian opera in these days is in higher vogue than ever, so much so that all the persons of the first fashion and fortune, have formed themselves into a club, called the Rubbarache, of which you, tho' asleep were some years back, balloted in a member during the season. My Lord, those ladies and gentlemen, opera subscribers, enter upon office in rotation,

you have long missed the honor, but in hopes of your Lordship's waking, I myself placed the implement ready in your pocket, for this is the first night of a new grand ballet.

Septimus. But what is the duty of this office?

Mrs. Aub. Sir—my Lord, they stand at the side of the stage, and just as the first dancer steps on they chalk the sole of his or her shoe.

Septimus. What I chalk a dancers shoes? I'll be no Rubberache, it's an honor I despise—but I want my breakfast?

Captain Sept. Ah how many hundred breakfasts has my poor father lost?

Septimus. Why I have an appetite. Come it's past two, get me something, I'm starved. Get me a mutton chop and a pretty French brick, well raised—Great fluctuation in the price and size of bread, since I suppose—When I went to sleep, the quatern loaf I believe was 15 pence. I dare say penny rolls are now got to the bigness of gingerbread nuts, bring me a dozen.

Mrs. Aub. You mean a slice off one my Lord?

Septimus. Zounds madam don't mean for me, I that have'nt eat for seven years—bring me my breakfast—besides I want to see how you go on in the good things. I'll be bound the staff of life is dwindled into a mere switch, with your curst improvements.

Capt. Sept. Well humour my father, order a loaf in.

Enter Looby.

Looby. Here bes the baker.

Mrs. Aub. Oh! going his rounds—tell him to bring the loaves hither?

[*Exit Looby.*

Enter

Enter MAN, with loaf, three feet in diameter.

Here, Sir, is the staff of life.

Septimus. What this a penny roll, huzza! rare times in this same 1803. My dear Mrs. Auburne, how has this been done? how has this amazing plenty come about?

Mrs. Aub. Very simply, my Lord, only by hanging a couple of corn monopolizers.

Septimus. Oh dear how lucky it was I slept, I had some thought of speculating a little in corn myself; so instead of being throttled—here I am alive to enjoy this blessing—(*Embraces it.*)—but am I to have nothing to eat—come, never mind a cloth, is my mutton chop ready?

Enter LOOBY, (with a large rib of beef.)

Looby. Here it be's Sir.

Septimus. A sirloin of beef! So because your loaf is made larger than formerly, your sheep are grown into oxen. Shut the doors, don't let the cat come in, for she, I suppose, is by this grown into a tyger—Now I see its all a hum.

Mrs. Aub. This is the consequence of over-doing things. (*aside*)

Septimus. Are not you asham'd—to play your pranks upon me—get along all of you.

Enter SIR MARMADUKE, (in his own cloaths.)

Sir Mar. Now for my clincher. (*apart*)

Septimus. Oh my dear Sir Marmaduke, did you too join in this ridiculous plot against me?

Sir Mar. No, I come to warn you against a most infernal scheme your son and my daughter have

have laid, to obtain your consent to their marriage.

Flam. What is he at. (*apart*)

Sir Mar. Didn't they tell you that you had slept seven years, and consequently the time is expired for your promise?

Septimus. Yes they did.

Sir Mar. It's all a most abominable falsehood,

Mrs. A. Is this your clincher? (*apart*)

Sir Mar. You went to sleep last night, my friend, and this is still the year 1796.

Septimus. What, you say I have not slept so many years?

Sir Mar. I do positively.

Septimus. I had my doubts before, but now I'm convinc'd I have been in a seven years' Doldrum—I never believ'd it till now.

Sir Mar. There—what d'ye say to my clincher? Ha, ha, ha!—(*apart*)

Mrs. Aub. Speak about the marriage—(*apart*)

Septimus. (*Looking at them*) Eh, whispering! I still suspect.

(*Church clock strikes two.*)

I have it—I'll put their humanity to the test—(*aside*) Didn't the church clock strike two? (*starts with tokens of extreme horror.*) The 28th of April, 1803!—my children, at the hour of two, this very day, I have been foretold I shou'd die—you have long lost me—but now must—lose me for ever—I'm faint—and—feel—the stroke—(*pretends to faint*)

Emmeline. Oh Sir—be not alarm'd—

Mrs. Aub. Lord, if the conceit of dying should kill the old gentleman.

Capt. Sept. My dear father! Courage—its all a ridiculous joke—forgive the deception we have used

used to make you keep a promise that must secure happiness to your son in the possession of his Emmeline.

Sir M. My worthy friend, if you're not to die till 1803, you've yet seven years to be alive and merry.

Septimus. Then you own your trick upon me? but Edward, as your fault was love, and your confession generosity, I forgive you.

Emmeline. Thanks, Sir, how little we deserve your pardon.

Capt. Sept. My kind father.

Septimus. Your farce is too whimsical a piece of humour, to put a wise man out of temper—well, here we are all still in 96, and may we see 1803 happy.

GYP.

At our small joke, kind friends take no offence,

SIR MARMADUKE.

And happy be ye all in seven years hence,

FLAM.

Pray join, kind master, in forgiving me,

MRS. AUBURNE.

Clap hands, and prove you're from the Doldrum free.

FINIS.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

1854
to make you keep a private journal of
the things that happen to you in the position of his

My dear friend, I am very glad to hear of your
success in your journey to the West and

but I am sorry to hear that you are
not yet home. I hope you will be able to
return soon. I am very anxious to hear of your
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Yours

At our small house, kind friends take no notice.

SIR MARY ANNE

And I hope to see all my friends again.

I am

My dear friend, I am very glad to hear of your

Mrs. AUGUST

at home, and give you a home in London.

Yours

and of the London volume